

**Izhar Cohen & The Alphabeta****"Trapped"**

Visit "[Trapped](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

You know it's hard, out here in the streets  
A pity we gotta be in these streets  
Haters, are everywhere  
Cause shit and with somethin' deeper than you and me  
It's hard, a cold, cold world  
Sometimes can't even trust ya own girl  
Gotta stand here and face my fears  
Ain't gonna shed no more tears

I started younger than most, got turned out sellin' dope  
Skippin' school to fuck bitches, carryin' guns in my coat  
With dreams to sit on meal tickets, if I slang enough of  
this shit  
Become a boss and be a made man, impossible to hit  
Buy a mansion like Scarface, estate surrounded by  
gates  
Cold killers on the payroll, 'case they come for the safe  
Build a empire, they can't infiltrate  
We all aspire to be kings but we could end up bein'  
inmates  
See it ain't all peaches and cream, take a look at the  
game  
Pour out some Hennessy and take a walk down  
memory lane  
I lost so many homies  
Chasin' this American dream for Cuban links and  
Lamborghinis  
Talkin' ballin' supreme, look in my eyes  
And you can see the pain I'm feelin' inside, look in the  
sky  
And ask the Lord to be my strength and my guide, and  
wonder why?  
He put us here, because the ghetto is hell, we  
hypnotized  
It's like the Devil got us under a spell, under a spell..

[Hook: repeat 2X]

Trapped..

In this ghetto prison and I'm always

Strapped..

People are acting crazy and I can't

Relax..

I ain't gon' stress it anymore I won't shed no tears

For half my life cats been tryin' to have my life  
I been, blasted twice by jealous bastards right  
And I done banked more cats than niggaz done wrote  
raps

Done balled off dope sacks

Fell off and came back

I done knocked on niggaz' doors with straps

Split they wigs with lumberjacks

Beat they ass with baseball bats

Nigga how real is that?

I done seen a lotta sick ass shit

Quit fuckin' wit' some of my niggaz cuz they did a lot of  
trick ass shit

And all my best friend been gone for ten with no  
release, stay..

Caged like an animal 23 hours a day

They hit us up with secret indicments and three strikers

They send us everywhere from Pelican Bay to Rikers

I got, scars and stripes been scarred for life

Almost, lost my life fuckin' with faulters twice

Who can you trust? When ya best friend'll cross you up

And turn state's evidence for the deal that he cut

[Hook]

We used to stab out in my Chevy Impala, wit' no brakes  
The whole crew packin' tre-five-sevens, and thirty-  
eights, like Doc Holiday

Bailin' from the Fifty, and barely got away

Baby G's... High speedin', sippin on Tanqueray

Tryin'a take the pain away, cuz we all in poverty

And ain't no way out but bank robberies or the lottery

I roam the block, swallowin' D, strapped with the ride  
low, (??)

Whatever it takes, to get the Expos and Tahoes

And only God knows, what they gon' hit us with next

They tryin'a scare us off the set, cuttin' off welfare  
checks

And tearin' down the projects, where niggaz grew up  
as Gs

And three strikes'll get ya life, in the land of the free

I often pray for paradise, for all my niggaz and me

We came a long way, we all seeds from a strong tree

But took the wrong way, the life of drug dealin' and  
crime

Niggaz' drugs spillin' and killin' with nines, killin' our  
kind

[Hook] - 2X

Visit [Izhar Cohen & The Alphabeta](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.