

Geto Boys, Street Life

Up early in the morning lacin up my British Knights
Throwin up my deuce sign, fuckin with the street life
Never knew no better cause my mommy never taught me
Going out to get the shit that mommy never bought me
Only ten years old and I can't stay away from trouble
But you don't give a fuck cause you ain't never had to struggle
And everybody's tellin me its get greater later
I need to get my shit right now, cause it ain't shit in my refrigerator
And I done struggled for my whole life
Seeing my moma layed up with a different nigga everynight
And when you see me you can spot a crook
Cause I'm going through her motherfuckin pocket book
I'm going out to get my papes
Cause she don't give a fuck about me anyway
And my daddy's doing two terms
And all she ever does is sit around and get served
My mommy never hugs me
I'm callin deuce my family, cause these niggas say they love me
I'm steady dustin chumps off
And ready for the battle if the shit would ever jump off
So send my ass to hell
Its eithr being covered up with some dirt, or boxed in a cell
Anyway that's what it looks like
If I don't hurry up and get my ass up out the street life

[Chorus: Spoken]

You know the streets is all I know
This is my way of survival
You know I've been dealt some bad cards
But I gots to play them
What else am I to do, look for a job?
But until them my family will starve and be broke
So I resort to the streets
As a source of income
I'm stuck here

I step out on my own block
And everyone's throwin up the deuce to little J-Rock
And all my little homies that I hang with
Are either jackin, or mixed up with this gang shit
See it through reality
Never leavin the gang cause its the street life mentality
My homies got a proposition
Pulled the nigga off some change and said he'd help in my position
So now I'm rollin with the OGs
Puttin in work for the jack, for some overseas
And maybe in a year or two
I'll be able to roll in a Benz like the gangsta's do
Makin hoes ride dick
Cause that poor, broke ???
Ain't hittin ??? shit
I gotta lock my crew down
And sew this whole motherfucker up like the Jews town
Develop us a strong click
Break my pops off some dope while he rot
Pops would like that shit
Seeing his little nigga on his own two
Doing shit I heard my pops used to do
A real nigga to this crime thang
And had it going on before his time came
I gots to get my shit right
Until my shit gets right
I'm rollin with the street life

[Chorus:]

You know what upsets me
Is when whitey sits back in they lavish homes and BMWs
And tell me the streets ain't the place to be
See it from my prospective
Poverty stricken, livin on welfare
And the government cuttin that shorter every week
I'm shortin on education cause I'm black
The corner doesn't promise me a good life
But at least it shows me promise

Finally after shit got right
I'm wanting out of the gang cause I'm searchin for a new life
But I remember what was said
You come in alive the only way you leave out is dead
So I'm kinda fucked on both ends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin frinds
Cause if they were my friends they'd let me break
Outie five thousand fuck this shit, I'm packin my 38
But first I gotta stay down
Until It's time for me to punch it out and just lay it down
And that's a motherfuckin shame
Tonight I gotta spill another ride with my little gang
So slowly I walked up to it
With no hesitation I broke the window and jumped into it
Unhooked his shit and was headed off
I opened up the door that's what set it off
A nigga came out with a glock jack
And put a slug in my motherfuckin back
And my so called friends
Want me out of the gang cause they don't know if I'll walk again
Now tell me what's that deuce life
Fucked up myself for good cause I was wrapped up in the street life