

# Dead Prez, Tallahassee Days

(feat. Stic)

1993

Southside

Orange Ave

Southcity

Tallahassee Florida

I'm take ya'll back to the yellow mustang with no license

With that 38 under the seat

What you know?

Yo

Whoever said life is beautiful lied

This shit is hell

I've seen too many funerals

Too many of my niggaz locked in cells

Nobody ever put me on life was like this

I'm 20 years old and my whole life's a crisis

No way out

And I mean that

When I say that

Runnin' round from place to place

Like a stray cat

I don't own nothing, don't hold nothing

I'm growin up with nothing to show for all my hustlin'

Still strugglin'

And a job is a joke

They ain't hirin'

The only free ride I get is one with a siren

So what other choice do I have?

I got niggaz on the ave

Pushin slabs that a break me off a Porche and a half

So I can stand on my own two

Be able to have what I need

So I can do what I want to

I wish I woulda had a career

Cause through the years my momma stressed

Takin care of self

But I aint here

I was caught up

Sipin on Coors

Smokin Newports

Short

In and out of court

Without a single thought

These days I'm out bout to Loc

Whether I make a record or serve dope

I refuse to keep bein broke

Cause times are getting rougher by the second

As long as I come up

Who give a fuck about the method

It's a kill or be killed kind of a theory that's in me

So when I die, at least I'm taking somebody with me

If I'm wrong, than I rather be wrong than right

45 calibre chrome and its on tonight

Nigga

That's how I'm livin

Low life, runin licks

Taking big risks

Tryin to get my motherfuckin flow right

Cause without loot it's useless

My life as a youth was fruitless

That's why nowadays I'm ruthless

Plus I got a lady in my life

That one day just may be my wife  
If I can deal with this crazy strife  
I put love in the air  
Show that I care for her  
Let her know I always be there for her  
But right now the type of life I live  
Can't afford no wife and kid  
I gotta fight for my right to live  
So I cock my hat low  
Snatchin up pocket books and float  
Cause I'm a thug and that's all I know  
Whatever it take to make the steps  
I'm ready to take the steps  
Whoever got paps better break theyself