# On and On

## Shyheim

Nowadays you gotsta walk the street and watch your back
Cause brothers with the gats don't be knowin how to act
They always pull the glock when somebody rocks at night
And if they get shot they offer shit should the cops
Now tell me this ain't livin foul
She just had a baby child and she's back to sellin cracks valve's
On the Ave cause she's addicted to the fast cash
How long will that last before the cops be up in that ass
But honey-dip don't want to listen cause she's in no position
Now nobody gives a pot to piss in
Her life is stuck and filled with bad luck
So she fucks and fucks to earn another buck
She don't really care about pride
And she jumps into another ride then committed suicide

Chorus:

Hey Yo, this goes on it don't stop
Everybody's doin' their own thing
From hooker in the drug slang (repeat 2)

Times is gettin' hard, word is bond, I sware God
I even got caught tryin' to steal from the junkyard
A born tebba, A rebel without a pause
Ain't nevah had a good Christmas so who is Santa Claus
I walk the streets at night with my head down
In this lil town you see clowns that want to be down
So they get a glock a lick shots to get props
And win shit rocks so you can hear when the shells drop
An old man got shot in the parkin' lot
In front of my buildin' I hang with his grandchildren
And for the nigga that pulled the trigga and tried to slide
And hide, but he got knocked by da homicide
And this happens everyday around my way
So I pray that I can live anotha day

Chorus

Hey Yo, get a load of this guy you know the Mr. Hard
He the one who talk about gats but ain't' bustin nobody

He speaks the name game so he can just maintain
I'd blow him out the frame but his mom said he gang bang
But his rep was hi-tech in the projects
Pulled his nuckle-jacks so he got mad respect
The niggaz in hoodiez packed up their loaded gats
Met up in the back so they could plan the attack
Wasn't hard to tell that these kids was no joke
They let the pistol smoke and at nine was dopin and coked
I seen it happen everyday where I live
I know a few brothers, drug dealers, most of them fugitives

Chorus
(repeat till fade)
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