

# Cocoa Brovaz, Still Standin Strong

(Steele)

Yea, yea back up in here smoked out  
strickly trees, strickly trees  
ain't tryin' to mix nothin' wit my leaves  
swift wanna ball breakin' day wit us  
for my dogs in a cut  
doing what you gotta do to feed ya seeds  
maintain stayin' strong.

(Steele) ((Tek))

(Day breaks sneeks upon my camp once more)  
(get up get dressed and prepare for war)  
((yo the wars wit everything outside your door))  
(it's a rude awakening but it's more in store)

(Tek)

when I walk through Brooklyn people show me love  
went over to GA people showed me love  
went to North Carolina they showed us love  
even went to California and got love from thugz  
and it's all good big up to all the neiborhood  
that came to see Tek and Steele when ever they could  
but remember the struggle continues after the (?)  
watch who ya fuck wit, watch what you get into  
theres a war goin' on outside and in my mental  
gettin' drunk and how wonderin' what this gettin' ment to  
last week my man put a pistol to his temple  
I said nah son not that, thats to simple  
one little niggie on the block sellin' crystal  
next little niggie got shot up on Bristol  
'nother little niggie lock, cause they blew the whistle  
last little niggie did the same bitch shit his little sister  
this little niggie be hard to find  
mind don't makin' it in this day and time  
do what we have to criminal Illegal  
stayin' alive strivin' wit my people.

(Steele and Tek)

In days of our lives they try to make ends meat  
to search for tommorrow got us walkin' the streets  
Yo I'm not sweatin' sleet, not really stressin' beef  
I'm just tryin' to live, tryin' to eat  
tryin' to stay strong, tryin' not to fall  
tryin' to live to see my unborn get tall  
cause the streets of New York ain't just a walk in the park  
you can get your life got in day the or the dark.

(Steele)

I give thanks when I rise up, open my eyes up  
Calastetic get me right so I'll be nice up  
cause when you feel fit ya feel nice  
beware of the tricks and the fools paradise  
like the wicked mind youth with them gun pound clocked  
who wish to ambush me when I leave the weed spot  
want to get, what I got, roll the lah that I cop  
rock the shines that I rock, make my life clock stop  
but death me fear not, cause the most high guides I  
bless me wit protection as the years pass by  
conquerer, mighty rasta,  
let no man steel from the pocket peel for ya  
as i meditate and demonstrate, verbal earthquakes  
breakin' down like a junky with a case of shakes  
to my dogs flippin' weight and behind gates  
livin' street life, put the stash on Jakes

for ya need, do whateva the deed  
watch shiesty ass bitches and the next man grieves  
Mr. Ripper from the star to the hills its all real  
gotta maintain cause the sun don't chill.

(Tek and Steele)

In days of our lives we strive to make ends meet  
to search for tommorrow got us walkin' the streets  
Yo I'm not sweatin' sleet, not really stressin' beef  
I'm just tryin' to live, tryin' to eat  
tryin' to stay strong, tryin' not to fall  
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