

Alone In The Street

Styles P

"Alone in the street"
"A-alone in the street"
"A-alone in the street"

You fuckin' with my soul right here
All night

I don't really care what I sell or what I sold
As long as I give my soul whenever my story told
I don't know how you roll, all alone in the zone knowin' damn well my little
brother home
Still feel him in the passenger seat
I can't see him and I wish that he can chatter with me
In due time until then, you can say I got more than a few rhymes
Thought I'd be there to see him like more than a few times
Tryin' to stay away from beef, but shit is gettin' deep
I ain't restin' right, it's like I'm on layaway for sleep
I think I shoulda been a author or somethin'
Disappear like Hoffa or somethin', came back when they offer me somethin'
My word I, got a little crust in my third eye
Headache's why I be meditatatin'; thoughts is devastatin'
Could this be my last life? Maybe my past life?
Is the future when I'm sleep? So what was last night?
I'm goin' in deep - and you know the Ghost

{"Alone in the street"} One, two, three, four, five o'clock in the mornin',
you know I'm tryin' to see more
{"Alone in the street"} All day, all night, All by myself, you know that I'm
all right
{"Alone in the street"} Seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, 12 PM, you know I'm
tryin' to get it in
{"Aloe in the street"} All day, all night

Mad live, could learn to bounce out on a bad vibe
Or either keep a gun in your cab ride
Have I thought about my life as a bad guy?
Made a little money sellin' rocks that was capsized
Robbed a lot of people like I never was baptized
Yeah I was a very young teen when I took my shit harder
But got right off my dean when I could book the Ramada
Cause I'd rather be a robber or a midnight marauder
There's a part of me that love bein' gangster, all of me
I couldn't help but get in the game, the shit was callin' me
And I think that I was callin' it back
But you can't help buy trip when you fall in the trap
If the Lord call, who got the phone for callin' him back?
Things are man-made, why don't you tell man to do that?
Buy he can't, so I'ma stay on the spiritual flack
Cause it's a uphill battle when I'm dealin' with that

Consider this a sermon, start to burnin'
Never said you was hard, I ain't give you the permit
I might think you vermin, better yet vomit
Alone in the streets with the gun by the armpit
Can't put a shark with a pawn fish, it's conflict
Sorta like mixin' boy scouts with the convicts
Somebody goin' pay if somebody goin' play

Cause the streets cold-hearted on a hot summer day
If you goin' rap please stop, run away
Go home, flush ya crack then, give ya gun away
Cause the rules is written down, in invisible ink
Just consider what the critical think
Don't rat, do your bid in the clink; stand tall lil' boy
Get yourself a shrink if you're feelin' you're paranoid
But real talk, fuck jail talk, I know home's sweet
Even locked down in a cage is where your dome be