For the Streets

ShaqIsDope

Lately I been down so down yea I'm talkin four weeks straight, talkin four weeks straight
Depressed all the time keep my mind still my head and my feet ache, yea then my feet acheFor the cells where I come from where you get rawwed on a weekday, put this on replay
If it relate to a nigga, and all these hoes been great to a nigga
Main chick told me that she love me, she was just fake to a nigga
I'm flickin the switches put verses and digits
Flightin on riches I handle my business
You know we gon get it I toke it I live or I dare was a difference
I made a decision I'm screamin (woo)
Lord protect me keep the wind in my bag
Pray for my niggas out on them streets
Talkin bout the ones movin them packs
It's a cold game, you could get jacked
Then come back with some brains all splat
But let me stop that, I don't live that life
And a nigga like me don't wanna get off track, fuck it
Chasing them hundreds I'm so used to nothin
Coming through stuntin that feeling I love it
It still doesn't cut I need something above it
I'm drowning in liquor need twos in my stomach
The coupe with the drama I'm sorry for mama
Still in the hood that we tryna get outtaThey take all the money and make a fool out us
Lord I'm tryna make a way I know you know this, know this
Stay up out them streets cos they the coldest, coldest
Tryna make a way I know you know this, know this
Stay up out the streets and just stay focused, focused
Yeah shawty stay focused, they gon try to pull you down
Remember that you gotta stay focused, focused
Yeah shawty stay focused, they gon try to pull you down
'Member that u gotta stay
Lately I been down so down yea I'm talkin for like two weeks, talkin for like two weeks
She ain't on my mind at the time so a nigga finna loose sleep, yea I'm finna loose sleep
Talk behind my back but its fact when I tell you dat dem dudes weak, you ain't but them dudes weak
Eyes on the prize at the time, never listen when them dudes speak
So I'm screamin
Lord protect me, keep my feet on the ground
What's lost, paid the cost for what I knew then and what I knew now
Open up that you [?]
Will I ever make it? Talk like that and I hate to say that

My head's been filled with new doubt, ouch
On my own journey this shit don't concern me
Don't fuck with Shaq then I flippin the birdie
I know that you heard me alot of y'all worried
I'll step in the game and if you won't get buried
Retire you jersey you know that I'm worthy
Take over shit and get done in a hurry
No judge or the jury won't show us no mercyBack up in this bitch, nigga, damn right I'm still breathin
And when the lord call my name I ain't stayin, It's the only time I'll be leavin
Feelings changed like the seasons, but I still wanted a reason
Why she left me in pain when things could be the same
But I guess she just don't see it, girl im sorry
Lord I'm tryna make a way I know you know this, know this
Stay up out them streets cos they the coldest, coldest
Tryna make a way I know you know this, know this
Stay up out the streets and just stay focused, focused
Yeah shawty stay focused, they gon try to pull you down
, focused
Yeah shawty stay focused, they gon try to pull you down
'Member that u gotta stay
luckyboii!

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

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