

LL Cool J F/ The Lost Boyz**"So Ruff"**

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A deadly image of my life fading away
I relax to kick it, thinkin about my gangster ways
In my head I can see my homies, and some bitches
also that know me
From the block, you know we're at the spot
With everyday they slang weed and rock
Got my gun cuz there's still more to come
Just to make sure my enemies get some
Thinkin like a mad ass on a crazy trip
I stop to think, really ain't shit
Fuck it, cuz it's all in the past
If only I knew, I wouldn't even last
I miss all the crazy times I had
Talkin gang of shit, goin headin with my dad
For some problem we couldn't resolve
Plus in my pocket a puete that revolve
But not for him, my mind was full of other sins
Took his ride with my slim-jim
Those were the days to the beginning of a maze
I even remember the first time that I blazed

[Chorus]

So rough, so tough
Rollin through my city
So rough, so tough
Bangin in my city

I sit back and reminice of the good old days
Hittin parties, gettin high were my crazy ass ways
Hanging out with my homies til late at night
On my block sellin dope til the break of light
49th Street was were the spot was at
Right in front of my primo's pad is were I sat
Living life in the fast lane
But at the same time it was all a game
Driven all hard then I hit YA
Simon, strolling in my blues in the County LA
Holding my own as a young ass fool
But thinking at the time everything was cool
Gang-bangin pelones, tagged-out cavrone
I hung around with nothing but crazy ass matones

That's the life I live and only thing I know
Three strikes what the hell, that's how my story goes

[Chorus]

So much shit I overlooked
Just like that my pinje life was took
I don't give a fuck I'm a Mexican
Now I'm here just rememberin
Believe me, it's all the same routine
See, who's the next fool to come and be me
The moon ain't cheese, you'll be beggin on your knees
Still think you crazy? Fuck with these
Troops who lace fools and pay dues daily
All the petho on the streets made me wanna creep,
puttin enemigas to sleep
Tu conchos carros ¿Que pasa Dee?
Yea ese I remember all that
Not giving a fuck and daily carryin a strap
Back though, to what I wanted you to know
I got caught up in the gang, no goin back loco

[Chorus x2]

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