

Life on Magazine Street

I was the oldest brother of four
Doing whatever I had to do to survive
I'm not sayin' what I did was alright
Tryin' to break outta the ghetto was a day-to-day fight

Been down so long, gettin' up didn't cross my mind
I knew there was a better way of life and I was just tryin' to find
You don't know what you'll do until you're put under pressure
Across Magazine Street was a hell of a tester

It's many in the slums
Killers, hookers, and bums
Sleepin' in the parks
Homeless people pushin' they shoppin' carts

She used to be thick, but now she sucked up
On that glass dick, lost her butt
Home invasions and robbers
Master Lock kick-doe stoppers

Dice game crackin', burpin'
Rivals slide through, get to squirtin'
Bust back, get off
Protect yourself at all cost

Here come the po-po, the cherries, they swarm
Be quiet, it's body cameras on they uniforms
And I ain't tryin' to go back, I'm reformed
Got Jesus Christ tatted on my arm

If you ain't got haters, you ain't doin' enough
My people be jealous, they hella envious
Mayhem and drama
It's sick out here, teenagers'll jump yo' mama

Sucka shit to the fullest, by far
They'll record you and holler out: "WORLDSTAR!"
And I don't like that shit one bit
Karma'll come back and bite you like a tick

We used dope fiend matches if we ain't got a lighter
Burned down woods like a forest fire
Up the street, down the street, they war
Over what? Over a girl

Feudin' like the Hatfields and McCoys
Grew up with each other, used to be boys
And ain't no OGs around to diffuse the noise
We need a reputable youngster out here with a voice

Thirteen hundred block Magazine Street
Pimps tryin' to catch a woman that's weak
Thirteen hundred block Magazine Street
Might not survive if you're weak

Thirteen hundred block Magazine Street
I'm gettin' game from my OGs
Thirteen hundred block Magazine Street
Pushin' keys and sellin' that weed

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Tire marks on the pavement
Row houses, covered windows, no landscaping
Speed bumps
Mufflers might get some lumps

Apple cider vinegar and a Bayer aspirin
Old people out-livin' us, they lastin'
Youngsters gettin' killed, they blastin'
We 'bout to be extinct, they laughin'

For hell a long her and her daddy didn't speak
Cause when you get your tongue pierced, they gon' think that you a freak
Back in the day, somethin' like that'll get yo' ass beat
Don't believe in abortions, so the babies they keep

My potna face feel hecca But he think too much, got Bell's palsy
You can take us out the hood, but not the urban in us
All kind of financial turbulence

Checkin' his traps, countin' his stacks
Brown paper bag, tax-free scratch
Slidin' through the slums with the blap on slap
Magazine Street bumpin' Bobby Womack

Look at them people, they think I sell blow
Who is them people? The po-pos, y'all
The long arm of the law, the racket busters
They see the gold chain and the diamond clusters

Ridin' with my heat, I got it on my seat
Don't wanna go under the jail, don't wanna go up under them sheets
I don't need no iron, I'm already creased
I'll squeeze my iron on the enemies

He love her and she love him
Arguin' in the street at 4 a.m
Funkin' always fun 'til somebody die
When we gon' get tired of seeing mamas cry

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