

Lyfe, Stick Up Kid

1st Verse:

Rolling in my 2-door Monte Carlo
Looking for some money I can borrow
5 or 10 dollars 'til tomorrow
I'm doing bad ya'll uh-uhn
I smoked my last pack of cigarettes today
Never seen a nigga diggin in the ashtray
It's a crumbling and humbling sight to see
I'm doing bad ya'll uh-uhn
And their teasin' me with these 23's and these dvds it ain't right
And they pass me by-by-by-by-by-by
And have the nerve to wonder why/Chorus: I be robbin' these niggas
I'm a stick-up kid
That's how I live I admit it
I be robbin' these niggas
I'm a stick-up kid
And if you're doing too much I'm coming to get it

2nd Verse:

See lately I've been thinking bout saving my soul
And do prayers make it to heaven from the ghetto
I asked all my friends but they all say they don't know
It's all bad ya'll
And the preacher talking bout some stuff he don't know
When church done became a f**kin' fashion show
And they won't let a nigga in with these timbos
It's all bad ya'll

Chorus/Bridge:

Nobody knows the trouble I see
Nobody knows but me (3x)