

## Streets

Blac Youngsta

Hard times don't last, should have seen what I made  
Were you just laughin'? How the fuck you in the brave?  
Everybody ain't real, had to learn that from my brother  
Frontin' on when I'm up, say I'm smilin' when I'm strugglin'  
I been up, doin' good or down, doin' bad  
From the same hitter, forever gon' get my last

I been livin' through the same old things  
Killin' all them same gold chains  
I ain't cry, bro, since you got killed  
Like how the fuck is you not here? Double-down on me  
Watch my come up with that cheese  
I swear, I still get them beans in  
You found me like this, I don't need friends  
They told me if I trained, then it's only me

The streets too cold for a windbreaker, you gon' need you a coat (Streets)  
The streets too dry in the summertime, you gon' need some dope (Dope)  
The same niggas talk behind my back say they love me most (Most)  
Yeah, same niggas I was beefin' with, called 'em my bro (Bro)  
Ridin' shotgun with the shotty, pull up at the store (Store)  
Ain't no need for a conversation, I just want the smoke (Smoke)  
Ain't no need for a conversation, I just want the smoke, yeah

Catch that boy in traffic, semi-automatic  
You might call the caddy, but I call the baddie  
Big Blood shit, shoot 'em in the attic  
No love shit, shoot a nigga daddy  
I'm a gangster, you gotta watch me  
Nigga tryna B.I.G., 'Pac me  
I'm a real nigga, I kill 'em  
Knock scene on the front street, can't stop me  
Beat my case, but the feds dock me  
I ain't dumb, I know them niggas wanna take me out, but they can't rock me  
I'ma keep applyin' pressure on you pussy niggas 'cause y'all can't stop me  
Told mama, "It's alright, I'ma be fine, I know God got me"  
And my bitch upset I ain't comin' home, she just wanna sock me (Yeah, live it up, live it up, live it up with my hitters, yeah)  
I'ma start a riot (Live it up, live it up, live it up with my hitters, yeah)  
Killers, they outside (Live it up, live it up, live it up with my hitters, yeah)  
Don't be surprised (Live it up, live it up, live it up with my hitters, yeah)  
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I been livin' through the same old things (Kickin' with the guys)  
Killin' all them same gold chains  
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Moncler coat comin' twenty-five hundred, chopper got a drum on it  
Supreme dirt bike comin' thirty-somethin' racks, but fuck it, my son want it  
Gang shit, I been on it, I'm a real hustler, make it look good, don't it?  
I don't fuck with no broke niggas (Nah), I ain't throwin' no smoke, nigga (N

ever)  
Whoever want it, they could get it, four hundred shots, make 'em feel it (Br  
rt)  
It's four deep, a hundred shots piece, amillion put up for the bond (Prr)  
We fightin' the case 'til my niggas free, it's three letters (CMG)  
Fuck niggas shoulda knew better (Knew better), this Drac' hit whoever  
We take smoke to a new level, they like, "Gotti, you rich, do better" (Do be  
tter)  
I tried, but niggas won't let us (Tried), these pussies, they playin', they  
jealous (For real)  
Now I can't turn my back on the fellas (Can't), street nigga, cold-  
hearted (I am)  
I lost my feelings on Garland (Did), we were thuggin' out the apartments (We  
was)  
Know, in Memphis, where it started (Yeah, on God)

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You found me like this, I don't need friends  
They told me if I trained, then it's only me