

## Street Life

Geto Boys

Up early in the morning lacin up my British Knights  
Throwin up my deuce sign, fuckin with the street life  
Never knew no better cause my mommy never taught me  
Going out to get the shit that mommy never bought me  
Only ten years old and I can't stay away from trouble  
But you don't give a fuck cause you ain't never had to struggle  
And everybody's tellin me its get greater later  
I need to get my shit right now, cause it ain't shit in my refrigerator  
And I done struggled for my whole life  
Seeing my moma layed up with a different nigga everynight  
And when you see me you can spot a crook  
Cause I'm going through her motherfuckin pocket book  
I'm going out to get my papes  
Cause she don't give a fuck about me anyway  
And my daddy's doing two terms  
And all she ever does is sit around and get served  
My mommy never hugs me  
I'm callin deuce my family, cause these niggas say they love me  
I'm steady dustin chumps off  
And ready for the battle if the shit would ever jump off  
So send my ass to hell  
Its eithr being covered up with some dirt, or boxed in a cell  
Anyway that's what it looks like  
If I don't hurry up and get my ass up out the street life

[Chorus: Spoken]

You know the streets is all I know  
This is my way of survival  
You know I've been dealt some bad cards  
But I gots to play them  
What else am I to do, look for a job?  
But until them my family will starve and be broke  
So I resort to the streets  
As a source of income  
I'm stuck here

I step out on my own block  
And everyone's throwin up the deuce to little J-Rock  
And all my little homies that I hang with  
Are either jackin, or mixed up with this gang shit  
See it through reality  
Never leavin the gang cause its the street life mentality  
My homies got a proposition  
Pulled the nigga off some change and said he'd help in my position  
So now I'm rollin with the OGs  
Puttin in work for the jack, for some overseas  
And maybe in a year or two  
I'll be able to roll in a Benz like the gangsta's do  
Makin hoes ride dick  
Cause that poor, broke ???  
Ain't hittin ??? shit  
I gotta lock my crew down  
And sew this whole motherfucker up like the Jews town  
Develop us a strong click  
Break my pops off some dope while he rot  
Pops would like that shit

Seeing his little nigga on his own two  
Doing shit I heard my pops used to do  
A real nigga to this crime thang  
And had it going on before his time came  
I gots to get my shit right  
Until my shit gets right  
I'm rollin with the street life

[Chorus:]

You know what upsets me  
Is when whitey sits back in they lavish homes and BMWs  
And tell me the streets ain't the place to be  
See it from my prospective  
Poverty strickin, livin on welfare  
And the government cuttin that shorter every week  
I'm shortin on education cause I'm black  
The corner doesn't promise me a good life  
But at least it shows me promise

Finally after shit got right  
I'm wanting out of the gang cause I'm searchin for a new life  
But I remember what was said  
You come in alive the only way you leave out is dead  
So I'm kinda fucked on both ends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin frinds  
Cause if they were my friends they'd let me break  
Outie five thousand fuck this shit, I'm packin my 38  
But first I gotta stay down  
Until It's time for me to punch it out and just lay it down  
And that's a motherfuckin shame  
Tonight I gotta spill another ride with my little gang  
So slowly I walked up to it  
With no hesitation I broke the window and jumped into it  
Unhooked his shit and was headed off  
I opened up the door that's what set it off  
A nigga came out with a glock jack  
And put a slug in my motherfuckin back  
And my so called friends  
Want me out of the gang cause they don't know if I'll walk again  
Now tell me what's that deuce life  
Fucked up myself for good cause I was wrapped up in the street life