

Stick Up Kid

Lyfe Jennings

Rolling in my 2-door Monte Carlo
Looking for somebody I can borrow
5 or 10 dollars 'til tomorrow
I'm doing bad ya'll uh-uhn
I just smoked my last pack of cigarettes today
Ever seen a nigga diggin in the ashtray
It's a crumbling and humbling sight to see
I'm doing bad ya'll uh-uhn
And their teasin' me with these 23's and these dvds in their ride
And they pass me by-by-by-by-by-by
And have the nerve to wonder why

I be robbin' these niggas
I'm a stick-up kid
That's how I live I admit it
I be robbin' these niggas
I'm a stick-up kid
And if you're doing too much I'm coming to get it

See lately I've been thinking bout saving my soul
And do prayers make it to heaven from the ghetto
I asked all my friends but they all say they don't know
It's all bad ya'll
And the preacher talking bout some stuff he don't know
When church done became a fuckin' fashion show
And they won't let a nigga in with these timbos
It's all bad ya'll

Nobody knows the trouble I see
Nobody knows but me