Lyfe, Still Here

(Verse 1:)
Street life killed my daddy
Got my momma pregnant in the back of a caddy
Since i lost my first tooth i ain't been happy
Young wild nigga child why that boy is so nappy
He got that devil in him
Police wanna take him down
Used to be a player but the coochie cost money now
He ain't to bright but he know a trap when he see one
Got his conscious in his pants with his gun

(Chorus:)
Seventeen years of rain (That boy good) foggin up my windows yeah(These niggas always talking
But i'm still here though(In the middle of it all this nigga still here)
Seventeen years of rain foggin up my window (yeah)
It done been seventeen years of pain but i'm still here though (and the nigga still here, he still right

(Verse 2:)
Shoe box full of pictures
All that's left of good times i shared with my niggas
Some alive and some no longer with us
How da, how da, how da hell do you pray for forgiveness
When you got devil in you
Rogain keeps the hair strong but Cocaine keeps the cable on
I can't wait till my nigga jb come home
Why do all the real niggas stay gone so long

(Chorus:)
Seventeen years of rain foggin up my window (yeah)
It done been seventeen years of pain
But i'm still here though
Seventeen years of rain foggin up my window
It done been seventeen years of pain but i'm still here though

(Three 6 Mafia & Project Pat (rap))
Even though a nigga still in the hood
Gettin drunk and smokin on wood
I'ma make it up out of this street life
On the corner is where i stood
Out there all by myself
'cause a player gotta get this meal
Welfare ain't doin us no good
Flippin burgers ain't gonn make you filled
But i'm still ten toes in this Hustlin tryna make hood rich
And i still ain't trustin no bitch 'cause the mother f**kers always snitch

Its hard in this ghetto man
Fifteen years old with coke and caine
Cheese don't come i'ma go insane Snatch me a purse snatch me a chain
Out here on the block with the fiends and the moon
Squeeze on the glock tryna pop at a goon
He done stole my dough he took my food
Project wasn't born with a silver spoon
In my mouth in my grill words exchange then niggas get killed
One in the grave the other in jail
Nobody wins thats fo' real

Back way when i was a runny nose
runnin round
Up and down the town
Carrying a black glock and a gold frown
I kept that product on me

It wasn't no problem homie
You said it i had it and met you if you stole my money
Just tryna buy bologna but now i'm buying lobster
Still totin a glock but pusing a rolls rouce and winning oscars

(Chorus 2x)