

## Oschino & Sparks "Just Another Nigga"

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feat. Beanie Sigel  
Chea, State Property Criminal Records  
We'll show you exactly what takes place in the ghetto  
(that's right)

[Chorus]  
People used to tell me  
That I'll be just another nigga  
Livin' life in these cold streets  
And I don't wanna be  
Just another nigga  
People used to tell me  
That I'll be just another nigga  
Understand y'all don't know me  
Cause I'm not gonna be  
Just another nigga

[Sparks]  
They say I'm just another nigga (another nigga)  
A malt liquor drinker, a marijuana smoker  
Sherman Heller, crack pusher  
You gotta serve fiends by all means  
To make cream to feed home  
I'm just another gangsta, breed homes  
Let me run wit my niggaz  
Hug the corner, though it one day that same block  
That I love to hug, might leave me and to turn into a  
goner  
But I refuse to turn my back on my niggaz  
How could I leave them  
Knowin' one day I might turn around and need 'em for  
(?)  
School me way back in the day  
A man should never bite the hand and feed 'em  
So we learned to break bread through in the month of  
Ramadan  
Together we grow fast, fell back  
I watched teams break up, top guns that broke down  
Fake fucks get faked down and fake pounds  
I got slugs to chase ya fake fucks the fuck down  
Police wanna know why I pack the piece

That fills the stacks increase  
Ya dudes in the streets wanna ruin the face

[Chorus]

[Oschino]

I sat in my cell, watchin' the walls  
Sayin' reps in my head while I washed my drawers  
Life is hard, and pussies is soft (district attorneys)  
Scream, years involved in there snitch on they boss

But not O, you know the jail thing I'm used to the scene  
Keep my blues wit a cuff, and my Converse clean  
I'm not pointin', snitchin', rattin', givin' a statement  
I'm the mind, body and soul of this nigga you get  
mavin

I was raised by the PJ's, hung wit the essa's  
Took rocked nueve's, dip pull Chevy's  
Sold dope to strangers, shot at my roadies  
Smacked my young bitch in her face and broke her  
clothes  
Cause I wasn't focused everybody so shifty  
Life was crazy like I slipped it a nicky  
I'm just another nigga, no I'm more  
I'm a ex-con, a bank robber driver 'bout to go on tour

[Chorus]

[Beanie Sigel]

In '98 y'all couldn't trace my mug  
Now y'all hatin' wanna waste my blood  
Cause I'm eatin', wanna taste my grub  
Tell you what, I'll give you food for thought  
The spoon and fork, but y'all bitches doin' the dishes  
Feed you shells from the strafe I snubbed  
Now Prop's that's the case won't budge  
No prints pimp latex glove  
Lose in court, fuck you gon' prove in court?  
Sig don't believe in leavin' witness  
Shit ain't all good, different number different hood  
Duck and damn the sticks, disappear in the woods  
I duck cops and I lost neighbors  
Had to separate my neighbors acres, segregate the  
haters  
Y'all said that I'd be dead in the street  
Nigga, I'm gettin' bread tryin' to spread wit my peeps  
Sit behind the desk and a scraper  
I know I'm destined for greatness  
Y'all thought you'd read about my death in the papers,  
huh?

[Chorus]

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