In Too Deep

Melanie B

In too deep
Nature: (talking)
Yo yo yo son
You ever felt the funny vibe
But you're supposed to do?
When ya man's ain't ya man's
And ya friend's ain't ya friend's
Ya money ain't yours anymore
Niggas wanna count your money
Niggas wanna see what the fuck you got
You know what I'm sayin
Sometimes I gotta just take long trips and
Get away from this shit
I can't take this shit no more
This shit right here be fucking niggas like
Me up knowhatimsayin
I been exposed to too much and too long
All my niggaz out there in the hood and shit
That be bringing that real shit
Put your fucking phillies in the air
Your back woods your white owl
Your dutchess and we goin smoke and ride to
This
Shit right here
This that real shit the soundtrack to the
Realness right here
Niggaz in too deep knowhatimsayin
It's all real all live nigga what what nigga
Nas:
Yo a yo a yo a yo
I thank a dead homey
Incarcerated penpal I got the feds on me
A constapated mental
Always ranged in the ghetto it's pain in
The ghetto
Caskets do u believe in angels or devils?
Welfare it's dark and there's no help here
Killing cops shooting black kids the instill
Fear

But we still here not afraid cracks is made
Stacks
Get made
A "g" will get you gats sprayed
At my man's funeral it's like nobody care
But when police get shot the mayor
And everybody there
Grafitti on the lobby stairs kids with notty
Heads is greedy
Soldiers small faces painted on the walls
I was born to ball
Rings you can't afford name a clothes line i
Then worn it before
Dictate the naked soul of nas henny four fives
Hoe's with thick thighs be the wives of rich
Guys
Never trust a bitch 'cause a bitch lies
Enemys close 'cause friends switch sides when
Shit gets live
Dealin' with a lot of pressure I'm in too deep
Life of a thug born and raised in the streets
Chorus:

Nature: you want war i'mma give u war
Nas: I'm in too deep
Nature: you want peace imma give u peace
Nas: raised in the streets
Nature: you want love imma show u love
Nas: life of a thug
Nature: there's no love for me in these
Streets
Nas: I'm in too deep
Nature: it's just hustlers in the streets
Nas: raised in the streets
Nature:
Yo a yo
When you in too deep you better climb out and
Find out
Are you the one they looking at 'cause when you
Looking back
It's your time to fear if the drama's severe
I see scars starting off at the side of
They're ear
Ending up by the jaw of the throat another
Law broke

I try to patch it white kids is buying acid
Closing down spots popping a knot
Heard the foremores use binoculars watchin
The blocks
Calling phantom on the tape
I'm the phantom of the wax
Now meat the man behind the music examing the
Facts
I use it, to my advantage do this shit
Everyday
Like sneaking gats up in grade eight
Six flags catch me getting on the popular
Rides
If a nigga violate he get top of the line
Small hot ones locked in the spines
Transformed roll out pass it off to my man no
Doubt
I keep shits disguising six shirts in the
Trunk
Imagin it gets six times worse when I'm drunk
Prepare for death first of the month
Open and rise, t's right here in front of you
Open your eyes
I can't explain it 'cause it's not normal
Is niggas loyal I talk about life and live it
For you this shit is soil
Like the dirt that I walk on you talk on
You say I had love for ya now it's all gone
All gone
Chorus:
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Nas: I'm in too deep
Nature: you want peace imma give u peace
Nas: raised in the streets
Nature: you want love imma show u love
Nas: life of a thug
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