

# C-Murder, Street Keep Callin

Everytime I try to leave this game  
These streets keep on callin' me (Streets keep callin' me)  
Just keep on callin' me (Just keep on callin' me)  
(x2)

Now, this ghetto got me crazy  
And these streets got me trapped  
Many times I've tried to leave  
But this game keep pullin me back  
In a circle full of crime  
Bout to lose my mind  
Shit, I wanna make a change  
But I just keep wasting my time  
Ain't no real future sellin' dope  
Only few make it out  
For a ghetto nigga like me  
Got too many golds in my mouth  
I can't get a job  
Ain't nobody gonna hire a thug  
And my rap sheet consists  
Of 187 and drugs  
And goin' in and outta jail  
Everybody say I'm a fool  
But even the President makes mistakes  
Shit I ain't perfect to  
I gotta do somethin'  
Ain't nobody gonna give me nothin'  
Got a mouth to feed  
So I'm gonna keep these fiends jumpin'  
On my block niggas  
Shit I'm the man out of jail  
I'm the jury and judge  
So don't fuck with me cuz  
It's like the Vegas Strip  
These streets is always open  
As long as the money roar  
I'm gonna keep this city small

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Now see the hood  
It's all good  
You ain't highly educated  
So you just can't have shit  
Cuz you will be playa hated  
My boy just bought a new Benz  
Now he's the man in the city  
Now it was cool at first  
But these niggas started actin shitty  
I tried to go straight  
But these fools just wouldn't let me  
A nigga see me in the mall  
So a nigga tried to sweat me  
It was cool for a minute  
Yeah, I thought I was free  
But I knew I couldn't leave  
Cuz these streets keep callin me

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(x3)