

Souljah Slim

"Street Life"

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featuring Master P Trenitty

[Master P talking]

Check this out

When ain't nothin' else happenin'

And ain't no more money

The only nigga gon' be here for me huh

Is the nigga that made me my mama

Ya heard me?

[Soulja Slim]

I thank the Lord I got my mind right

My lifestyle was drastic

Tryin' to avoid the casket

Don't want my son to be a bastard

But y'all wouldn't know

But I seen that a couple of times

The Lord talked to me

Told me put the foolishness behind

It's not worth dying

Tryin' to represent where ya come from

Or makin' beef, because you feel like your that big G

I went the same way, but today, I'm on a higher level

I'm on a paper chase and runnin' behind it like a rebel

I want it all

So me and my mama can ball

The only one that pushed me up, in my downfall

And my pop, been in pennitentaries

10 wasted years

My mama wasted tears

But she brought me up, by herself, without no help

Used to catch whippings with a leather belt

But that ain't stop nothin'

I was a Soulja always into stuff

Elementary school I'm cuttin'

Gettin' caught wrote on the B roll

Mama, come sign me out

I don't like these phony people

Down here to come sign me out

Come bomb me out central lockup

I shoulda put the glock up

And the two quarters I rocked up

Chorus: [Master P]

Mom, I love you cause you made me

But pray for your baby cause this ghetto got me crazy

[Trenitty]

I remember Indo sticks and concrete bricks

Dope fiends fix, Deathrow cliques

That pops them shits

Takin' hits

Had to make more grits

Than a homeless man, hungry man

Had to watch my mom twerk here body, for a ceilin' fan

Pops incarcerated so I hated as a child

But as I grew, I got to know him so I dug his style

Livin' foul, the law was: get it how you live

Friend or foe, never forgive, crack that niggaz rib

By any means ness, get your cake support your fam

Don't give a damn, robbin' neighbors for some ham

Even spam was a good dish

See we was poor, when we were sick, moms made us
well with a kiss

I'm through, my most respect is due, so I spits my gat

Cracks my back

Makin' sure she gets the lack

So well deservin'

Pervin' in some shit I bought her

That's what she told us: remeber that blood is thicker
than water

Chorus

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