

## Various Artists "Street Glory"

Visit "[Street Glory](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Uhh, still out in these motherfuckin' projects  
Still a nigga, ain't never gonna get the fuck up outta  
here  
Niggaz, just don't understand the story

Niggaz die for the street glory  
Go to trial, get tried for each story  
And each nigga got a story  
And Q.B. the streets call me  
So if you see me slippin', reach for me  
I'm goin' after street glory

Niggaz die for the street glory  
Go to trial, get tried for each story  
And each nigga got a story  
And Q.B. the streets call me  
So if you see me slippin', reach for me  
I'm goin' after street glory

Yo, every time I turn around, niggaz shot, niggaz  
stabbed  
When tonight's pregnant girls struggling to get a cab  
Fiends lurkin', D's searchin', pat pockets  
Kids put to bed duck, they heads from gas poppin'

Queens bridge slingin', hoppin' our benches  
Don status, throw feeds, got sirenges  
Poppin' out they arm scratched, now, remember  
parked jams  
Cause' else perfect ways, shell Adidas

Smellin' reefer, way before purple haze  
Private stock, peer nigga, with ill walks like Mark Clare  
Has tilted wild, niggaz, lickin' shots in the air  
Me and Pop was there through the years, our names  
have switched

Ain't nothin' changed but the names Nostradamus and  
Blitz  
What project is this? Q.B., burnin' in tint  
12th street murderous pimps, hot as hell's heat  
What could you tell me? Niggas, seen it all in this game

When it's all said and done just remember our name

I'm familiar with the dead grass drama, black gates  
and crime

Embryo of the ghetto born, face and time  
Niggas, shatter they dreams while I'm chasing mine  
Ghetto fame, got a fellow's name draped and shined  
How do I describe an atmosphere where streets are  
polluted?

Where corruptors and new police being recruited  
Somehow I make it through the day stayin' secluded  
While the blues aim leavin' another slain, executed  
Many thought's 'cause I see the past grimly

That could've been me, explodes out on 41st and 10th  
street

Through all the pap grease and street chases  
Sudden raids and confrontations, leadin' the  
misdemeanor weed cases  
I blew smoke through hallway window

Watched the buddah clouds lingo  
Pluckin' the blunt brokes from my fingers  
My eyes flip different shades  
Similar to people you meet everyday who be displayin'  
wicked ways

Seein' nothing but another day  
In this six story rat trap  
Them gats clap, another nigga's blazed  
Events in my hood rotate

Like the battle on the thirty-eight  
Snob in the world of fake love  
Before I blaze son, I'm kissing the slugs  
Coming at you kisses and hugs

When death calls, who's really a thug  
The street glory got me deeply in love  
Can't shake it, can't take it, can't make it  
Got me needin' this drug

Niggaz die for the street glory  
Go to trial, get tried for each story  
And each nigga got a story  
And Q.B. the streets call me  
So if you see me slippin', reach for me  
I'm goin' after street glory

Niggaz die for the street glory

Go to trial, get tried for each story  
And each nigga got a story  
And Q.B. the streets call me  
So if you see me slippin', reach for me  
I'm goin' after street glory

Visit [Various Artists](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.