Man I'm from the streets for real, boy I gotta eat for real
Everything that I touch gotta be about a buck and R-I-P the deal
I'm a young west side nigga best side nigga, everybody gotta keep a steel
I'm in a hospital bed fucked up, plugged up, a nigga had to eat the pill
Tell my mama naw, we ain't goin' back today, procrastinate, the nigga had to
evacuate
I'm tryna go and get this money, yeah, the faster way, smash the brakes, I'm

I'm tryna go and get this money, yeah, the faster way, smash the brakes, I'm thinkin' of a faster pace

So foul the play, I'm tryna get a bag a day, baker man, would you make me a patty cake

It's sad to say, niggas out here actin' fake, I'ma really go and get it and elaborate

Know that

When your back against the wall Ain't nobody there to call The pain, you gotta hide it You gotta remain silent Streets are for real I'm from the ghetto I'm from the ghetto Streets are for real The streets are for real These streets are for real I'm from the ghetto I'm from the ghetto These streets are for real The streets are for real I ain't gonna play around I'm from the ghetto You fuck around and you gon' be layin' 'round here I'm from the ghetto The streets are for real I swear this shit be banging for real, man These streets, these streets are for real

Boy, I'm really from the streets, for real
Nah, don't pose for the camera real
From the mud I'm a Tar Heel
Carolina nigga with an Eve in Adamsville
Sick and tired of the lights bein' off
Make arrangements for the late bills
Mom's puttin' pills in her pudding
(Why?) 'cause b, all these late bills
My flow, that Nas feel, I got two Illmatics
One Steelmatic, one made of plastic
One Mike in the hood Jordan on Jackson
Only choice in the hood Trayvon or fashion
Drip on the [?] or pass it
Fuck bein' passive, bein' rich I'm 'bout to try it
For the bread I'm gonna riot, 'cause

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