

Street Life

Skee-Lo

Last year when I went home, got in my car and got gone
Hit the streets and shot on, 18 years since I'm gone
Call my homie Jerome, spoke to his brother Tyrome
Who seemed a little distant cause my calls were not persistent
He say Rome went to prison for resistin' arrest
And mamma had a problem wit her chest, what, cardiac arrest
I was hurt and ain't even been here a week
And after all that bad news I couldn't speak
And my toes went weak and my legs went numb
It gets crazy in the streets tryin' to live wit no funds
Don't cheat you don't eat, your case you can't beat
Public defenders is there to make the deals go sweet
For the prosecution it's like an execution
But you can make it if you're patient and avoid confusion
It took a while for me to learn this and stay on my feet
But if this rappin' don't happen for me I'm goin' back to the streets

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Before the day that I blew up back when I grew up
Back when I had a shag chewin' gum wearin' chucks
Before I even thought about makin' the big bucks
I was busy throwin' rocks at cars and dump trucks
Even now I can hear her mamma callin' my full name
Me and uncle Joe would be watchin' the Bulls game
Before they had Jordan when all you needed was change
To get yourself some candy, some pickles and sugar canes
Even then I could feel the streets movin' all through
My veins and everything I seen absorbed in my brain
I'm not afraid to tell it my brother I'm not ashamed
You take a look at me now and look at where I came
Robert Taylor, 4500 on State Street in Chicago
Where most of the hoodsters and thugs be
If it hadn't of been for all the people that loved me
And for god's grace life get cruel and ugly in the streets

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It's all good
But people don't, got it misunderstood, street code is
Simply you stick to your own hood
Stay in your own woods and chop your own tree
And if something jumps off pretend you didn't see
Keep your mouth shut up, for you get knocked up
Ain't no since in tryin' to get somebody else locked up
And that's the truth
That's why I send messages to the youth
Hope the lord makes a way out
Forget the gang and stay out
Cause everybody wants to live in the sunshine
If not right now at least at one time

Look back in your mind remember you was a kid
Remember before you grew up how innocent you lived
From big wheels to big thrills and big heights
From innocent to killin' your brother for Air Nikes
And I can't believe that none of these things don't
Strike y'all brothers in the head like this ain't right

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