

## Fill in the gaps

Respect for hers

| Bundle up my whole style is so cold                |
|--|
| I glow like old (1) who go bald                    |
| My flow got no front in the vocal                  |
| Your flow got no button, it's so old               |
| I don't mean to sound like a showboat              |
| But it's true, my persona's no joke                |
| I stepped into some kinda portal                   |
| I'm (2) and sometimes I'm noble                    |
| I'm from the most risky zone (oh)                  |
| No place is more shifty global                     |
| More pistols, Russian revolvers                    |
| We shootin' all that is normal                     |
| But it ain't just (3) we want to                   |
| We ain't got nowhere we can run to                 |
| Somebody please press the undo                     |
| They only teach us the things that guns do         |
| They don't teach us the ABC's                      |
| We play on the hard concrete                       |
| All we got is (4) on the streets                   |
| All we got is (5) on the streets                   |
| They don't (6) us the ABC's                        |
| We (7) on the hard concrete                        |
| All we got is life on the streets                  |
| All we got is life on the streets                  |
| Rock, you know my era                              |
| B-boy seasoning, salt and pepa                     |
| Grown and sexy, come with the extra                |
| Crushed up linen, fly (8) Cessna                   |
| This type brew, I gave it birth                    |
| Now it's time again to give it a verse             |
| Jamaican born, not a fan of the ganja              |
| Boulevard, Brooklyn to Somalia                     |
| And it goes in the background                      |
| Playa, that is my sound                            |
| The green doesn't symbolize, I made it on the top  |
| Pioneer legend and they call me Mr. Rock           |
| No B word or N word, I don't need those words (no) |

The game dried up, so we come with the grease Leadin' ya right, and treatin' ya right, so peace They don't teach us the ABC's We play on the hard concrete All we got is life on the streets All we got is life on the streets They don't teach us the ABC's We play on the hard concrete All we got is life on the streets All we got is life on the streets Superman is known by the locals As this dude who's so fly it's global Attitude that came outta struggle Destitute but I make it hopeful You real, but my (9)\_\_\_ \_ is tenfold My real'll make yours a rental Gangsta if at ease, essential Fight with guns or utensils So bold, nothing's confidential Breakfast was not continental And lunch could not compliment all We still become competent souls These streets ain't paved with no gold Matter fact someone stole the light bulb Nobody fat (10)\_\_\_\_\_ for lypo They don't teach us to read and write, so... They don't teach us the ABC's We play on the hard concrete All we got is life on the streets All we got is life on the streets They don't teach us the ABC's We play on the hard concrete All we got is life on the streets All we got is life on the streets



- 1. guys
- 2. legend
- 3. because
- 4. life
- 5. life
- 6. teach
- 7. play
- 8. like
- 9. real
- 10. enough

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