

Street Lights

Scarface

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

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

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

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

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