

# The Streets

EST Gee

Til you home, free my lil partner nem  
I don't talk on phones so you can hear mine through Suboxone strips  
Hate they say you snitched all over show don't get your mama kissed  
Drug dealer anonymous I still respect and honor this  
I was slidin and poppin shit with the same niggas I was coppin bricks  
I knew I'd lose my scholarship as soon as I learned to get my zaza shipped  
Cuz I was on the road with 10 grit, the 4, and would front 6  
I don't pull out my phone to spin, don't leave the Lo until he killed  
I'll be past my toes and hands, I count the ones I seen and went  
Instead of invest in businesses, I plan to get a killer rich

That street shit, that up-for-life, don't-squash-my-beef shit  
That New Year, new car, jewelry, same me shit  
And I ain't hurt, I ain't even worried, I ain't see shit  
The uptown out to Newburg EST shit  
The streets, the streets, the muthafuckin streets  
A lot of niggas hate you, but them niggas ain't me  
The streets, the streets, the muthafuckin streets  
A lot of niggas hate you, but them niggas ain't me

I love you cuz you kept me fed fresh from out of jail  
Right on the tail of me on house arrest and I kept losing my mail  
The gas will never get passed, but til you get money, we gon land  
Them niggas complainin never failed, so mix it might as well  
Know I love you cuz them bullets hit my stomach and I still lived  
Right after I got back, shit kept getting whacked, and I got me a M  
I always remember who was and who wasn't there when it was time to spin  
Made me think they friends when I heard all the hate was being said  
I don't care what who said as my tool sprayin  
Play it however you play it, nigga, till I'm through playin  
When I send them Shiners through, turn your shit to Shiner land  
Life ain't got no proper hand, I won a bluff and went all in

I been locked in, way before the war when it was free Lil Red  
When whole crowds would clear soon as they hear Eastside Taliban  
Riata ain't have a lot of friends, fuck all outsiders, ABM  
I made it when they ain't think I can, Unc hit hard out of soda cans  
Same nigga who was teaching me how to fix it in case my blower jammed  
Same nigga saying different, knowing I delivered it every time I supposed to  
did  
Lawyers and take care of your kids, plus keep up with them bills  
That's my version of keepin it real, nigga, not just how I feel

Ain't no speculation bout did you tell, just get that paperwork in  
If you don't, I get the hint, but it still hurt my feelings bad  
My heart wasn't built to fix a rat, I love the streets too much for that  
The streets don't ever die, long as I'm alive, I'm gon bring it back

That street shit, that up-for-life, don't-squash-my-beef shit  
That New Year, new car, jewelry, same me shit  
And I ain't hurt, I ain't even worried, I ain't see shit  
The uptown out to Newburg, yeah, I seen shit  
The streets, the streets, the muthafuckin streets  
A lot of niggas hate you, but them niggas ain't me  
The streets, the streets, the muthafuckin streets  
A lot of niggas hate you, but them niggas ain't me