

# Street Life (Featuring Lloyd)

[Rick Ross](#)

Rick Ross, Loyd, street life  
Ain't nothin' but the street life  
That's money, cars and hoes  
It's the only life I chose  
Street life, ain't nothin' but the street life  
They love they way I shine  
This world is mine, it's all mine  
Up early in the morning, got gold in my eye  
Got a 4-5 that'll leave a hole in the sky  
Sittin' at this table, why, to take a sore for eye  
Music and the street life that's a whole 'nother side  
(Right) Hoes used to call me small time  
My clothes ain't know what to call mine  
No logos or no tags in it  
No polos 'til I started bag-gin' it  
Way before my first key  
My nigga E showed me how to parlay A Z  
(Good lookin' nigga)  
I know my mama pullin' overtime  
Pocket full of dimes so I'm out here pullin' mine  
Ain't nothin' but the street life  
That's money, cars and hoes  
It's the only life I chose  
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They love they way I shine  
This world is mine, it's all mine  
You can't close shop, not on my block  
I'm 24/7 like I hop  
Came from the bottom to the sky box  
Now a penthouse, you can call me hi-top  
Hop up in the 40-40, got 'bout forty on me  
Fifty grand in a band, I'ma roll it, homie  
Brick layin' cost 'bout another dub  
Ten grand for a pound of the bubble bud  
Twenty birds in a room down in Atlanta  
I caught a bird, but the birds can't buy a camper  
Just an example by an ex-trapper  
Dress the coupe in the shoes, now that's dapper  
Ain't nothin' but the street life  
That's money, cars and hoes  
It's the only life I chose  
Street life, ain't nothin' but the street life  
They love they way I shine  
This world is mine, it's all mine  
Street life, sellin' dope, fuckin' hoes  
Big E, smoke comin' outta nigga nose  
Candy paintin' on the corner, sellin' everything  
I'm on the move, I ain't called mama in a couple days  
This life and nothin' will ever change that

I love the game and we'll never give the game back  
We lost a lotta good niggaz in the game  
But in the game, all the good niggaz get a name I got a name, everybody don't die the same  
Like all dope don't fly the same  
M I Yayo, boy I buy them thangs  
It's like the people want me to come fly the plane Ain't nothin' but the street life  
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Songwriters

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