

Luther Vandross & Janet Jackson**"Stories"**

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Yo Fiend, what up man? (Yo, yo)
You rollin' with these Legit Ballaz right? (Whomp)
Aight, well check it out
Won't you tell these muthafuckaz a lil' bit about where
you come from

[Fiend]

Fire arms, sounds of alarms
Consistency in bodily harm
Where I'm from that's the norm
Fiend the ?
Lil' nigga ain't no man of creaton
Once we encounter the killin' spree we on
My defects have G's bet on
Niggaz dollars get they rep on
Speakin' with heat ? could bring death on
Nigga I'm called the killa
Cause every time he get it, it brought chills
Lead that's what made 'em take his ass for real
I done ? survivor
He never wrote the name of his drivers
And wondered that the man can deprive ya
It's there in black ink
With millions in dirty green had to think
Lives depreciated over drinks
Call me twisted
Rope burns to the neck was insisted
And all his hope turned to "I guess should I risk it?"
[Fiend talkin]
And that's why the law is laid down
You know what I'm sayin'?
From Fiend to N.O. to Chi, Twista
Pimp run it now

[Hook - Fiend (Oobie)]

Now to my hustlaz slangin' cain
I said some survive the game
Some just get they names in the stories to be told
Why the young never make it old
Now to my hustlaz slangin' cain
I said some survive the game

Some just get they names in the stories to be told
Why the young never make it old (Why the young never
make it old)

[Liffy Stokes]

I live my life drownin' in homicide
Never let the drama slide
We killaz quick to let it ride
Send a nigga beddy-by when I let it fly
Niggaz be yappin' but they scared to die
Talkin' plenty shit till I cap off with the .45
Look into these smoke red eyes, feel me starvin'
Feel me shakin' up that dope in my apartment
And picture me on top of the world and still servin'
Blessin' all my shorties with birds to keep 'em workin'
As long as my hood is tight, my mind is right
Look at the dope line tonight, just doin' aight
For the nugs
Y'all got paper, I got paper so let's find some ass to jug
This struggle for power keeps us all up to no good
With constant heat, we cruise the streets like cops on
D's
With the itchy sittin' dead on the seat
For the wicked and weak, tryin' to get down on what we
put down
For this grid-ound, that's why we stand firm with these
rid-ounds

Hook

[Twista]

Never thought that the cries of my people would get
louder
When Chief first came home with that glistenin' white
powder
But it gave us power
Never thought them ? packs that had us buyin' clothes
and pullin' hoes
Would have our new Starter jackets filled with bullet
holes
(That's how it goes)
And who would have ever thought that when we would
rock this shit
That we would end up gettin' our whole block lit
By-standers got hit up
And who would have ever thought that women would
be up on silent nights
Lightin' pilot lights
I would be crept on my a mask on silent nights
Now I'm wonderin' and thinkin', how can a man make a
sack ???

Flip a new Lac with his work
End up in the back of hearse
Then be packed in the dirt
? over turf, can you hear the Mack when it burst
He get cracked where it hurts
Feel the automatic when it jerks
Comin' up in the land where the white and blue
Dracula's lurk
Is that what it's worth naw, niggaz got the chrome in ?
in the whip
Never let the law get the low on the licks
Bet they got a mob and they mob full of tricks
You ain't on yo P's, you gotta be
Fuck a ? strategy, don't be punked like no lame
You just a Bone in the game
Steady baggin' work, hittin' licks, and stackin' cain'

Hook

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