

# Streets Raised Me (Featuring Big Noyd & Chinky)

## Mobb Deep

It's kinda bugged how I go sometimes  
Know they staring brain feels like a wheel lost with out the ball bearing  
Stuck contemplating on who I can trust  
But like lleullo in a bill my feelings just get crushed  
But that's why I stick with my duns like I stick with the guns  
Don't get mad rip your hun concentrate on my funds  
Lift heavy gats concealed by my waist  
Never get patted down when I step in the place Jiggied up, smoke the pot, confirm if it is real reefer or not  
Rally up, after this get followed straight to the crib  
Gem Star, double edge apply pressure  
Shave em down, blow marks right through your mecca  
want to be a thug, now you got the thug look,  
Stick em up, leave medicaid, with the real to push  
God body, with a rubber grip black shotti  
Pump one in his ass make that nigga switch hobbies A dosage, hand delivered, without postage  
Bring it to your door step quick on short notice  
Niggas get sniped like, Klunker Brockite  
Show em how to rock right, when bitches hold the mic, street life Why you have to raise me this way, You  
showed me how to survive the  
concrete, If I survive only time can say, You where a part of me Why you have to raise me this way, You  
showed me how to survive the  
concrete, If I survive only time can say, You where a part of me This is something you feel nigga, like the theme  
song from Hill Street Blues  
This is real, this is ill street news  
How he gone, and left his moms mind struck  
Now his brother ain't giving a fuck  
Little sister giving up the butt now, Dun don't wet that  
I want you to rest black, cause you better believe Noyd gon handle that  
'Cause when I get em, I'm gonna have em  
Pull out the sweeper, and spray it at them I ain't no killer, you know me  
But I'll be damned if I don't lie for my C-O-D  
And then this Old G, scold me and told me coldly  
You keep it up and you will be dead like your homey  
But I gotta redeem, get this cream by any means  
I never been clean  
Nigga, my whole click got dirty  
From the battles, to the trials and bloody up shirtsleeves  
Nigga you heard me, its gangsta Vision the canvas I paint a picture  
Similar to Ernie Barnes nigga

But mines is more ghetto more guns more drugs, mostly thugs  
All my duns, their baby moms daughter and sons  
Dark blocks, with streets lamps shot the fuck out  
Park benches broke, a nigga stretched out  
Jumped off the roof to his death its real  
Hand Ball walls displayed with are I-P murials  
Those who sling, play the shadows by the building  
Devils spring, keep em going while the snows blowing Grams get dipped, 50's are moked, cookies are broke  
And spliced in large pieces for the fiends to smoke  
The sun set looks beautiful over the projects  
What a shame, its ain't the same where we stand at  
If you look close you can see the bricks chipped off  
Sometimes niggas miss when they lick off don't get clipped off  
Street life Why you have to raise me this way, You showed me how to survive the  
concrete, If I survive only time can say, You where a part of me Why you have to raise me this way, You  
showed me how to survive the  
concrete, If I survive only time can say, You where a part of me

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