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

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 sandwhiches 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