

## Got Nowhere...

Beanie Sigel

Yo I come from a crack in the ground, a hole in the wall  
And dog when the crack ain't around, the smokers'll brawl  
Streets like a bullet in cancer, it'll swallow you up  
Or eat you from the inside and hollow you up  
And everyday like a test, you know life got rules  
And its sorta like checkers and chess  
I went to school and took the lessons punk  
Know a pawn get kinged, a bishop get juiced  
A rook get jumped  
Faggot niggas took the easy route  
They either coked out, smoked out, doped out  
Niggas took the needle route  
And I ain't tryin to take either route  
I'm tryin to stop get weeded out  
Really, tryin to weed it out  
No the flipside we choosin your way  
Like gettin fat from losin the weight  
Or losin that from, usin the weight  
I feel like I'm speeding and I'm 'bout to crash  
No where to go and I'm gettin there fast

Ooouu hooouu, got nowhere  
Ooouu hooouu, I got nowhere to  
Ooouu hooouu, got nowhere  
Ooouu hooouu, I got nowhere to ruuuuunnnnnnn

We in the streets player get your man  
There's only two places to go, we either dead or in jail  
What the...

Ooouu hooouu, I got nowhere

Eh yo I'm caught up in the system where the blind lead the blind  
And this artist only speaks on the signs of the time  
And I pop pills in purple rain to state my pain  
They say I'm just like my father, bold and too cold  
But you know that's how a thug ride  
I send a kite through a dove in a jail where the thugs cry  
I feel your pain when you restrained and your love die  
And make your heart hard, the blood in your vein fry  
Feel like I'm trapped and I'm blindfolded  
But my eyes wide open to see it  
Feel like the O'Jay's, climbin those stairways hopin  
Heaven's gates wide open for me  
Look towards a lie, Sige in direction  
Still I spin in every direction, seekin directions  
Tryin to balance out the good with the imperfections  
Yeah I know I still move with nowhere to go

It seems like we grind from the bottom  
Just to make it to the bottom to see faces of the people that I shot  
When I get high late night, flow through the bottom  
My aunt's house, one of the places that I stopped  
See she just died, she got cancer from smokin and drinkin  
The same shit that I'm drinkin and smokin

I can't lie, wish life would just open its handcuffs  
And let me go, I feel like I'm doin a bit  
I can't slide, so what I'm a rapper?  
I can't escape the wrath of the law if I crash up my whip  
Or get, blast in the jaw  
Prick, masterded his fifth  
I might go triple platinum, become a household name  
After a long day of out of town work make my way to the plane  
Plane fast in the tenth  
Hear mayday, mayday, control's outta work  
How the hell can life end like this? Nowhere to go