

Yea,
Yea street life
Gutter shit
Soldier life nigga
Get it right
New York City
Where I'm from
Live are Die
Marcy
Do what you do

Check it out now
Yo I'm here to put my thing down
Set up shot with cocaine now
Pick off niggas who aint down
I'm in the game now
Brought a couple of cats from the way down
Who know how to slang thows
And grimmy niggas who aim wild
Who juss want to rep
And wet niggas who think foul
Ran into Jay while I'm clappin this math
This crab show me some slab
Now I'm tryna get back
We played the out skerch
Nigga smoother then my shirt
Spit a couple of words, a pound, then he merked
Shit he left skid marks
I let the clip spark
When off in the hood
Played the bench till its dark
I'm profounded to the drug game
A thin line between love and hate
Some niggas I love to hate
I thought my connect respect me
This nigga got bad words since some haters wet me

Chorus 4x's
To stay alive in New York City
To stay alive realize that you got to be a soilder

Check it
Yo I'ma soldier to the heart
Through my blood line
One way to catch a crab is always on his front time
I keep a chicken on a bench flippin
Grippin
I smoke weed but this shit got a nigga slippin
A herb seed burn me, drop the L
Spot it through my per-if-u
This nigga tryna murder me
Shorty wop jumped in front of me
Caught one
Blaze back empty empty the roots
Through the bitch niggas, take that
Niggaz killed my down bitch
Bust around bitch
I dont know who clapped
So I dont hang around
Shit
Lame beat me on the ounce of raw
Dominican nigga
Look innocent nigga
Fuck it I'ma finish this nigga
Back the coop out the lot
Cock one in the drop
Put the burner in the dash fee dipped in black
Got Bleek on alert
For the cat who beat me on the stack

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Yo, Yo
Slow money, broke niggas, no weed
One gun
And my down bitch gone
Got a nigga on the run
Strip hot
Niggas came through
Bang shots
Have me sleeping in my wheels

To the real get got
Now I play the cut
On some nigga what shit
Flip fo-in-dicals
For real now who wants it
Two blocks from the Jay's this nigga lay
He pump trays
Try'n to get the Memph man put away
His next option
Pack up get out of dodge
When he caught I'ma let the fifth give his face a massage
Too much dro got my eyes low
On the creep triple black down
Cuz I'ma cripple that clown
Spotted him by WoodHall
Niggas think the fe-in took off
Like he ran track or he played football
Hot day and everybody outside
I'ma catch him on that block
Where the hot wips ride
Ride slow this nigga out burning trees
Wit a bad bitch
I'ma put his brain on her sleeve
I'ts already cocked
I move slow up the block
Jumped out
Made him tounge kiss the glock
I Squeeze two
And niggas seen this nigga drop
Cold of the street and forever stay hot
Motherfucker

Chorus 4x's
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