

Gute Zeiten, Schlechte Zeiten

"So Many Stories"

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(Chorus-Shaffar)

So many stories in the city I live in
I soak up the game, that everyone plays
I'm not the one so when they get caught sleepin
Out for the glory, there's so many stories around my
way

(Verse 1-Napoleon)

It's been hard on us, day by day
Watchin my step gotta play where I lay
Now why this mother fucker wanna test me out
It's this thang I'ma protect myself and blow his brains
out
Cold on the streets never talk on the phone
And the main thing is never bring a snake in your home
But that's hard black, why?
Cuz half the time them niggaz be in your face
smilin and shit but you don't know that
And I don't know why that nigga jealous of me
When he could do the same shit that pay me
In the streets breed a lot of killaz
That's why corners full of hate and the young ones is
cap peelers
But they don't feel us when we're drownin in our own
blood
And they don't know when we go home it's no love
So what's the use of us carin and shit
And that's the reason we buy guns, load 'em up and
spit 'em at shit

(Chorus-Shaffar)

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(Verse 2)

(Young Noble)

I know niggaz that was kings that turned into fiends
The nigga lost everything jewels and dreams

He losin teams, the murder rate higher than ever
Niggaz need more than weed gettin higher than ever
Nuts in the streets my roots ain't nothin but deep
Niggaz roam with the heat just for somethin to eat
Niggaz sell to under covers then snitch on they
brothers
Everybody sayin fuck us, I know God love us
(Mil a.k.a Hellraza)
I was raised when I cried in the household
Turned me into a nut
But these niggaz didn't know
Just from bein home I seen enough before I learned the
streets
I knew all about a gun 'cause my background was deep
A little dirty nigga holdin my pants when I run
It's a chance you gotta take everyday in the slums
This for the hoods where, certain people scared to
come
I had a heart as a young nigga, now I don't fear none

(Chorus-Shaffar)

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(Verse 3-Kastro)

I keep my mind on my money, money on my mind
What more can I say it been that way a long time
And anybody, who think that rude
Can suck my dick until they spit my baby girl need food
I was young, when Pac put my hands on a gun
And told me life is what you make it
And stripes you gotta take them
It took a while for me to over stand
I was only 12 but I felt like a grown man
And livin on, and that which does not kill me can only
make me strong
But ya'll niggaz don't hear me though
My souljah story, for glorious pain
While I'm game you niggaz playin, played out and lame
This shit hurt, my mind blind my dick in the dirt
And I'm so sick of bein tired, and tired of bein hurt
I search out the truth, and that shit worse
I swear it's a curse that the church can't nurse, come on

(Chorus-Shaffar)

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