

Dead Or Alive

38 Spesh

Huh, you see what they don't understand, man, is that us as emcees, we got power, man
We got the power to lead the people
The power to motivate
It's up to us to use the power the right way, nah'm sayin'?
And right now it's all about writin' these ghetto scriptures, man
Only a selective few can really motivate the people, man
To really help them get through the struggle, man
And that's what we here for, nah'm sayin'?

G from that struggle life, stormy days, troubled nights
Drunkies in sight where I live, B, it wasn't life
Little kids dirty, their heads covered with fuckin' lice
My best friend died, cut 'em twice where they tuck the dice
Pops was a woman beater, lefty, righty, he good with either
Every drink on top of the sink is where he put the liter
Moms was a good wife to 'em, yo, they don't make 'em sweeter
She baked the meat up, nurse the kids when they baked with fever
N-Y-C when it was homicide capital
Niggas scratchin' for truth, show you exactly what that smack'll do
Niggas'll kill they own mother over that pack of jewels
Only one in the pack that was tryna' get out of that bracket, dude
The jack of cruise, cruisin' on those makin' that massive move
The magnitude that turned avenues to a black Peru
Of street poets who see bullet holes where them ratchets blew
Casket blue, in the wake, 38, come give 'em chapter 2

We still here representin' dead or in prison with ghetto scripture
Every line is thoroughly written
We been there, cold nights, treacherous livin'
I put my life on the line if it betters my children's
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I'm from a place where niggas raised by they mommas and no support from they fathers
Get older and still pay homage, we still take dollars
Them dollar bills ain't honest when tomorrow meals ain't promised
You ain't never had to starve while your parents watch
You and your siblings share a plate while they sharin' rocks
You ain't never covered your hands with a pair of socks
That's why I'm runnin' 'round with a pair of Glocks
We was cold, all the drugs we had we done sold
All them niggas that I know gotta see parole
And they keep gettin' denied
Weak niggas done cried
That time'll eat niggas alive
You know I'm starin' at the top
Even at the bottom, gotta cherish what you got
So tell me if I'm arrogant or not
Just copped some fresh Crocs might wear 'em with the fox

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Nah'm mean?
G Rap, 38
All we got is what we know
All we know is what we got
Street shit, realness, peace