Still Here

Lyfe Jennings

It's that man again
Some people have heard of him as a hustler
Hell, hope live, really
Street life killed my daddy
Got my momma pregnant in the back of a caddy
Since I lost my first tooth, I ain't been happy
Young wild nigga child, why that boy is so nappy?
He got that devil in I'm police wanna take him down
Used to be a player but the Coochie cost money now
He ain't to bright but he know a trap when he see one
Got is conscious in his pants with his gun
Seventeen years of rain foggin' up my windows, yeah
It done been seventeen years of pain but I'm still here though
Seventeen years of rain foggin' up my windows, yeah
It done been seventeen years of pain but I'm still here though
Shoe box full of pictures
All that's left of good times I've shared with my niggas
Some alive and some no longer with us
How da, how da, how da hell do you pray for forgiveness?
When you got devil in you
Rogain keeps the hair strong but cocaine keeps the cable on
I can't wait till my nigga JB come home
Why do all the real niggas stay gone so long?
Seventeen years of rain foggin' up my windows, yeah
It done been seventeen years of pain but I'm still here though
Seventeen years of rain foggin' up my windows, yeah
It done been seventeen years of pain but I'm still here though

Even though a nigga still in the hood, gettin' drunk and smokin' on wood
I'ma make it up out of this street life on the corner is where I stood
Out there all by myself 'cause a player gotta get this mil
Wearin' fur ain't doin' us no good flippin' burgers ain't gon' make you filled
But I'm still ten toes in this hustlin' tryna make hood rich
And I still ain't trustin' no bitch 'cause the mother fuckers always snitch
It's hard in this ghetto man fifteen years old with coke and cane
Cheese don't come I'ma go insane snatch me a purse, snatch me a chain
Out here on the block with the fiends and the moon
Squeeze on the glock tryna pop at a goon
He done stole my dough, he took my food

Project wasn't born with a silver spoon
In my mouth, in my grill wear six chain then niggas get killed
One in the grave the other in jail, nobody wins thats fo' real
Back way when I was a runny nose runnin' round up and down
The town carrying a black glock and a gold frown
I kept that product on me, it wasn't no problem homie
You said it, I had it and met you if you stole my money
Just tryna buy bologna but now I'm buying lobster
Still totin' a glock but pushing a Rolls Royce and winning Oscars
Yeah, 365 Mafia, Project Pat, Lyfe Jennings
If you can believe, you can achieve every damn bug
'Round us a good day, yeah
Seventeen years of rain foggin' up my windows, yeah
It done been seventeen years of pain but I'm still here though
Seventeen years of rain foggin' up my windows, yeah
It done been seventeen years of pain but I'm still here though

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