Street Life

Le Truk

MOBBDEEP, A.C.D. burn somethin' Let's get lifted, Queens, is you wit me? Niggas' shifty, I turn around, a kid tried to hit me I back him down wit the 50-50 It had to be the thug in me, ya tunnel bang and come and get me The first five hundred bitches free He kid with the God jewel and let all my gods come through Live niggas on this side of the bar, you get smacked, boo And fucked too Shit on me? Well then, fuck you Gone wit your high class ass if you want to Outta state you be suckin' me off and breakin' off Weed bitch stinks of stallion but my dick went soft My Mobb got in lock wit Masterlock, het getcha locks picked Run up in your spot, mask-n-glove shit Queens niggas involved with thug shit, you get lump dead Crank, we in the bathroom thumpin' To the three-time losers, alcohol abusers Big money spenders and the Ebenezer Scrooger's Thugs holdin' fort wit the sixteen shot Rugers The cream that I redeem will bring a Lex and Landcruiser Dominant chapter, assassinin' the obsolete And my Mobb comes Deep to put the wind beneath your feet My heart's harder than concrete and nervous streets Be walked offbeat but still thugs carry heats I get deeper than skin, paragraphs from within Dear Lord, my life is trife, please forgive for me sins My kin stay my kin, ain't no room for extra friends One love to my thugs up north in the Pens Be a prophet to raise, beat my speech on stage Nemesis renegade, breakin' down barricades These days are gettin' rough, another brother handcuffed Fallen victim to the game is like style's corrupt My crime niggas livin', street life Them Queen niggas livin', street life My drug niggas livin', street life My street niggas livin', street life You thug niggas livin', street life NYC livin', street life

My Mobb niggas livin', street life What?

For every rhyme I write, reality bites My clique keeps shit rolled too tight Regulate and know the rule

I gets some insight plus info do stickers with my kickos My .44 will burn that ass like goin' raw with nymphos So protect your lifestyle, rock your vest

Or get your Teflon put to the motherfuckin' test State pen put on points, son, you know Stay on the low, got the back, oh, no, no

When I'm on a dough blow, got ta guard you now

Kid, you wanna get foul, so now I gotta put that ass back on profile

Change your character, you ain't got stamina

Nigga get that dough, I ain't mad at'cha

The Infamous handle business, gonna make mines

Forever, son, kid you heard it thru the grapevine

To my royal thug committees and outlaws

That live the life of Frank Nitty

The big city mobster, the C to D [unverified]

Has made the god unholy, skies forever watch me

The prophecy, another chapter, there's no stoppin' me

Propagation, my life story is far from fiction

'Cause at one time, the .44 bullets took the world

Bring sparks and friction

I analyse this 'erb, so I roll with trife characters

The hardest for the world to cap

And shiner like a full carat diamond with perfect designin'

Philly's and 9 mili's and Coupe De Villey's forever reclinin'

To the shoot, physicals in this paradox

The world is hot and my plot is to receive grand's and yachts

Until then I be a strife individual, dwellin' in these days

Scorch from the deeez plus the sun's rays

Dead President dreams and million dollar schemes

Killer Queens, the land of cream fiends, A.C.D. the world terrorist

Stainless Rugers for the intruders and my cipher's Infamous

Thru New York and worldwide, we penetrate your inside [Unverified] drama, son and 9 clips so prepare fro heaven's ride

A.C.D. livin', street life

My ice niggas livin', street life

Them jewel rockin niggas livin', street life

Them crack niggas livin', street life

Them coke-sellin niggas livin', street life

Word, NYC livin', street life

My man L.E.S. livin', street life

The whole Queensbridge livin', street life
Word up son, we're livin', street life
KnowI'msayin? Word up, A.C.D
Mobb Deep in the motherfuckin'
Yo yo, uhhh
Hold me down, son
(No doubt, son)
Back em down, son
(I got'cha back, son)

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