

T-bone "Street Life"

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Livin' the street life, crystal, drugs and crushed ice
Hangin' wit plays who plain heist and roll dice
In casinos like Bugsy Siegel we outlaws forever livin'
illegal
The street life

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Yo picture me rollin' like Pac in a drop gold double R
Women, champagne, weed, cigars and caviar
Livin the life of a thug, movin 'em drugs, duckin' 'em
slugs
Dealin' wit phones tapped wit bugs, plus
Associated wit some hard hittas, cold killas
Convicts, thugs and drug dealers
Cop killas, and drug lords stackin' 8 figures
Quick to pull a trigga and leave a body floatin' in the
river

We gorillas in this jungle collectin' mad skrilla
Bankin' on cheddar and cream, from dope fiends
From a land where everybody gotta fend for
themselves
Half of the homies doin' 25 to life in a cell
Seems like we dwell in the pits of hell wit no bail
Chained up, captive and tortured by the enemy's spell
Who hears my cries from these lonely jail cell
And what do I profit to lose my soul and gain from drug
sales

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A yo, the street life is the only life I know
Taught to hustle these streets and grind to make
dough
Cope the 4-4, jump in the 6-4
Blast on my adversaries then end up on death row
Yo, this was the life I seen raised as a youth
Where everybody smokin' chronic, sippin' 98 proof
Ain't no happy days and sunshine
In my hood is just crime, cryin' for one time

Slugs flyin', and everybody tryin to come up in this evil
drug game
Insane, vision of murder just increase the pain
Cocaine and methamphetamine
I want out, but gave an oath to the death of me
So let it be, I'ma ride on my enemy
But when they bury me, I fear where my soul will be
Eternally searchin' for light Patna, but I'm in the midst
of the dark
It's so hard, when you in this ghetto prison lookin' for
God

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Another homie dies, so I wipe the tears from my eyes
And ask God how many lonely painful tears will I cry
Seems like nobody even cares out here in the hood
I tried to get a job, but they swear I'm up to no good
Misunderstood from a young age
Thats what turn to have we link in 12 gauge, on a
rampage
From an adolescent carryin' hollow points in a Smith-N-
Wesson
For anybody second guessin', if I'm scared to test 'em

Ain't nothin' even worth livin' for the richa gettin' richa
And the ghetto remains poor liquor stores and gun

shops
And everybody wonder why thugs pack glocks and kill
cops
Full of hurt since birth, why was I placed on this earth
Seems like everybody in this ghetto is cursed wit a
curse
And what's worse, is that my potnah dyin' at a fast rate
Dear God can you help me out, I'm lookin' for an
escape

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