Fünf Vor 12 In Babylon "You All Alone"

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* Previously entitled 'Surving the Streets' *

[TMR Intro]

Yo, You better watch your back out here boy You never know who's gonna get chu It could be someone in your face everyday You know what I'm Sayin' Smilin' and Grinnin' You know what I'm sayin' Word Up

[TMR and Pikasoe Black]
You All Alone, You All Alone
You All Alone in these streets
You All Alone, You All Alone
You All Alone in these streets
You All Alone, You All Alone
Betta keep ya eyes open and ya hand on the chrome

[Pikasoe Black]

Nigga crazy cat about to blow dis, Get rich and stay lowest

Laid in the cut but ya'll bitches still know this When it comes to chips, you know my niggaz stay focused

What I mean, We gotta eat, Ain't nuthin' sweat with that broke shit

Gotta stack it all now, So we can creep

Blowin' smoke out the door now, Boat by the shore now I'd rather use my mind first, Instead of slugs Hittin' niggaz when the nine burst, Nine bodies and nine hearse

Nine funerals all held in the same church Thinkin' it's gonna get better but dog it only get worse Never seen success in my life, son that shit hurt Possessed by the demons at night, Shit I've been cursed

For all my niggaz holdin' it down, Smokin' the pund Keep ya gun close and keep low to the ground There is a lotta unfamiliar faces roamin' around And I won't be satisfied until they low underground [TMR and Pikasoe Black]
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[TMR]

Everymorning I, Start my day off B, All Alone Sometimes I feel like it's kust me and the weed, Me and the seed

Can't even trust my Manz Lord, Whats the plans Lord I'm in Need, Can't go back to makin' niggaz bleed Or back up north, Or back and forth No Time for slackin' off, I seen the Devil in my dreams

Gotta back him off

He makes me do things, Rude Things, Editorial Slangz, like Wu-Tang

And wild mood swings like catchin' a stick, or slappin' my bitch

Got me ready to flip on her, If I smell dick on her Cause I'm broke she found the next cat to trick on her Not to mention, I heard it through the great Vine Niggaz is after me, Thinkin' of blastin' me Haterz speakin' my name in Blasphemy Gotta pack a gat now, Oh It's like that now You copped P, You wanna strap now, Niggaz Bein' Black now

You All Alone so whatcha Back Now

[TMR and Pikasoe Black]
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[Pikasoe Black]

Niggaz better pay attention cuz the street got eyes I'll be flippin' on your fam, and defeatin' your guys You can't see the enemy, They dun bleached ya eyes Reached yo pies, Touched you when you creeped on by Niggaz know around the corner is the seat that lies Never go that route, why, cause we too wise Brooklyn-I, 420 or 325, SLE, A-Class, What we tryin' to drive

Niggaz strive for a mil, I want four point five
If you ride like I'm real than you walk them lines
New York Unkind, The fake niggaz go and tell the jake
niggaz
Hit you for your do, and leave you in the lake nigga
You all alone in the streets, Better keep ya eyes open

Thuggin', Sunk low in the Jeep Truck, and release slugs Police Duckin', Lift you off your feet for frontin' Jus peep streets is deep, End of Discussion

for these creeps

[TMR and Pikasoe Black]
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