

# Street Struck

Big L

Yeah, it's the Big L  
Comin at you once again, in nine-five  
And I dedicate this one  
to all my peoples from Uptown.. and everywhere  
Check it!

Yo where I'm from it ain't cookies and cream  
There's a lot of peer pressure growin up as a young teen  
You never know when you gonna get wet  
Cause mad clowns be catchin wreck with a tec just to get a rep  
Instead of cool friends, they'd rather hang with male thugs  
Instead of goin to school, they'd rather sell drugs  
It's best to go the right route and not the wrong one  
Because it's gonna catch up witchu in the long run  
Brothers be all up on us, actin stupid, gettin lifted  
They life is twisted, and most of them are quite gifted  
In other words, they got TALENT; but they'd rather sell cracks  
and bust gats and run the streets actin violent  
To them it's all about hittin skinz and makin some easy green  
Cause that's all they show you on the TV screen  
All they care about is a buck or bustin a sweet nut  
They don't give a (WHAT?) cause they street struck

You betta listen when L rhyme; cause bein street struck'll  
get you nuttin but a bullet or jail time  
So pay attention when L rhyme; cause bein street struck'll  
get you nuttin but a bullet or jail time

Before the rap contract, I was sellin crack  
Stay strapped with a Mac, I was into alla that  
I started rappin and got nice as hell  
If it wasn't for this I might be doin life in jail  
And some of my peeps are still in the game sellin 'caine  
If that's what you gotta do to maintain, go 'head and do your thang  
But with the cash profit make an investment  
And try not to go to the grave like the rest went  
Cause you can be rich with crazy loot, own a house and nine cars  
What good is that, if you're dead, or behind bars?  
And yo it's not even funny  
I've seen a lot of my peers give up they careers for some fast money  
They could've been boxers, ballplayers or rap singers  
Instead they bank robbers and crack slingers  
Aiyyo they used to be legit kids, now they corrupt  
They had dreams but gave em up cause they street struck

I still chill with my peeps in the streets; but most of the time  
I'm in the crib, writin rhymes to some dope beats  
Or either callin up some freaks to bone  
But word up, I try to leave the streets alone  
But it's crazy hard kid, in other words, it's spooky  
The streets be callin me, like the crack be callin Pookie  
It ain't a dumb joke, listen to this young folk  
Cause where I'm from -- you can choke from the gunsmoke  
Stay off the corners; that might be your best plan  
Before you catch a bullet that was meant for the next man  
Or end up with a deep cut  
Or relaxin on a hospital bed, from bein street struck

Worrrd up!  
Aiyyo take it from me, the Big L  
Cause I been through it all, youknowwhatI'msayin?  
Stay off them corners you'll stay out of trouble  
And I gotta say rest in peace to all the cats teasin streets  
I'm outta her