

Street nigga  
Streets (Streets, streets)  
Street nigga (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

Real street nigga  
I came from the bottom of the bottom, took a lot of shit (Street nigga)  
I came from the trenches and the crackers at the bottom, yeah (Street nigga)  
I done seen a whippin' brick and hit the lot of it (Street nigga)  
I done seen a nigga call his bitch while gettin' robbed (Street nigga)  
Ain't nobody fuckin' with me, I ain't with the politics (Street nigga)  
And I got two .7s in the chopper in the car (Grrah)  
Say she see the print, I told that bitch that it's a lot of it (Street nigga)  
'Til I gotta fuck you with the condom in my drawers (Ah)

And you know that I'm the God, beg my pardon  
Hold my fuckin' cock, all my niggas dark  
I'ma pop on y'all niggas, tough, since when y'all niggas hard?  
Now, get up, 'fore we knock you off, shot him, then I'm gone  
Then it's on, she gon' give me y'all, she gon' give me hugs  
Get the wall, she gon' get it all, she gon' get it tall  
If she crawl, she gon' get a belly, 'fore she even walk  
And my dawgs, they gon' get it all, just for layin' low

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