

In These Streets

Esham

They out here wildin' in these streets
They out here stylin' in these streets
They out here lootin' and shootin'
And black profilin' in these streets
They out here dealin' in these streets
They out here stealin' in these streets
They out here illin' and killin'
They hurt yo' feelings in these streets

Boy, I tell you these streets
Ain't no joke
You need to stay up out of 'em
Before you get smoked
You lookin' like food
To a hungry nigga, broke
Every hood in America
Filled with cutthroats
Police scanners tune
Into the murder that I wrote
Gave 'em cement shoes
And then I tossed 'em off a boat
Make sure all the bubbles disappeared
He didn't float
Left my calling card for the Coast Guard
A suicide note
Sometimes these lil' rappers
Need to shut they fuckin' mouths
Don't care if you from the East or West
Or North or South
Where I'm from they bring it to yo'
Doorstep at your house
What you talkin' 'bout
Can't play no football in no blouse
I be runnin' plays like the Quarterback Sneak
I call you 7 Days 'cause your rap style weak
Freak, hit the Cuervo
And she just got geeked
Did a dance on the police
Then I left 'em in the streets

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Boy, I tell ya that you just won't last
Your mouth gonna write a check that yo' ass can't cash
All the shit you did, gon' come back from the past
And when they catch up with you
You know they gon' whoop yo' ass
Consequences, repercussions
For them guns that was bustin'
And now the police comin' 'round

Askin' all them questions
Ain't nobody tell 'em nothin'
They don't want to admit it
Street justice is upon him
And they want you to get it
They had motive before they did it
Premeditated, committed murder
And they never, ever once reconsidered
Never heard of such a thing
You get yourself crowned, tryin' to be the king
Of this rap underground
Real bad boys move in silence
Don't make a sound
Been down
We the reason fake dudes don't come around
Four pound, catch you outta bounds
Another body found
Chopped 'em up in pieces
And fed 'em to the hounds

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Boy, would you boss up
These niggas is mustard, man
They need to catch up
Put ya hands in the air
Aand throw ya sets up
If I ever make it rain
Ya might get wet up
I don't walk around a criminal
Or fakin' I'm a villain
I'm known around the globe
For simply makin' a killin'
Man you all up in yo' feelings
Money spending when it's old
And I'm all up in the game
Even if the weather's cold
And they still don't know my name
But insane is how I roll
Man I'll blow yo' fuckin' brains
On the floor and snatch yo' soul

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