

# Gotta Survive

Mac Dre

Cuddies perved by the corner, stout, herb  
Got me twisted, mo' cold killin murders  
Them brothers gettin further  
Got my pencil for utensil, this'll keep they mind knownin  
Spot some thugs at the club, and they got the nines showin  
Dirty pimpin g's, one of my dreams, player now listen  
Lotta blacks locked down, but comin back around in '96  
All the gals my six (what else?) my track crew and my mother  
Make these police wonder: how is he so undercover?  
Never been a lover, but America had broke my heart  
I was told to tear up out this before this tear me apart  
Eat through scrap, black tracks, free milk and cheese  
While the Japs stack scratch with the Vietnamese  
But I'm finna squeeze, stack cheese they left on a trap  
A young playa mack, hit the bud', spit a rap  
It's just that feelin, that feelin that I have for children  
Are able to love us, but these crazy devils try to kill us

I gotta survive, I try to stay alive, ho  
Smokin that dank to deal with the pain

(My nigga Ray Luv, when'd you get up out the pen, man?)

June 2nd '93 I returned to the streets  
Did 2 months in the county and I opt to the beat  
Now the cops keep watch, cause they know that I rap  
Tell the world that I'm a gangsta, cause I ride with a strap  
But I ain't yo gangsta, just a young nigga caught up in the struggle  
Born hustler, goin for the jugular  
Out to take the beast down, piece down might be too late  
The funk is on, high, drunk off Thunderbird and Grape Kool-Aid  
Would love to catch a playa slippin, take me down and book me  
Guilty as charged, hit the switch and try to cook me  
Silence a nigga for the shit I'm spittin, I know I'm scarin ya  
A poison you created in the veins of America  
Miseducated, incarcerated, institutionalized  
That 3rd strike will have a gang of them rollers dyin  
Ain't no love where I'm goin, no love where I'm comin from  
Remember me, that real-ass nigga you been runnin from  
Got us sprung off the cocaine and the welfare  
While the black babies die without health care

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Now how could I pledge allegiance to a racist-ass flag  
When the rollers at my do' with a .44 mag?  
Got my mother spittin drag 'bout I ain't home  
Got a double homicide warrant on my dome  
I hear em pushin in the do', I grab my Mac with two clips  
Cut through the back window and like a g hit a fence  
I'm thinkin 'bout my folks gettin sent for violation  
Foes and punk police, them devils still at my do'  
I peep a group of ten tryina get information  
I threw the clips in the Mac, start lettin off frustration  
It's better than incarceration any day, we gonn' die anyway  
So if I go out blastin, call it my fate

I got niggas in the pen like my cousin Bud  
Lunatic Insane, and my partner T-Love  
Big Tom, Ray Ray, Killa Cuddy, Mac Dre  
Cleek, Jamal, Jinx and Bluebonic, man

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Now I been called a crook, a killer, a thug  
A no-good dealer of drugs  
And Blood or Cause, doesn't matter what set you was  
Cause where I'm at, if you black, we strapped  
As long as ki's make g's these thieves attack  
And ain't no rules on the streets these days  
Muthafuckas better watch they back and take it eazay  
I'm livin in the dangerzone  
And learnin lesson from the game, it's on  
Niggas was gone when the frame was on  
I'm gettin broken them balls daily  
Is there a ghetto in heaven or do I go to hell?  
See, seems I was senteced to death, takin my steps with my head down  
Why pour I liquor for my niggas, cause they dead now  
My memory since I was a little seed  
Was a penitentiary full of niggas like me  
These cops can't terrorize us, they despise us  
Niggas, cause we on the rise  
Plus everybody's searchin for a piece of the truth  
And the youth turn the streets into a piece of Beirut  
And the truth is

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