

# 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 gun  
Seventeen 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 long  
Seventeen 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 Oscars  
Seventeen 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)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>