

All My Life (In the Ghetto)

Jay Rock

I was on the block right, wasn't in my right mind
Just a young nigga, hustlin', tryna get mines
Movin' with the 9 double m
Niggas like "You don't really wanna fuck with him"
Yeah, young teenager, 'fatuated with paper
Yeah I had to get it, cause momma, she wasn't able
Black and white TV set, no cable
Forties in the fridge, chicken noodles on the table
I wasn't born with a silver spoon
Child of the ghetto, raised off a different tune
Watchin' Bob Barker in my living room
If "The Price Was Right", I could get you a whole living room
Yeah, them was my gutter ways back in the gutter days
No education, but the gutter pays
Through it all came a long way
From sellin' the yay', fist fights to gun play
Back then

Sittin' on the block and I'm doin' bad
Dreaming about the things that I never had
Got me thinking to myself "I gotta get it man"
You can play if you want, I'm gon' get it man
I say, all my life I've known
One day eventually I'll blow

Yeah
Times is torn as it is
That's why I got guns, and my guns got kids
That's why I be goin' so tough on them hoes
I play my own hand, I don't shuffle or fold
Fuck with a nigga, let go fuck with some hoes
Hear them bitches screamin' like they stuck in a hole
I am not a deamon, but was once a lost soul
'Til I found myself a block away from the cross road
I have, outgrown the fishbowl
And I'm on my feet like a fuckin insole
Yeah it may hurt like a fuckin' left no
But it's "fuck the world", like a fuckin nympho
And we spend dough, cause we make more
And I make sure, when I say so
It's Jay Rock and Weezy, need I say more
Closeline the beat tear, DB I say flow
Yeah

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Jay Rock, still that same O.G.
I ain't tryna see the grave or the penitentiary
Everyday living, tryna stay on my feet
Even though a nigga paid, but my heart in the streets
See my dogs I'm a beast, so hard on these beats
So my family can eat, I'll be damned if I see

No income, here come Jay Rock, they know crack music
Drug kingpin flow, oh

Kingpin hoe, need I say more
Your family could die, when I say go (go)
Green light green light, whatcha green like?
Before ya size me up, get the seam right
And I just hop in the phantom when I'm being nice
Cause drivin' slow in the Lam', it doesn't seem right
Yeah, and I remember them long nights
Livin' the wrong life, but I made that wrong right
Weezy!

All the struggling
All it does is keep my hustling, oh my

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