Still Here (feat. Three 6 Mafia and Project Pat)

Lyfe Jennings

(Street life killed my daddy
Got my mama 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 'im
Police wanna take him down
Used to be a player but the coochie cost money now
He ain't too bright but he know a trap when he sees one
Got his conscious in his pants with his gunSeventeen years of rain foggin' up my windows
It done been seventeen years of pain
But I'm still here though
Seventeen years of rain foggin' up my windows
It done been seventeen years of pain
But I'm still here though
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
Rogaine 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 longSeventeen years of rain foggin' up my windows
It done been seventeen years of pain
But I'm still here though
Seventeen years of rain foggin' up my windows
It done been seventeen years of pain
But I'm still here though
Even though a nigga still in the hood
Gettin' drunk and smoking on wood
I'ma make it up otta this street life
On the corner is where I stood
Out there all by myself cause a player gotta get this mil
Wearin' fur ain't doin' us no good
Flippin' burgers ain't gonna make you filled
But I'm still ten toes in this hustlin' tryna make it hood rich
And I still ain't trustin' no bitch cause them motherf**kers always snitch
It's 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 mouth, in my grill wear six chains then niggas get killed
One in the grave, the other in jail
Nobody wins, that's 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 pushing a Rolls Royce and winning OscarsSeventeen years of rain foggin' up my windows
It done been seventeen years of pain
But I'm still here though
Seventeen years of rain foggin' up my windows
It done been seventeen years of pain
But I'm still here though)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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