

Still Here

Scarface

Verse 1 (Scarface)

Up early in the morning,
waken by the sound of my cell phone,
Donny hathaway singing on the ringtone.
Was a homie that i went to school with,
tellin me life wasnt shit to fool with.
These young niggas steady dyin' over dumb shit,
fast money for your soul,
now your done with.
You hear the gun click.
(gunshot).

Blood stains on the walls and carpet,
pain and the hardships
of a father identifyin' his child
from a photo of the plan,
with his brains blown out now.

Lets rewind to where it all took place,
started off in math class early that day.

Hey! Its high school,
and everybodys tryin to earn a rep
and he gone gun shot a homie to death.

The impossible is happenin,
children are left to make decisions.
Do ya let 'em die or kill them urself?

Choruse (Shateish)

As i look at my life..

Remembering where ive been.

I may not have been here.

Cuda been in the gutter,
drowning in my tears.

I remember how hard it is on the block. (Yeahhhh)

Everytime you turn around somebody got shot..

Ooooooh,

but im still here.

Im still here.

Verse 2:

Another homie got murdered in the dope house,
ass pocket full of money,
chillin' gettin' smoked out.

Two shots hit him in his face when he blast it,
frame pictured,
and its closed casket.
This is so tragic.
I see death on every block i turn,
its just not my turn.
Live the same lifestyle,
cash money to burn.
Weed blowin' steady slippin' in the darkest term.
When it feels like real life,
knowin' is next.
Rep to take it,
be the last left,
humble yourself.
In slow-mo you see your wholse life flashin'
that second from the beginning,

back to the end and that lesson
is nothin short of what a nigga expect.
Livin' life like this,
this is duly respect.
And i refuse to give debt.

Chorus:

As i look at my life..
Remembering where ive been.
I may not have been here.
Cuda been in the gutter,
drowning in my tears.
I remember how hard it is on the block. (Yeahhhh)
Everytime you turn around somebody got shot..

Ooooooh,
but im still here.

Im still here.

Verse 3:

Yeah i remember,
we tatted are names on our arms for fun.
Writin rest in piece for the dead and gone.
Thats just me,
and i aint the one to stunt,
but seems like im losing somebody every other month.
Thats why i walk through the hood
tryin' talk to the hood,
but some niggas is lost in the hood.
and we blind to that fact,
that we actin' like they wanted us to act.

White man versus black.
Reason i aint vote for my iraq's 'cos i love 'em.
They gonna want him hanged after that.
In god we trust,
what? (what?)
Money or the life of a soldier
sent to die in the war in a fight,
that never should took place.
Mary K-K-K
used to be a great place (great place),
now i guess we save face (save face).
John McCain hates niggas, (hates niggas)
on Martin Lutha King day. (hahahahaha)
Go Figure.
Chorus:
As i look at my life..
Remembering where ive been.
I may not have been here.
Cuda been in the gutter,
drowning in my tears.
I remember how hard it is on the block. (Yeahhhh)
Everytime you turn around somebody got shot..
Ooooooh,
but im still here.
Im still here.

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