

## New Streets

Benny The Butcher

Yeah, that's what we're gonna do  
We gon' talk about the street shit  
Ayy, look

I don't care 'bout haters, I'm only concerned what hustlers think

But I think it's time I finally address this publicly  
It's rubbin' me the wrong way when these rappers speak comfortably

'Bout street life, it seem like they only givin' y'all luxuries  
I sat on work when I was positive it would sell

You know this game come with way more consequences than jail  
Bittersweet when you went in it deep, gassed up a rented V

Travelin' with a key while I'm passin' through Tennessee

Told baby girl I'd be back, she said be careful

I told baby girl I'd be strapped, that made her worry more

Street niggas live by dirty laws, I got my stripes, how you ear nin' yours?

Can't let these niggas think I'm turnin' soft

It's gonna be hard to convince kids

But honestly, losses taught me more than my wins did

It's complicated, I can't see it, work hard to just break even

We traded that for them great beaches in St. Regis

Trust me, there's two sides, one glamorous, other scandalous

These symptoms of abandonment, we suffer damages

I was you, not comprehendin' or understandin' it

Losses turn into pain, then they become advantages, ah

You know that's real shit

Sometimes you gotta lose something to gain something

There's two sides to this shit

For every nigga, for every nigga you see out here winnin'

It's a hundred niggas still in the trenches, man

Don't forget about that

This shit chess, man, we makin' boss moves

You can't be making cheap mistakes, feel me?

Remember that shit

Be careful nigga, that's comin' from a nigga who did everything

And this the Burden of Proof, uh