

## Sticky Fingaz "Just Like Us"

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This is as close you gon' get  
To the streets without gettin' shot

In the streets  
Cock guns and bust yo' heat  
In the streets  
Where we live and die for beef

In the streets  
Hos'll set you up, get blood on your sheets  
In the streets  
By any means we gon' eat

In the streets  
Sellin' drugs you might blow up  
In the streets  
They got hos to set you up

In the streets  
Even police is corrupt  
In the streets  
There's a million niggaz just like us

I swear I ain't been the same since they had to bury my  
pops  
I'm uncivilized like I was raised in a box  
I'm told get your sister raped nigga makin' you watch  
Fuck the cops, fuck the world, I'm above the law

They can't catch me, what you think the gloves is for?  
Got your ear to the street, you ain't hearin' me  
Motherfucker, the streets got they ear to me  
Speak my name, better think careful duke

Like when clingin' on to life who gon' be there for you?  
Get blood on they seats, drive you to the hospital  
Nobody, 'cause you goin to hell  
I got an image to protect and records to sell

Besides a one sided story is easy to tell  
My poster on the wall only way you see me in jail  
Sticky Fingaz nigga, the legend, the myth

Niggaz get shot every time I shoot the gift

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I banged out in dorms and tore mouths off  
While ya'll run to cops as soon as it pops off  
I can't respect lames when I'm knowin' you soft  
That's why I feel the pain for my thugs up north

No regrets in this world, not one care  
No respect for this world without no peers  
They did me wrong for years, I'm finally gettin' back  
Never shedded a tear seein' niggaz on they back

Lord knows it hurts to put his people in the dirt  
Bullet holes in shirts and chumps buried in skirts  
Prayin' to God is hard, these streets don't play  
But you gotta keep up your guard and hope the pain go  
away

I'm from where they shoot street lights out  
And you gotta yell to talk over passin' trains  
And watch who you fuck with when passin' 'cain  
Cause them same fists'll get your wrists trapped in  
chains, nigga

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My killers move triggers and set firearms off  
Smoke the type of blunts that set fire alarms off  
One shot'll blow your face, chest and your arms off

Murderin' Guiliani for all the pain that he's causin'  
Launderin' dirty laundry through banks of corporate ?  
Shit doctors can only calm me til the drugs wear off  
One pump of the sawed-off and your squad'll be  
hailed off

Dropped her off in the car lock, locked in the trunk of  
the car  
Shit's official, we spittin' through government issue  
40 automatic pistols rippin' through brain tissue  
Stuffin' coke up wit your bitch I'll piss through

And a black on black Lambo, puffin' on A Line Of  
Crystal  
Under our politics, codes of the street  
Never negotiate with killers with intentions of breach  
Only associate with villains if you willin' to bleed  
'Cause leakin'll get your mother hogtied and brutally  
beat

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