

# 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 a lot 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 mercy  
Back 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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