

Nasty Boy Klick, Life

(Chorus)

Sumtime life pulls us down
Help yo peeps when their down
And if tha system holds you back
Just keep on kickin and don't look back

I had a brotha who was in tha thang
He made his money with tha klick who had to have the same game
Money was the main domain
(Don't let em' keep you down Oo--h N-oo)
Didn't give a damn about nobody but his pockets and the ones that got him paid
Always had a bullet
For when he caught an enemy or playa hata tryin to take his spot he had to pull it
My brotha was a wanted man
Wanted by the other man
Taking all tha non-believers out
That was tha plan
'cause Bookie used to hang with him
And all tha time spent neva neglected
Never really said a word
Never disrespected
But worried in my mind tho
'cause maybe one of these days somebody might decide to make my brotha die slow
Or fast
Leave him layin dead with his cash
Then I get the bloody news that my brother passed
Sorry to say
R.I.P. it's non-fiction
Much Love to my brotha won't ya'll listen

(Chorus)

Me and my homie used to be tha hoods
2 little devils on the rampage didn't care ??? good
My homie was a needle freak
And everytime I went to see him had a different personality for every week
We used to make our money daily
And me bein tha partner in crime
To every victim it was paid
Maybe 'cause we had tha erge
To make our money off the well paid independent workers with tha nerve
My homie didn't give a damn
Co-operation was a big deal for the ones he jacked ???
I couldn't understand the hate up in his eyes
I'm strictly jackin for tha fun
He do it to survive
The only person who cared about his life was in tha mirror
Thinkin to himself "I'll dye alone...it's gettin nearer"
Only person that realy care about his life was me
But a bad case a needle made my homie shoot tha O.D.

(Chorus)

The last story's bout this sista Kim
Who lived around the corner of my block
With 2 kids, a little her and him
No help from tha brotha man
Tha sucker left her their with 2 kids and no ???
The option was the otha man
Barely survivin
Doin what she could
So in tha meanwhile baloney sandwiches was all good
Tha 50 dollas every month not good enough
She had to pay tha rent

Now money started gettin tough
She got a man
Who did her kinda good in tha beggining
Then he beat her down took control and he was winning
For a second tho
'cause see tha brotha had a gun
Now she's doin 5 to 10 like a murda one
With tha kids in tha child care
She kinda sad
But knowin that they got a meal a day that made her glad
And knowin that they alright that made her day
So all she can do now is pray

Sumtime life pulls us down
Help yo peeps when their down
And if tha system holds you back
Just keep on kickin and don't look back
Don't let it keep you down
Whoa whoa
Don't Let it
Don't let it keep you down
Whoa whoa
Yeah