

Street Lights

Mobb Deep

[Chorus]

A lot of money got made, drugs got sold
Lives got took on these corners so cold, oh
Imagine if the street lights, could talk and tell the story of the street life
Every ghetto in America is all the same
Chasing after money got us all insane, oh
Imagine if the street lights, could talk and tell the story of the street life
Ah, I look back and reflect doing a hundred pass
Thinking about it got me have me on the gas
Vivid is the picture coded in my dna
Mammy bless her heart, as we walked out the door she would pray for us
Knew that Jake was on us, dex... against us
Same shit to foretold it,
Another life flushed down the canal
Left the house without saying goodbye and didn't come home
It's all too common, and prolly me if it wasn't for Rami
I put that on my brother who was... with the iron
The hood is full of life but inside niggers dying
Instead of prosperity, only jealousy's thriving
Street lights... makeshift memorials
Know how the story goes, I ain't trying to bore you though
I'm just trying to she'd a little light
Job done, even if I save only one life, listen

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Missing dark tunnel vision, the light at the end damages anybody listening
I'm talking to myself again, we so close but yet it seems so far
It's like 10 steps back and just one step forward
Just one more push and 60 more bars,
Comes to the dreams we have, the life we want
If these blood sweat and tears could talk, they'd be arguing,
With the look in our eyes saying all...
That bone in your head, get shattered like windshield
Now how that shit field?

Yeah you got a lot of nerve, you deserve
Every drop of that pain, when you playing with the mob
Can't you see we concentrating on this baking
Lot of lives got taken, lot of time spent in the cages
So we spend our days doing whatever must be done to become
The ones that steady burn like the sun because

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I can tell you about some shit you don't really wanna hear
Some many disappear out here
One time I saw a man with a gun
Chasing another nigger trying to run
And even know they grew up on the same block
He ain't hesitate to gun him down in the same spot
The nigger that you knew from elementary
Will make your ass unsolved mystery

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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