

# Street Life

Rick Ross

Ain't nothin' but the street life  
That's money cars and hoes  
It's the only life I chose  
Street life, nothin' but the street life  
They love they way I shine  
This world is mine, all mine

Up early in the morning, got gold in my eye  
Got a 4-5 that'll leave a hole in the sky  
Sittin at this table, why, to take this  
Music and the street life that's a whole 'nother side (riiiight)  
Hoes used to call me small time  
My clothes ain't know what to call mine  
No logos or no tags in it  
No polos 'til I started bag-gin' it  
Way before my first key  
My nigga E showed me  
How to parlay a Z (good lookin' nigga)  
I know my mama pullin' overtime  
Pocket full of dimes  
So I'm out here pullin' mine

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You can't close shop, not on my block  
I'm 24/7 like IHOP  
Came from the bottom to the skybox  
Now a penthouse, you can call me Hi-Top  
Hop up in the 40-40, got 'bout forty on me  
Fifty grand in a band, I'ma roll it homie  
Brick layin' cost 'bout another dub  
Ten grand for a pound of the bubble bud  
Twenty birds in a room down in Atlanta  
I caught a bird, but the birds can't buy a camper  
Just an example, by an ex-trapper  
Dress the coupe in the shoes, now that's dapper

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Street life, sellin' dope, fuckin' hoes  
Big E, smoke comin' outta nigga nose  
Candy paintin' on the corner, sellin' everything  
I'm on the move, I ain't called mama in a couple days  
This life and nothin' will ever change that  
I love the game and we'll never give the game back  
We lost a lotta good niggaz in the game  
But in the game, all the good niggaz get a name

I got a name, everybody don't die the same  
Like all dope don't fly the same  
M-I-Yayo, boy I buy them thangs  
It's like the people want me to come fly the plane

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(3x)