Yo! Get away from the door Everybody get the fuck back Staten Island, stand up

I live a street life, nothin' but hard times and strife I be stuck on the block try'nna make things right Sold crack for a living, now I could write Not just for the paper, for the sacrifice Vibe with me, the cops come ride with me I'm all in the hood, yeah nigga, slide with me If the feds start lookin' for Don, survive with me Experience my I'll pain, the broke windows in the rain Crackheads goin' insane Marlo stuck dope in his vein, lift him up Bodies in the back of the hood, stiffen up It get ugly and shit, why it gotta be this? We came a long way, fuck cheaters We don't wanna bust the Heaterz No speakin' on the phone, we don't trust receivers (yeah) Park Hill be the real niggaz and Don' Divas (it ain't over, it just begun)

Enough of your bullshit, my niggaz'll pull quick
Berettas and full quicks, guerillas and convicts
Armed and dangerous, bombs and bangers, kid
Stormin' the game with it, calm but anxious and
I'll whip yo ass for this, come with the cash or it's
On with the blast and it's, gonna get hazardous
Niggaz should know by now, niggaz should know my style
Shaolin, hold me down, frontin', there goes the pow!

Why it gotta be like this
Police fightin' us with night sticks, niggaz carryin' ice picks
Sometimes, niggaz we do crimes, I ain't gotta tell you
Niggaz throwin' up signs, niggaz shipped to Bellview
Son, don't let coke dog smell you
Run if you packin' something, do what I tell you
Skate, nigga, never let jake nail you
I got caught up in the grind but I fell through
Now I'm back on the spot, keep my eye on you
Make a phone call, kid, or put a spy on you..
And this is dedicated to all my niggaz in the ghetto
Big dimes and C Rule, jugs of Palmetto
I'm in too deep and I just can't let go
Catchin' my pain, real niggaz that respect dough

It's my world!
Fucked up... stick 'em! Ugh..
2-4, Graveyard Shift
(The names and the faces have changed
But the game, is still the same...)