Street Life

Akon Ft. 2pac

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 deeez 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
KnowI'msayin? 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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