

Alone In the Street

Styles P

[Intro: sample]

"Alone in the street"

"A-alone in the street"

"A-alone in the street"

[Styles P]

You fuckin with my soul right here

All night

I don't really care what I sell or what I sold

As long as I give my soul whenever my story told

I don't know how you roll but I roll, all alone

in the zone knowin damn well my little brother home

Still feel him in the passenger seat

I can't see him and I wish that he can chatter with me

In due time until then, you can say I got more than a few rhymes

Thought I'd be there to see him like more than a few times

Tryin to stay away from beef, but shit is gettin deep

I ain't restin right, it's like I'm on layaway for sleep

I think I shoulda been a author or somethin

Disappear like Hoffa or somethin, came back when they offer me somethin

My word I, got a little crust in my third eye

Headache's why I be meditatin; thoughts is devastatin

Could this be my last life? Maybe my past life?

Is the future when I'm sleep? So what was last night?

I'm goin in deep - and you know the Ghost

[Chorus: Styles P]

{"Alone in the street"} One two three four

5 o'clock in the mornin, you know I'm tryin to see more

{"Alone in the street"} All day, all night

All by myself, you know that I'm all right

{"Alone in the street"} Seven eight nine ten eleven

12 PM, you know I'm tryin to get it in

{"Alone in the street"} All day, all night

[Styles P]

Mad live, could learn to bounce out on a bad vibe

Or either keep a gun in your cab ride

Have I thought about my life as a bad guy?

Made a little money sellin rocks that was capsized
Robbed a lot of people like I never was baptized
Yeah I was a very young teen when I took my shit harder
But got right off my dean when I could book the Ramada
Cause I'd rather be a robber or a midnight marauder
There's a part of me that love bein gangster, all of me
I couldn't help but get in the game, the shit was callin me
And I think that I was callin it back
But you can't help but trip when you fall in the trap
If the Lord call, who got the phone for callin him back?
Things are man-made, why don't you tell man to do that?
But he can't, so I'ma stay on the spiritual flack
Cause it's a uphill battle when I'm dealin with that

[Chorus]

[Styles P]

Consider this a sermon, start to burnin
Never said you was hard, I ain't give you the permit
I might think you vermin, better yet vomit
Alone in the streets with the gun by the armpit
Can't put a shark with a pawn fish, it's conflict
Sorta like mixin boy scouts with the convicts
Somebody gon' pay if somebody gon' play
Cause the streets cold-hearted on a hot summer day
If you gon' rap please stop, run away
Go home, flush ya crack then, give ya gun away
Cause the rules is written down, in invisible ink
Just consider what the critical think
Don't rat, do your bid in the clink; stand tall lil' boy
Get yourself a shrink if you're feelin you're paranoid
But real talk, fuck jail talk, I know home's sweet
Even locked down in a cage is where your dome be

[Chorus - echoes at the end]

Lyrics submitted by marse.

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