The System

Silk Rhodes

Verse 1]
This Ones for those on the dead end street
hustlin hard to make all they ends meet
I hope one day I see yo benz creep
watch for the jealousy that most friends keep
S-P got the Bentley
all I can do is thank god cause he blessed me
I used to be just like you
slangin crack rock on the avenue
Packin glocks and runnin from cops
most of my clients like they cane on the rocks
Gun shots like 2 blocks away
I wonda who the fuck caught a hot one today
Neva mind cause I don't wanna know
I just lost two good friends in the row
One second things is lookin beautiful
the next second you can start off the funeral[Chorus]
All my friends are in the dead end street
Sum locked up and sum are R-i-P
You cant win there aint no way no how
Clock your change and get the fuck on out[Verse 2]
We was Pirex shakers
Sunny Side money makers
In Hillwood we had rocks big as now and laterz
Quick snappers the store where we slung at
Everybody knew me for my hundred packs
Across the street was law elementry
my car was so clean kids was lookin up to me
They wanna be like me a tru hustla
cause they daddy drives an old gas guzzla
The dope deala I aint tryina brag but
fuck watchin roaches tryina climb out my bath tub
I was a hard head tryina be a drug lord
slow my roll nah homie what the fuck for
im in the 2 bed trailor man im dirt poor
when hurricanes would kome id run next door
to my homies house his name is huet hodges
we gonna make out this ghetto man I promise[Chorus][Verse 3]
99 percent of all criminals are dope dealers

get busted by bullets or fuckin squeelers
And the One percent that made it was pure luck
but even he'll tell that his life aint worth a fuck
cause in his mind he was caught a thousand times
and in his mind he was shot a thousand times
Without peace there can be no happiness
I wear a cross around my neck like the catholics
Im not sure exaclty what my religion is
I just know I thank god for my little kids
this is the baddest sellin drugs like sum guinnie pigs
then they arrest us after we done make it big
they take our money our cars and our houses
now tell me whos really sellin the ounces
and any cash that we might have hidden
goes to the system tryin to stay out of prison[Chorus - repeat 2X]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/