

Street Struck

Big L

[big l]

Yeah, it's the big l

Comin at you once again, in nine-five

And I dedicate this one

To all my peoples from uptown.. and everywhere

Check it!Yo where I'm from it ain't cookies and cream

There's a lot of peer pressure growin up as a young teen

You never know when you gonna get wet

Cause mad clowns be catchin wreck with a tec just to get a rep

Instead of cool friends, they'd rather hang with male thugs

Instead of goin to school, they'd rather sell drugs

It's best to go the right route and not the wrong one

Because it's gonna catch up witchu in the long run

Brothers be all up on us, actin stupid, gettin lifted

They life is twisted, and most of them are quite gifted

In other words, they got talent; but they'd rather sell cracks

And bust gats and run the streets actin violent

To them it's all about hittin skinz and makin some easy green

Cause that's all they show you on the tv screen

All they care about is a buck or bustin a sweet nut

They don't give a (what?) cause they street struckChorus: big lYou betta listen when l rhyme; cause bein street struck'll

Get you nuttin but a bullet or jail time

So pay attention when l rhyme; cause bein street struck'll

Get you nuttin but a bullet or jail time[big l]

Before the rap contract, I was sellin crack

Stay strapped with a mac, I was into alla that

I started rappin and got nice as hell

If it wasn't for this I might be doin life in jail

And some of my peeps are still in the game sellin 'caine

If that's what you gotta do to maintain, go 'head and do your thang

But with the cash profit make an investment

And try not to go to the grave like the rest went

Cause you can be rich with crazy loot, own a house and nine cars

What good is that, if you're dead, or behind bars?

And yo it's not even funny

I've seen a lot of my peers give up they careers for some fast money

They could've been boxers, ballplayers or rap singers

Instead they bank robbers and crack slingers

Aiyyo they used to be legit kids, now they corrupt
They had dreams but gave em up cause they street struckChorus: repeat 2x[big l]
I still chill with my peeps in the streets; but most of the time
I'm in the crib, writin rhymes to some dope beats
Or either callin up some freaks to bone
But word up, I try to leave the streets alone
But it's crazy hard kid, in other words, it's spooky
The streets be callin me, like the crack be callin pookie
It ain't a dumb joke, listen to this young folk
Cause where I'm from -- you can choke from the gunsmoke
Stay off the corners; that might be your best plan
Before you catch a bullet that was meant for the next man
Or end up with a deep cut
Or relaxin on a hospital bed, from bein street struckChorus: repeat 2x[big l]
Worrrd up!
Aiyyo take it from me, the big l
Cause I been through it all, youknowhati'msayin?
Stay off them corners you'll stay out of trouble
And I gotta say rest in peace to all the cats teasin streets
I'm outta here

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