

# Mobb Deep, Streets Raised Me

Havoc

Its kinda bugged how I go sometimes  
Know they staring, Brain feels like a wheel lost with out the ball bearing  
Stuck, Contemplating on who I can trust  
But like lleullo in a bill my feelings just get crushed  
But thats why I stick with my duns, like I stick with the guns  
Don't get mad , Rip your hun, concentrate on my funds  
Lift heavy gats concealed by my waist  
Never get patted down when I step in the place  
Jiggied up, smoke the pot, Confirm if it is real reefer or not  
Rally up, after this get followed straight to the crib  
Gem Star, double edge apply pressure  
Shave em down, Blow marks right through your mecca  
Wanna be a thug, now you got the thug look,  
Stick em up, leave medicaid, with the real to push  
God-Body, With a rubber grip black shotti  
Pump one in his ass make that nigga switch hobbies  
A dossage, hand delivered, without postage  
Bring it to your door step quick on short notice  
Niggas get sniped like, Klonker Brockite  
Show em how to rock right, when bitches hold the mic, street life

Hook

(2x)Why you have to raise me this way, You showed me how to survive the  
concrete, If I survive only time can say, You where a part of me..  
(Street Life)

Big Noyd

This is something you feel nigga, like the theme song from Hill Street Blues  
This is real, this is ill street news  
How he gone, and left his moms mind struck  
Now his brother ain't giving a fuck  
Little sister giving up the butt now, Dun don't wet that  
I want you to rest black, cause you better belive Noyd gon handle that  
Cause when I get em, I'm gonna have em  
Pull out the sweeper, and spray it at them  
I ain't no killer, you know me  
But I'll be damned if I don't lie for my co-d  
And then this Old G, scold me, and told me, coldly  
You keep it up and you will be dead like your homey  
But I gotta redeem, get this cream by any means  
I never been clean  
Nigga, my whole click got dirty  
&From the battles, to the trials and bloody up shirtsleeves  
Nigga you heard me  
Its Gangsta

Hook 2x

Prodigy

Vision the canvas I paint a picture  
Similar to Ernies Barnes nigga  
But mines is more ghetto more guns  
More drugs, mostly thugs  
All my duns, their baby moms daughter and sons  
Dark blocks, with streets lamps shot the fuck out  
Park benches broke, a nigga stretched out  
Jumped off the roof to his death its real  
Hand Ball walls displayed with R-I-P murials  
Those who sling, play the shadows by the building

Devils spring, keep em going while the snows blowing  
Grams get dipped, 50's are moked, cookies are broke  
And Spliced in large pieces for the fiends to smoke  
The sun set looks beautiful over the projects  
What a shame, its ain't the same where we stand at  
If you look close you can see the bricks chipped off  
Sometimes niggas miss when they lick off don't get clipped off  
Street life

Hook 2x