

## **Lil' Keke f/ Chris Ward**

### **"Street Life"**

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(\*talking\*)

Street life, street life

This is my street life, come on

Don, C. Weezy

This is my street life, what street life

[Lil' Keke]

I don't wanna end up in jail, I don't wanna end up in the  
Penn

So I take my time and try to win, get my cash then lay  
low again

The streets is blazing, talking hot as can be

Gotta be strong for the family, I'm the bark of the tree

Never lose my head, cause I'm quite successful

Been blessed by the man, and it's much respect due

Boys catching cases, cause the hood is flamed up

The streets I came up, I gave the game up

20 years, for making less than a thee

I'ma stay up on the mic, where I'm 'pose to be

[Hook]

Street life, don't know where I'm bout to be

Caught up in the street life, there's so much I've got to  
see

This is our street life, so I'm struggling holding on

Caught up in the street life, got to be in it till I'm gone

[Chris Ward]

Out chea' in the street life, I'm one of the hungriest  
mayn

That's why when I rap, you can hear my most hungriest  
pain

Sometimes there's sunshine, sometimes it thunders  
and rain

Sometimes I feel I'm caught, between the sunshine  
thunder and rain

Wondering can, I get up off this one way road

Cause I been on the same path, since I was one day old

Not knowing where I'm headed, I just know where I'm  
coming from

Trying to hustle some extras, here and now living life

troublesome

Born with a curse, nine months before my mama's  
water burst

But I'ma grind for the better or worse, till they put me in  
a hearse

I know that it hurts, but you gotta keep first things first  
After God, feed your lead to eat and quench your thirst  
And just cause you struggle, don't let it put a strain on  
your mind

Or be the reason your momentum shift, and changes  
around

Cause it's easy to end up in jail, but it's harder to stay  
free

I'm just trying to survive, stay alive and stay me in this  
street life

[Hook]

[Lil' Keke]

For the streets shed a tear, each and every year  
The laws they make it clear, that they running this here  
But the ghetto is hurting, and I ain't lying  
My nigga D touched down, he did a dime  
So be careful what you step, with the do's you close  
Cause the FED's be tripping, giving out football sco's  
Done seen everything, probably looked at it twice  
So don't gamble with your life, cause the streets ain't  
dice

Plus the streets ain't nice, and my nights are cold  
Get your money then shine, I was constantly told  
And I'm thankful to the Lord, cause I gotta survive  
Watch your back on the blocks, they'll eat you alive

[Hook]

(\*talking\*)

Till we gon baby, C. Ward

Don Ke, products of the hood

You know it's not built, for us to last around here

But we survivors though, street life

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