

# How Will I Make It

Big L

Aiiyyo, some people was born in heaven  
with a silver spoon in they mouth  
and had everything handed to them on a silver platter  
and never had to work hard for nothing  
(Pause)

Then there are some people that was born in the opposite world  
of those that was born in heaven, which is called hell  
and had to work hard for everything they got  
and never had nothing handed to them... and never will

I'm only at the age of 10  
And life already seems to me like it's heading for a dead end  
Cause my moms be smoking mad crack  
My dad went out for a fast snack, and never brought his ass back  
Nobody knows how I feel, it's quite ill  
Cause I had to steal to fill my stomach with a nice meal  
Too ashamed to walk the streets  
Wearing the same cheap sneaks and dirty outfits for weeks  
Even my holidays got damaged  
Cause on Christmas I asked Santa for a father and a hot sandwich  
I just can't take it (uh-huh, uh-huh)  
And every day I ask myself, 'how will I make it?'

It seems like my life's been cursed  
Ever since I was a child, and how will I make it?  
I won't, that's how  
I walk around with a frown; I got no reason to smile  
And how will I make it?  
I won't, that's how  
Aiiyyo times was rough, I had to grow up foul  
And how will I make it?  
I won't, that's how  
I always knew that I'd end up doing time on the Isle  
And how will I make it?  
I won't, that's how

Five years passed by, now I'm at the age of 15  
No more fun and games, it's time to get cream (word up)  
Cause I'm about to burst, it's like my life was cursed  
I went to church, prayed everyday  
And it still got worse  
Soon I ran into a couple of guns  
Started stalking the streets, slate robbing suckers for funds (give it up, give it up)  
Now everyday I creep with the heat  
Ain't nothing sweet, I rob for meat  
If I don't steal I don't eat  
Then I lost control and started going too far  
Robbed this brother named Umar  
Then got snatched by the blue car  
Where I grew up it was a living hell  
Then I started to realize - I'm better off in a prison cell  
Now I can sleep, now I can eat  
Can't hit skins, but I wasn't hitting skins when I was in the street

Aiiyyo I just can't take it  
And every day I ask myself, 'how will I make it?'

Doing time was full of stress G, all the  
Fighting's and stabbings and men finding men sexy  
One tried to test me didn't find it humorous  
Beat him with a pillowcase filled with cans of tuna fish  
My time came to a cease; I'm back on the streets again  
I hope I don't get snatched by the beast again  
But it's getting crazy hectic  
Cause I'm broke, get up naked  
And can't get a job cause of my jail record  
Before you know it, I was robbing them same ducks  
I even started robbing homeless folks for they change cups  
My whole life was deserted  
Either I'ma go back to jail or get murdered, but do I deserve it?  
All I tried to do was live the one life that I got  
But it seems like I can't get a fair shot (word up)  
I just can't take it (uh-huh)  
And every day I ask myself, 'how will I make it?'

Word up man, it's real rough out here man  
In the ghetto, all you can wish for is a better tomorrow  
It ain't getting no better, it's only getting worse, word up...