Still Standin Strong

Cocoa Brovaz

Yeah, yeah
Back up in here smoked out
Strictly trees, strictly trees
Ain't tryin' to mix nothin' wit my leavesSwift wanna ball breakin' day wit us
For my dogs in a cut
Doing what you gotta do to feed ya seeds
Maintain stayin' strongDay breaks sneaks upon my camp once more
Get up, get dressed and prepare for war
Yo the war's wit everything outside your door
It's a rude awakening but it's more in storeWhen I walk through Brooklyn, people show me love
Went over to GA, people showed me love
Went to North Carolina, they showed us love
Even went to California and got love from thugzAnd it's all good big up to all the neighborhood
That came to see Tek and Steele whenever they could
But remember the struggle continues after the vengeance
Watch who ya fuck wit, watch what you get intoThere's a war goin' on outside and in my mental
Gettin' drunk and how wonderin' what does gettin' bent do?
Last week my man put a pistol to his temple
I said nah son not that, that's too simpleOne little niggie on the block sellin' crystal
Next little niggie got shot up on Bristol
'Nother little niggie lock, 'cause they blew the whistle
Last little niggie did the same bitch shit his little sisterThis little niggie be hard to find
Mind don't makin' it in this day and time
Do what we have to criminal or legal
Stayin' alive strivin' wit my peopleIn days of our lives they try to make ends meat
To search for tomorrow got us walkin' the streets
Yo I'm not sweatin' sleet, not really stressin' beef
I'm just tryin' to live, tryin' to eatTryin' to stand strong, tryin' not to fall
Tryin' to live to see my unborn get tall
'Cause the streets of New York ain't just a walk in the park
You can get your life got in day the or the darkI give thanks when I rise up, open my eyes up
Callisthenic get me right so I'll be nice up
'Cause when you feel fit ya feel nice
Beware of the tricks and the fool paradiseLike the wicked minded youth with them gun pound clocked
Who wish to ambush me when I leave the weed spot
Want to get, what I got, roll the lah that I cop
Rock the shines that I rock, make my life clock stopBut death me fear not, 'cause the most high guides I
Bless me wit protection as the years pass by
Conqueror, mighty rasta

Let no man steel from the pocket peel for yaAs I meditate and demonstrate, verbal earthquakes
Breakin' down like a junky with a case of shakes
To my dogs flippin' weight and behind gates
Livin' street life, put the stash on JakesFor ya need, do whatever the deed
Watch shiesty ass bitches and the next man grieves
Mr. Ripper from the star to the hills it's all real
Gotta maintain 'cause the sun don't chillIn days of our lives we strive to make ends meet
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