

# Lyfe, Still Here

(Verse 1:)

Street life killed my daddy  
Got my momma pregnant in the back of a caddy  
Since i lost my first tooth i ain't been happy  
Young wild nigga child why that boy is so nappy  
He got that devil in him  
Police wanna take him down  
Used to be a player but the coochie cost money now  
He ain't to bright but he know a trap when he see one  
Got his conscious in his pants with his gun

(Chorus:)

Seventeen years of rain (That boy good) foggin up my windows yeah(These niggas always talking  
But i'm still here though(In the middle of it all this nigga still here)  
Seventeen years of rain foggin up my window (yeah)  
It done been seventeen years of pain but i'm still here though (and the nigga still here, he still right

(Verse 2:)

Shoe box full of pictures  
All that's left of good times i shared with my niggas  
Some alive and some no longer with us  
How da, how da, how da hell do you pray for forgiveness  
When you got devil in you  
Rogain keeps the hair strong but Cocaine keeps the cable on  
I can't wait till my nigga jb come home  
Why do all the real niggas stay gone so long

(Chorus:)

Seventeen years of rain foggin up my window (yeah)  
It done been seventeen years of pain  
But i'm still here though  
Seventeen years of rain foggin up my window  
It done been seventeen years of pain but i'm still here though

(Three 6 Mafia & Project Pat (rap))

Even though a nigga still in the hood  
Gettin drunk and smokin on wood  
I'ma make it up out of this street life  
On the corner is where i stood  
Out there all by myself  
'cause a player gotta get this meal  
Welfare ain't doin us no good  
Flippin burgers ain't gonn make you filled  
But i'm still ten toes in this Hustlin tryna make hood rich  
And i still ain't trustin no bitch 'cause the mother f\*\*kers always snitch

Its hard in this ghetto man  
Fifteen years old with coke and caine  
Cheese don't come i'ma go insane Snatch me a purse snatch me a chain  
Out here on the block with the fiends and the moon  
Squeeze on the glock tryna pop at a goon  
He done stole my dough he took my food  
Project wasn't born with a silver spoon  
In my mouth in my grill words exchange then niggas get killed  
One in the grave the other in jail  
Nobody wins thats fo' real

Back way when i was a runny nose  
runnin round  
Up and down the town  
Carrying a black glock and a gold frown  
I kept that product on me

It wasn't no problem homie  
You said it i had it and met you if you stole my money  
Just tryna buy bologna but now i'm buying lobster  
Still totin a glock but pusing a rolls rouce and winning oscars

(Chorus 2x)