

Make It Out Alive

Statik Selektah

I just hopped off another plane
Another country, different money, lot of different names
Lot of different places, lot of different dames
Lot of people could have got lost in the rain
Ah, lot of cars, lot of trains, lot of passport stamps, whole lot of games
But I ain't going, let nobody take me down
You need 100 rounds can't nothing stop me now
I put a lot of rappers in boxed and funerals
Treated them wild like a red headed step child
I ain't scared of a soul, why am I scared of the crowd?
Why am I scared of a hole? I ain't scared of the ground
You came for me now, you heard my voice lord
I hate to be on the devil's side when I'm your boy
But I gotta live, I gotta survive
I'm too hungry to cry, I gotta make it out alive

Bitch I'mma make it out alive
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I just hopped off another bitch
Another city on my tour another couple zips
Smoked up and if you low, I get you motherfuckers sent
Do it on the daily just to pay my motherfucking rent
I keep the Pyrex kitchen set, I'm a trap vet
Coming out the G it's a blessing to get a rap check
I was out here flowing just knowing that I might never make it
Even got my foot in the do' but still I was underrated
Unappreciated, under paid, under dog
Now that I'm the king of the underground, I don't fuck with y'all
And way before I got on the chopper, was busting off
On every song every show screaming out "fuck the law"
Tell me, is you pub with niggas that be busting out in public
Middle of the day, I'm on some thug shit
And if I die prematurely, don't let my killer see the jury
Chop them niggas up for me, they'll never make it out alive

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Gun under the pillow, illegal money buried under the willow
Tree in the backyard, tax fraud
Ain't tryina act hard, just keep it 100 for real though
Mama never had a black card, and I ain't trying to play the black card
Cause poverty knows no discrimination
Within this nation, I'm my own president main, this my administration
I'm creating the laws when it comes to Benjamin chasing
Oh, lack of money it had him trapping trafficking
And had him come through traffic, Cadillac and doubt that that would happen
battle rapping
That was my excuse, the streets was a noose
The more I hang, the more I hang
And I couldn't breathe without emceeing
See, I was shady and slim

So I'm guess that's what Em see in
Me
And I gotta make it out alive yo
Yeah, I gotta make it out alive, dawg

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