

# Still Here (feat. Three 6 Mafia and Project Pat)

Lyfe Jennings

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

It's that man again  
Some people have heard of him as a hustler  
Hell, hope live, really Street life killed my daddy  
Got my momma pregnant in the back of a caddy  
Since I lost my first tooth, I ain't been happy  
Young wild nigga child, why that boy is so nappy? He got that devil in I'm police wanna take him down  
Used to be a player but the Coochie cost money now  
He ain't to bright but he know a trap when he see one  
Got is conscious in his pants with his gun Seventeen years of rain foggin' up my windows, yeah  
It done been seventeen years of pain but I'm still here though  
Seventeen years of rain foggin' up my windows, yeah  
It done been seventeen years of pain but I'm still here though Shoe box full of pictures  
All that's left of good times I've shared with my niggas  
Some alive and some no longer with us  
How da, how da, how da hell do you pray for forgiveness? When you got devil in you  
Rogain keeps the hair strong but cocaine keeps the cable on  
I can't wait till my nigga JB come home  
Why do all the real niggas stay gone so long? Seventeen years of rain foggin' up my windows, yeah  
It done been seventeen years of pain but I'm still here though  
Seventeen years of rain foggin' up my windows, yeah  
It done been seventeen years of pain but I'm still here though Even though a nigga still in the hood, gettin' drunk  
and smokin' on wood  
I'ma make it up out of this street life on the corner is where I stood  
Out there all by myself 'cause a player gotta get this mil  
Wearin' fur ain't doin' us no good flippin' burgers ain't gon' make you filled But I'm still ten toes in this  
hustlin' tryna make hood rich  
And I still ain't trustin' no bitch 'cause the mother fuckers always snitch  
It's hard in this ghetto man fifteen years old with coke and cane  
Cheese don't come I'ma go insane snatch me a purse, snatch me a chain Out here on the block with the fiends  
and the moon  
Squeeze on the glock tryna pop at a goon  
He done stole my dough, he took my food

Project wasn't born with a silver spoon  
In my mouth, in my grill wear six chain then niggas get killed  
One in the grave the other in jail, nobody wins that's for real  
Back way when I was a runny nose runnin' round up and down  
The town carrying a black glock and a gold frown  
I kept that product on me, it wasn't no problem homie  
You said it, I had it and met you if you stole my money  
Just tryna buy bologna but now I'm buying lobster  
Still totin' a glock but pushing a Rolls Royce and winning Oscars  
Yeah, 365 Mafia, Project Pat, Lyfe Jennings  
If you can believe, you can achieve every damn bug  
'Round us a good day, yeah  
Seventeen years of rain foggin' up my windows, yeah  
It done been seventeen years of pain but I'm still here though  
Seventeen years of rain foggin' up my windows, yeah  
It done been seventeen years of pain but I'm still here though

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