

Marky Mark, Life In The Streets

Marky Mark intro:

Ha, yeah. I know what you're all thinking
That this is some old Janet Jackson type of @#!
but it ain't about that
This if the real, the street life trauma

Yo, I grew up rough in the streets of Boston, Massachusetts
Lived real ruthless, a wild kid, out to get a bid
Did some #@! that he never shoulda did
Had to learn the hard way
that some day you gotta pay
So what the hey, I say

Prince Ital Joe:

Life in the streets ain't easy
All I see is pain and misery
I kneel and pray for the betrayed
Strength and protection to survive in the society

This is the life in the streets
And that's how we live it

Marky Mark:

Hard and mean at sixteen, livin' like a beam, theme
Out scheming for the green
Quick to kill, I gets ill, I make ya blood spill
I cut ya throat for your goose-down coat
'cause statistic show that kids with no dough
ain't got no chance, got nowhere to go
That's why life on the streets is like a trifular beat
It'll echo in ya head till you're dead on the concrete

Prince Ital Joe:

Life in the streets is a mystery
Don't know my friends from my enemies
Up to lot, could be trouble
But I'll hold tight and I will never give up the fight

This one is dedicated to all the homeless people
to every youth that's growin' up on the streets
You know, we're living for a dream one day
that there'll be no more homeless people in the world
Life in the streets is not easy