

Sticky Fingaz

"I Love Da Streets"

Visit "[I Love Da Streets](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

This might sound crazy but
I love suffering, I love struggle, I love pain
'Cause what don't kill you make you stronger nigga
And I'm as strong as they come

I love the streets 'cause that's what made me me
Without the streets, baby, I couldn't eat
I love the streets and although we was poor'
Without struggle boy you can't grow

I love the streets and even though we sold drugs
And paid for it in blood, I love the streets
No matter what happened to me
My hood or your hood, it's all good
I love the streets

Right now, my life don't mean an awful lot
If I died today, who think the world gon' stop?
There's a million niggaz just like me on the block
It's either entertainment or sports or sellin' that rock
Think the judge gon' take ya word over a cops?

You be just another nigga that they stick in the box
But we are the streets, what other choice we got?
Then to go hard, give them niggaz all we got
Fuck that as long as I got breath in my lungs
I'm livin' my life, waitin' for my death to come

If you made it out the hood then God blessed you son
But if your fam there you ain't out lesson one
Gotta spread around nigga that's what's real to me
Turn on the news, swear the shit be killin' me
Y'all from the streets probably ain't feelin' me
You could take me out the hood but it's still in me

I love the streets 'cause that's what made me me
Without the streets, baby, I couldn't eat
I love the streets and although we was poor'
Without struggle boy you can't grow

I love the streets and even though we sold drugs
And paid for it in blood, I love the streets

No matter what happened to me
My hood or your hood, it's all good
I love the streets

Fools is fake, I come through with the ghoulish face
Take small step, big moves I make
I could put it to your face then choose your fate
Everyday, Thanksgivin' for me two plates

Yeah, we do grace, God bless it all
From the mess hall to the boulevard with the dead
dogs
When we cough and spit, guns they speak
The same language is the bullets, who talkin' shit?

Yo, Pac if ya listenin' they got the game twisted
Talkin' 'bout the hate you gave little infants
Fuck everybody here today, place ya ways
And ya fade away like the memory of Gotti

Take it back to '90, last year high school
Didn't graduate though, still had to make dough
That's my word, word for word I understood it all
Had big dreams though the hood is small

I love the streets 'cause that's what made me me
Without the streets, baby, I couldn't eat
I love the streets and although we was poor
Without struggle boy you can't grow

I love the streets and even though we sold drugs
And paid for it in blood, I love the streets
No matter what happened to me
My hood or your hood, it's all good
I love the streets

Visit [Sticky Fingaz](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.