

# Street Life

## U-Nam

M O B B D E E P, A.C.D. burn somethin'  
Let's get lifted, Queens, is you wit me?  
Niggas' shifty, I turn around, a kid tried to hit me  
I back him down wit the 50-50  
It had to be the thug in me, ya tunnel bang and come and get me  
The first five hundred bitches free  
He kid with the God jewel and let all my gods come through  
Live niggas on this side of the bar, you get smacked, boo  
And fucked too  
Shit on me? Well then, fuck you  
Gone wit your high class ass if you want to  
Outta state you be suckin' me off and breakin' off  
Weed bitch stinks of stallion but my dick went soft  
My Mobb got in lock wit Masterlock, het getcha locks picked  
Run up in your spot, mask-n-glove shit  
Queens niggas involved with thug shit, you get lump dead  
Crank, we in the bathroom thumpin'  
To the three-time losers, alcohol abusers  
Big money spenders and the Ebenezer Scrooger's  
Thugs holdin' fort wit the sixteen shot Rugers  
The cream that I redeem will bring a Lex and Landcruiser  
Dominant chapter, assassinin' the obsolete  
And my Mobb comes Deep to put the wind beneath your feet  
My heart's harder than concrete and nervous streets  
Be walked offbeat but still thugs carry heats  
I get deeper than skin, paragraphs from within  
Dear Lord, my life is trife, please forgive for me sins  
My kin stay my kin, ain't no room for extra friends  
One love to my thugs up north in the Pens  
Be a prophet to raise, beat my speech on stage  
Nemesis renegade, breakin' down barricades  
These days are gettin' rough, another brother handcuffed  
Fallen victim to the game is like style's corrupt  
My crime niggas livin', street life  
Them Queen niggas livin', street life  
My drug niggas livin', street life  
My street niggas livin', street life  
You thug niggas livin', street life  
NYC livin', street life

My Mobb niggas livin', street life  
What?  
For every rhyme I write, reality bites  
My clique keeps shit rolled too tight  
Regulate and know the rule  
I gets some insight plus info do stickers with my kickos  
My .44 will burn that ass like goin' raw with nymphos  
So protect your lifestyle, rock your vest  
Or get your Teflon put to the motherfuckin' test  
State pen put on points, son, you know  
Stay on the low, got the back, oh, no, no  
When I'm on a dough blow, got ta guard you now  
Kid, you wanna get foul, so now I gotta put that ass back on profile  
Change your character, you ain't got stamina  
Nigga get that dough, I ain't mad at'cha  
The Infamous handle business, gonna make mines  
Forever, son, kid you heard it thru the grapevine  
To my royal thug committees and outlaws  
That live the life of Frank Nitty  
The big city mobster, the C to D [unverified]  
Has made the god unholy, skies forever watch me  
The prophecy, another chapter, there's no stoppin' me  
Propagation, my life story is far from fiction  
'Cause at one time, the .44 bullets took the world  
Bring sparks and friction  
I anaylse this 'erb, so I roll with trife characters  
The hardest for the world to cap  
And shiner like a full carat diamond with perfect designin'  
Philly's and 9 mili's and Coupe De Villey's forever reclinin'  
To the shoot, physicals in this paradox  
The world is hot and my plot is to receive grand's and yachts  
Until then I be a strife individual, dwellin' in these days  
Scorch from the deez plus the sun's rays  
Dead President dreams and million dollar schemes  
Killer Queens, the land of cream fiends, A.C.D. the world terrorist  
Stainless Rugers for the intruders and my cipher's Infamous  
Thru New York and worldwide, we penetrate your inside  
[Unverified] drama, son and 9 clips so prepare fro heaven's ride  
A.C.D. livin', street life  
My ice niggas livin', street life  
Them jewel rockin niggas livin', street life  
Them crack niggas livin', street life  
Them coke-sellin niggas livin', street life  
Word, NYC livin', street life  
My man L.E.S. livin', street life

The whole Queensbridge livin', street life  
Word up son, we're livin', street life  
Know I'm sayin? Word up, A.C.D  
Mobb Deep in the motherfuckin'  
Yo yo, uhhh  
Hold me down, son  
(No doubt, son)  
Back em down, son  
(I got'cha back, son)

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