

# 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