

Fill in the gaps

| Bundle up my whole style is so cold | Respect for hers |
|----------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|
| I glow like old (1) who go bald | The (5) dried up, so we come with the grease |
| My flow got no (2) in the vocal | Leadin' ya right, and treatin' ya right, so peace |
| Your flow got no button, it's so old | They don't teach us the ABC's |
| I don't mean to sound like a showboat | We play on the hard concrete |
| But it's true, my persona's no joke | All we got is life on the streets |
| I stepped into some kinda portal | All we got is life on the streets |
| I'm legend and sometimes I'm noble | They don't teach us the ABC's |
| I'm from the most risky zone (oh) | We play on the hard concrete |
| No place is more shifty global | All we got is life on the streets |
| More pistols, Russian revolvers | All we got is life on the streets |
| We shootin' all that is normal | Superman is (6) by the locals |
| But it ain't just because we want to | As this dude who's so fly it's global |
| We ain't got nowhere we can run to | Attitude that came outta struggle |
| Somebody please press the undo | Destitute but I (7) it hopeful |
| They only teach us the things that guns do | You real, but my real is tenfold |
| They don't teach us the ABC's | My real'll make (8) a rental |
| We play on the hard concrete | Gangsta if at ease, essential |
| All we got is life on the streets | Fight with guns or utensils |
| All we got is life on the streets | So bold, nothing's confidential |
| They don't teach us the ABC's | Breakfast was not continental |
| We play on the hard concrete | And (9) could not compliment all |
| All we got is life on the streets | We still become competent souls |
| All we got is life on the streets | These streets ain't paved with no gold |
| Rock, you know my era | Matter fact someone stole the light bulb |
| B-boy seasoning, salt and pepa | Nobody fat enough for lypo |
| Grown and sexy, come with the extra | They don't teach us to read and write, so |
| Crushed up linen, fly like Cessna | They don't teach us the ABC's |
| This type brew, I gave it birth | We play on the hard concrete |
| Now it's time again to (3) it a verse | All we got is life on the streets |
| Jamaican born, not a fan of the ganja | All we got is life on the streets |
| Boulevard, Brooklyn to Somalia | They don't teach us the ABC's |
| And it goes in the background | We play on the hard concrete |
| Playa, that is my sound | All we got is life on the streets |
| The green doesn't symbolize, I made it on the top | All we got is life on the streets |
| Pioneer (4) and they call me Mr. Rock | |
| No B word or N word, I don't need those words (no) | |



- 1. guys 2. front
- 3. give
- 4. legend
- 5. game
- 6. known
- 7. make
- 8. yours
- 9. lunch

Fill in the gaps

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