

# Sticky Fingaz, Caught In Da Game

[Chorus]

In these streets, where we from  
We all caught in the game  
Tryna pull our life out of the drain  
If you don't make it, you the one to blame  
In this life, that we live  
We only tryna survive  
It's hard with the blind leading the blind  
Everybody here stuck in the grind

[Sticky Fingaz]

They said I was crazy, nigga sick in the head  
Who raised me? My mother was sick in the bed  
How could you blame me? On the block gettin that bread  
They couldn't change me, too hot, dippin them feds  
I made a promise, not to go back to jail  
Under my garments, gun tuck, packin that steel  
But regardless, this nigga here is out of the field  
Now my partners is only money, that's real  
I got my mind made up, my shine ain't up  
Until I'm in that casket, my time ain't up  
Tell you bout my lifestyle, I'll walk you through  
First mix the Louie wit the Johnnie-Walker blue  
Now peep the hooptie, I'm followed by my crew  
Hundred thou' in jewelry when the God come through  
I kept it thorough with my ear to the streets  
Now we gettin Cash Money without the gold teeth

[Chorus]

[Sticky Fingaz]

I done seen pain, felt pain and lived pain nigga  
Half my life in these streets down the drain  
Analyze the game through the eyes of my father  
Had to feel my way through with the revolver  
That goes to tell you he ain't show me nothin  
Mad at the world when they ain't owe me nothin  
So I apply pressure, why not for more measure  
And more cake, we turn hoods to whole states  
For my real niggaz, dressed in greens is upstate  
Trapped in that cold cell with no bail  
We ain't mean to hurt nobody to get them dollars up  
Half my niggaz goin dead'll push ya flowers up  
I'm fresh out the county, with no shoe laces  
They thought they could stop us with probation?  
We just live on the run and switch up locations  
Play the future by the air until it's time to face it

[Chorus]

[???

Young niggaz stay hungry for war  
Bred and raised by hustlers and whores  
Born the struggle in this jungle, escape poor  
While the White House got ten rooms with ten blind doors  
I was born to fight for what's right, by the day and night  
Prayin for life cause shit ain't tight in these streets  
That's why I stay squeezin my heat  
And strippin life from mammals  
A hungry young hustler ready to gamble  
For a better way of livin so fuck sittin in prison  
Cause every niggaz a ? victimized by the system  
Cops and cellblocks, why hell rots  
Young thugs from Queens to ?

Slugs give shellshocks in these streets where funeral bells knock

[Chorus]