

Streets Raised Me

Mobb Deep

Its kinda bugged how I go sometimes
Know they staring, Brain feels like a wheel lost with out the ball bearing
Stuck, Contemplating on who I can trust
But like lleullo in a bill my feelings just get crushed
But thats why I stick with my duns, like I stick with the guns
Don't get mad , Rip your hun, concentrate on my funds
Lift heavy gats concealed by my waist
Never get patted down when I step in the place
Jiggied up, smoke the pot, Confirm if it is real reefer or not
Rally up, after this get followed straight to the crib
Gem Star, double edge apply pressure
Shave em down, Blow marks right through your mecca
Wanna be a thug, now you got the thug look,
Stick em up, leave medicaid, with the real to push
God-Body, With a rubber grip black shotti
Pump one in his ass make that nigga switch hobbies
A dossage, hand delivered, without postage
Bring it to your door step quick on short notice
Niggas get sniped like, Klonker Brockite
Show em how to rock right, when bitches hold the mic, street life

R: Why you have to raise me this way, You showed me how to survive
the concrete, If I survive only time can say, You where a part of
me..
(Street Life)

This is something you feel nigga, like the theme song from Hill Street Blues
This is real, this is ill street news
How he gone, and left his moms mind struck
Now his brother ain't giving a fuck
Little sister giving up the butt now, Dun don't wet that
I want you to rest black, cause you better belive Noyd gon handle that
Cause when I get em, I'm gonna have em
Pull out the sweeper, and spray it at them
I ain't no killer, you know me
But I'll be damned if I don't lie for my co-d
And then this Old G, scold me, and told me, coldly
You keep it up and you will be dead like your homey
But I gotta redeem, get this cream by any means
I never been clean
Nigga, my whole click got dirty
From the battles, to the trials and bloody up shirtsleeves
Nigga you heard me
Its Gangsta

R: (2x)

Vision the canvas I paint a picture
Similar to Ernies Barnes nigga
But mines is more ghetto more guns
More drugs, mostly thugs
All my duns, their baby moms daughter and sons
Dark blocks, with streets lamps shot the fuck out
Park benches broke, a nigga stretched out
Jumped off the roof to his death its real
Hand Ball walls displayed with R-I-P murials
Those who sling, play the shadows by the building

Devils spring, keep em going while the snows blowing
Grams get dipped, 50's are moked, cookies are broke
And Spliced in large pieces for the fiends to smoke
The sun set looks beautiful over the projects
What a shame, its ain't the same where we stand at
If you look close you can see the bricks chipped off
Sometimes niggas miss when they lick off don't get clipped off
Street life

R: (2x)