

Iwan Ivansky

"Tight Situation"

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Intro:

(Gettin closer to God.....)
(Gettin closer to God.....)
(Gettin closer to God in a tight situation now)

Now what do I do? I got nowhere to turn and run and
hide
Often contemplate suicide
on my mind, but it keep me thinkin
Steady drinkin, the liquor, got my shit gettin thicker
And it seem my time on Earth is gettin short
Two puffs left on my last Newport
Lock the Glock and the 9, lock one in the chamber
Danger, danger, pull the purse off a stranger

While each step walks the fine line between pleasure
and pain
It causes the brain to remain sane
>From questions learned from lessons daily
Evil tries to persuade me into contemplation if I'm crazy

Probably not, but who gives a damn if I shot
I can end this bullshit in just one clock

Hold the Glock, it's still ticks left on the clock
It ain't no crock, so I shop in a state of shock

Lookin for a J-O-B, but I can't see
how I'm to survive, on \$4-25?
I's, don't know what to do
I keep paging ol' G-O-D, seems like I can't get thru

Walk the night streets with my piece as my peace
Shaky face make me rethink, all these thoughts bringin
heat
to the dome, makin niggas well, really will prevail
Is it better in hell or psycho in a jail cell?
Well I can't tell, hearin noises, turn to voices
I'm seein choices, none of mine rejoice this
Another day in the life of a crook

As I graze in the pages of the Good Book

Break:

(Gettin closer to God.....) (x4)

(Gettin closer to God in a tight.....)

(Gettin closer to God in a tight situation)

It goes a BRRRREA, stick em, HOT HOT HOT, sick em
Put em up, I gots the 9 and a ski mask, that's how I dick
em

Never lag, black denim pants sag

Ain't nothin personal so put the personals in the black
bag

Lie down wit'cha hands behind ya back

Don't neighbour roll cos the party's in the act

Just in case you're wonderin who's the boss?

I'm well hung to keep the shit strung like some dental
floss

Cos the streets ain't nothin but a (tight situation)

In a 24-hour occupation

Just last night, a brother tried to rob ya blind from
behind

when I came up the stairs, I was stuffed waist-deep

He use ta wear black sweatshirt and black skullie

Now he's lyin face down in a pitch black gully

Shit's no joke, the streets is like pneumonia

You can't shake the feel when the steel runnin up on ya

Like u-hoo, Uncle Sam?

Where the hell's the mule and the forty acres of land
that you promised to my ancestors when we was
emancipated

Claim to set us free but we was still segregated

Now all thru this nation, got these black folks dropped
and shamed

They locked in chains but now you know it's on again

Cos we're comin at'cha just like markets

Everytime we spark this gun, don't wanna run up on ya

And grasp this noose around your neck

Then hang you from the tallest tree up in them projects

Got our women with no welfare cheques, powder milk
and butter

While our friends be on the corner sellin shit, killin each
other

Niggas on tough, none tough, holler if you hear me

Gotta million black folk ready to march down on D.C.

Interlude:

Y'all brothers better realise that in the '95, it's either

homicide or
genocide
If y'all can't find nothin to live for, find somethin to die
for, nigga
And that's on the real

Takin a walks thru the streets of my city, yo
The Buddha fillin my eyes, it ain't pretty though
Blushed nose mockin the spots on the concrete
It's residue from an earlier drug meet
Concrete jungle, that's what they call it
Well each day we're raged, a-palled
Cos what it is, is a concrete hell
Am I livin in a house or a goddamn jail cell?
Bars on my windows, bars on my doors
Shots ring out and I'm divin on the fuckin fllor
What in the hell kinda way is this to live, yo?
This can't go on, somthin's gotta give

Break

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