

# Streets Raised Me (feat. Big Noyd & Chinky)

## Mobb Deep

Yeah uh huh  
That true shit  
That shit that makes me feel shit  
To all my niggas and my bitches  
Yo, check it, uh huh It's kinda bugged how I go sometimes  
Know they staring, brain feels like a wheel lost with out the ball bearing  
Stuck, contemplating on who I can trust  
But like Lleullo in a bill my feelings just get crushed  
But thats why I stick with my duns, like I stick with the guns  
Don't get mad, rip your hun, concentrate on my funds  
Lift heavy gats concealed by my waist  
Never get patted down when I step in the place  
Jiggied up, smoke the pot, confirm if it is real reefer or not  
Rally up, after this get followed straight to the crib  
Gem star, double edge apply pressure  
Shave 'em down, blow marks right through your mecca  
Wanna be a thug, now you got the thug look  
Stick 'em up, leave medicaid, with the real to push  
God-Body, with a rubber grip black shotti  
Pump one in his ass make that nigga switch hobbies  
A dossage, hand delivered, without postage  
Bring it to your door step quick on short notice  
Niggas get sniped like, Klonker Bronckite  
Show 'em how to rock right, when bitches hold the mic Why'd you have to raise me this way  
You showed me how to survive the concrete  
But how long only time can say  
Whatever, you are a part of me  
Why'd you have to raise me this way  
I'm surprised we alive today  
But how long who am I to say  
Whatever, you are a part of me  
This is something you feel nigga  
Like the theme song from Hill Street Blues  
This is real, this is ill street news  
How he gone, and left his moms mind struck  
And now his brother ain't giving a fuck  
Little sister giving up the butt now, dun' don't wet that  
I want you to rest black 'Cause you better belive Noyd goin' handle that  
'Cause when I get em, I'ma have 'em  
Pull out the sweeper, and spray it at them  
I'm no killer, you know me  
But I'll be damned if I don't lie for my CO-D

And then this Old G, scold me, and told me, coldly  
You keep it up and you will be dead like your homieBut I gotta redeem and get this cream by  
any means  
I never been clean  
Nigga, my whole click got dirty  
From the battles, to the trials and bloody up shirtsleeves  
Nigga you heard me  
It's gangsta, it's gangstaWhy'd you have to raise me this way  
You showed me how to survive the concrete  
But how long only time can say  
Whatever, you are a part of me  
Why'd you have to raise me this way  
I'm surprised we alive today  
But how long who am I to say  
Whatever, you are a part of meVision the canvas I paint a picture  
Similar to Ernie's Barnes nigga  
But mines is more ghetto more guns  
More drugs, mostly thugs  
All my duns, their baby moms daughter and sons  
Dark blocks, with streets lamps shot the fuck out  
Park benches broke, a nigga stretched out  
Jumped off the roof and fell to his death, it's real  
Hand ball walls displayed with R I P murialsThose who sling, play the shadows by the building  
Devils spring, kept em going while the snows blowing  
Grams get dipped, 50's are moked, cookies are broke  
And spliced in large pieces for the fiends to smoke  
The sun sets looks beautiful over the projects  
What a shame, its ain't the same where we stand at  
If you look close, you can see the bricks chipped off  
Sometimes niggas miss when they lick off, don't get clipped offWhy'd you have to raise me this  
way  
You showed me how to survive the concrete  
But how long only time can say  
Whatever, you are a part of me  
Why'd you have to raise me this way  
I'm surprised we alive today  
But how long who am I to say  
Whatever, you are a part of meWhy'd you have to raise me this way  
I loved y'all till this day  
But how long only time can say  
Whatever, you are a part of meIt's real  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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