

# La The Darkman, Streetlife

\*Chorus\* Tekitha

Street life, is the only life I know  
Street life, where we got no place to go  
Street life, where the struggle won't let you be  
Street life, where the drugs and thugs meet

Verse 1:

Yo, I bust shots out glocks wid kids that push rocks  
Hol' glocks run in spots wid G's like Fort Knox  
Rhyme excellent kill 'em wid intelligence  
Get money like embezzlement, worrying as the president  
LA the Dark coming, inheriting nature, Islamic  
Stay loyal to my clan like Elijah Mohammed  
That's a promise, creating them secrets be like amazing  
Everytime I touch the track I swing my axe and stake it  
Speed racing through life world class LA let the tech splash  
My lyrics hard as brass  
Show 'em all-star, check me in the Source y'all  
'98 Ford car purchased near Fort Bar  
Damn I'm always sharp man, accurate, sharp-shooter, marksman  
Running through New York air painted like Al Sharpton  
And sing, my guns be black and shallow ringed  
Computerised thugs dropping checks in the bank  
And then....

Chorus

Verse 2:

Yo, yo, yo  
You on my dick  
My life is like a James Bond flick  
Mad bitches, mad bullets but I never get hit  
Yo, from herpes to trees, Tv's and MTV's  
Niggas in jail for life the strongest hurt to leave  
& From bloods at night in Kings, to bounce back to Queens  
Drugs and dope fiends scream over the limosine  
Pop the 2 fort kings sucking dick on porno screens  
Vaginas some clean wid terrible hygiene  
To survive on my block G is devils at halloween  
The young son got guns wid 50 shot magazine  
And digital web beams  
Getting drunk off gasoline  
Robbing niggas marked, die for this cane in this dream  
In this.....

Chorus

Verse 3:

Yo,yo,yo  
I'm unstoppable Rainbow garment stay tropical  
Jewels stay rockable  
Crystal clear optical  
My niggas got bodies Get watched like John Gotti in a mansion  
Wid a monk learning Wu-Tang karate  
It's unfortunate niggas can't afford this  
My 20 blew chords here  
I hate eating sword fish Surrounded by 20 men cold-blooded at the amphibian  
In the Benz puffing tree shit from the Caribbean  
And sparking it....

Chorus