

T-Bone, Street Life

[T-Bone]

Yo picture me rollin like Pac in a drop gold double R
Women, champagne, weed, cigars and caviar
Livin tha life of a thug, movin em drugs, duckin em slugs
Dealin wit phones tapped wit bugs, plus
Associated wit some hard hittas, cold killas
Convicts, thugs and drug dealers
Cop killas, and drug lords stackin 8 figures
Quick to pull a trigger and leave a body floatin in the river
We gorillas in this jungle collectin mad skrilla
Bankin on cheddar and cream, from dope fiends
From a land where everybody gotta fend for themselves
Half of the mommies doin 25 to life in a cell
Seems like we dwell in the pits of hell wit no bail
Chained up, captive and tortured by the enemy's spell
Who hears my cries from these lonely jail cell
And what do I profit to lose my soul and gain from drug sales

[Chorus]

Livin the street life
Crystal, drugs and crushed ice
Hangin wit plays who plain hiest and roll dice
In casinos like Bugsy Siegal
We outlaws forever livin illegal
Tha street life

[T-Bone]

A yo, the street life is the only life I know
taught to hustle these streets and grind to make dough
Cope the 4-4, jump in the 6-4
Blast on my adversaries then end up on death row
Yo, this was the life I seen raised as a youth
Where everybody smokin chronic, sippin 98 proof
Aint no happy days and sunshine
In my hood is jus crime, cryin for one time
Slugs flyin, and everybody tryin to come up in this evil drug game
Insane, vision of murder just increase the pain
Cocaine and methamphetamine
I want out, but gave an oath to the death of me
So let it be, Ima ride on my enemy
But when they bury me, I fear where my soul will be
Eternally searchin for light patna, but I'm in the midst of the dark
Its so hard, when you in this ghetto prison lookin for God

[Chorus]

[T-Bone]

Another homie dies, so I wipe the tears from my eyes
And ask God how many lonely painful tears will I cry
Seems like nobody even cares out here in the hood
I tried to get a job, but they swear I'm up to no good
Misunderstood from a young age, on a rampage
From an adolescent carryin hollow points in a smith-n-wesson
For anybody second guessin, if I'm scared to test em
Aint nothin even worth livin for
The richa gettin richa and the ghetto remains poor
Liquor stores and gun shops
And everybody wonder why thugs pack glocks and kill cops
Full of hurt since birth, why was I placed on this earth
Seems like everybody in this ghetto is cursed wit a curse
And whats worse, is that my potnah dyin at a fast rate
Dear God can you help me out, I'm lookin for an escape

[Chorus]

