Thru The Window

Coolio

I take a look thru the window and all I see is pain
Burnin' on my brain like some weird type of acid rain
Or a virus, it's something that I can't explain
I use to be different but now it seems that I'm the same
As the rest of these hard heads in my hood
I'm livin' foul even though Momma raised me good
Everywhere I turn it and everywhere I look
Everybody that I know is livin' like a crook
And the, the cops wanna throw the book
The kitchen sink, a upper cut and a left hook
How can I explain this battering that we caught
It wasn't the way I was raised, it was the way I was taught
And the streets is a motherfucker
But I be growin' up like another sucker
I say the bomb be the last as I reflect on the past
With my face, pressed against the glass
Goin' down slowly, slowly, goin' down
Goin' down slowly, slowly, goin' down
Goin' down slowly, slowly, goin' down
Goin' down slowly, slowly, goin' down
In nightfall thru the window, a silhouette
Beads of sweat and the palm of my hand is still wet
So put the safety on the tek because this shootin' hasn't started yet
So many yesterdays I can't forget
And now it's night time but it seem like day time
Helicopter lights makin' the bud light like sunshine on my mind
Crack addicts, kids with automatics
Thugs who want static and those who already had it
Manifestations of a spirit, trapped in a flesh cage
Mind in fifth gear, imagination rampage
My brothers is walking through night like a thief in the night
Three strikes you're out because the color's not right
And all I ask is "Why we jack and fight?"
And try to save enough right and I'm wrapped too tight, uhh
Blowin' in the pistol, suckin' on some indo, lookin' thru the window
And that's all I see, uhh
Goin' down slowly, slowly, goin' down
Goin' down slowly, slowly, goin' down
Goin' down slowly, slowly, goin' down

Goin' down slowly, slowly, goin' down
I'm hittin' corners on the boulevard, lookin' hard
Rims are shinin', sound is bumpin', I'm a superstar, yeah
Rollin' in the ride and it's not mine but
That's alright, 'cos I still feel fine
Now I'm strapped with nothin' but my mind and a screwdriver
Gimme twenty seconds at your skills like MacGyver
And I can take anything that I wanna take
But when you slip and push your fate,
I'm parlayin' off your paper like when I'm
Yankee Doodle came to Jersey rollin' on some Dayton's
Kept an Uzi under his seat so fools wouldn't take him
My homey had a Cadillac sweeter than all the others
Went into the wrong hood, so they choked the motherfucker
That's how it goes, yeah, and that's how it feels, right
New Jersey Drive is for real
That's how it goes and that's how it feels
New Jersey Drive is for real
Goin' down slowly, slowly, goin' down
Goin' down slowly, slowly, goin' down
Goin' down slowly, slowly, goin' down
Goin' down slowly, slowly, goin' down

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