

# Yung Redd & Lil Ron, Street Lights

(\*talking\*)

That's a set back, you know I'm saying man  
Lil' Red, way back in the motherfucking cut man  
Nigga was like shit nigga, I was like what come on man

(Scarface)

Street lights are glowing, everyday's another struggle  
And moving slowly in silence, steady making sho' my hustle  
Is air tight, these city streets is hectic gotta get it here  
Tomorrow ain't a promise to me, so I don't live in fear  
I work until I touch it, stack it until I need it  
I spend it on what I want, re-up and that's when I bleed it  
The soldier could never see me, as being some'ing that's lesser  
A nigga straight out the gutter, murdered without a question  
Product of my surroundings, click it clack it and and down him  
All they know is he missing, but niggaz ain't never found him  
I'm sorry but still in yet, I don't live it on regrets  
I'm a motherfucking killer, for realer this ain't a threat  
I'm as gangsta as it gets, and my advice to you is live your life  
And never when niggaz might, hit you under city lights  
So get it right (never know)  
You never know when niggaz might, hit you under city lights get it right

(Hook - 2x)

Lord forgive me, cause I know I ain't living right  
Still I gotta make some'ing happen, under them street lights  
But pay attention, let me show you what my life like  
You can get your days cut short, under them street lights

(Yung Redd)

Them folks got me under the scope, cause I ain't living right  
Still I ain't the one to provoke, dog you get it right  
20 inch shoes when I cruise, under them city lights  
Careful with the road I choose, cause you can lose your life  
I'm praying and hoping, I never get caught in the moment  
Shot from a glock, that's smoking from not scoping  
When a nigga told me, you don't work you don't eat  
So I'm slanging thangs for cheap, where the streets lights meet  
And my pop, was a rolling stone  
15 I was grown, 16 I was holding my own  
Is it wrong to sell you a dream, or sell you a zone  
A long way from home, on this road I roam  
Still I'm po'ing the liquor, for niggaz who ain't with us  
Ery'body ain't a gangsta, every nigga ain't a killa  
Naw but them laws, couldn't tell ya the difference  
So pay attention, or find yourself locked in prison this ain't living man

(Hook - 2x)

(Lil Ron)

Years have passed, and shit in the hood getting drastic  
Two days ago, my homegirl got blasted  
That's tragic, happened right on my block  
I'm feeling paranoid, laws might run in my spot  
So I'm living low key, and them folks don't know me  
Slowly I ride through the city, stack mo' cheese  
Then I slide out, to the hideout and smoke on  
Haters watching, my chest is froze like a snow-cone  
But hold on, trash talking ain't my game  
Rather pimp me a dame, or switch lanes in a Range  
Peep this it ain't a secret, them laws ain't right  
They like to catch a late night, living the life  
That's why I'm on top of my game, always thinking twice  
Don't get it twisted, I still got a mean right

But most of the time, my nigga I'm on chill  
It's real in the field, it's easy to get killed

(Hook - 2x)