

# The Streets Ain't Safe

Fiend

What up  
Welcome to New Orleans  
Where police are corrupt  
And niggas with no money die at the ages between 15 and 21  
But see me? I made up my mind a long time ago that I'd never fall into that system  
I'm a hustle till I get enough, then I'm a get out  
But you know what? I got caught up. Started fiending for that shit.  
So now anything you sell, any corner you work for, remember that's my shit  
I could take it from you any time I want to  
As long as you know that, I won't have to make an example outta you.  
Remember, That's the words of Fiend  
I say the streets ain't safe I know I could be a goner  
Tryin' to make a million dealin' around the corner  
And nigga Fiend know one day he's gonna have to die  
But What? nigga What?  
And with my gat on my side, I'm still gonna be the baddest alive(alive)  
I'm an automatic pistol bustin' He laughs, screamin' down to the haters  
Caution his lies knowin' he gonna pay for it later  
But Fiend...?...of bieng the baddest  
Later On, Never to go, just mama command us  
Nigga no heat advantage, stay hustlin' livin for the day  
Robbin' to the way in the allyway, that soldier ain't prayin'  
Forgive me, I almost waited for my breed to help me  
They won't doubt me so I'm a take somethin to get wealthy  
Healthy, young, got a gun ain't afraid to lose it  
This corner, I'm about to lose it. It's life I ain't choosin'  
I was placed here, a nigga before me was erased here  
Killa face fear but I plans to make and count cake here  
Get down and show me you're Bout It Come and take what I took  
That chef was paddin' the way you got the face of a crook  
Project walls shook, until Fiend's Spirit rose in me  
I chose to "G", Wait until the world get a load of me  
Lord they know i don't fuck around  
Livin' every day like my last  
It's a damn shame the dirt I done did for the cash  
Is it my fault? Makin' sure my hood gonna eat  
Not seein' defeat, nigga I just stood to my feet  
Cocked every rock that I had, Cooked all the dope I could cook  
Took a glance at my family, like it was the final look  
Sellin' the shit I stole  
Have mercy on my soul  
And these shops about to be closed  
Cause Fiend about to roll  
This ain't no war to stage  
Feel the wrath and my rage  
It's bieng displayed  
At the effect of poverty's case  
This ain't no phase, I'm trapped with that want to live  
To protect mine, I miss you with rounds of hot shit  
My glock eat it, the only talkin' that you get in verbal  
And the way of my pain, so for God we gonna hurt you  
It ain't personal, with the thought of playin with my math  
Can get that ass in an unending bloodbath(bloodbath)  
My life has seen shit like this. I got to much will invested  
Fuck open chested, me and my workers bullet proof vested  
Suggested cause my least worry is bieng arrested

Upset with cause more these niggas done probably confessed it  
See I'm blessed with the game, Came along with my name  
Tested for fame, Pushin' out crack cocaine  
But watch the pain and strange thangs happen for greenary  
And involves seein' me, nigga windex ya scenary  
Believe in me is one thing, seein' is another  
If I'd have known what i know now, I wouldn't have lost my brother  
Streets got death to offer to you fast or slow  
But some stash you're doe, you could see the casket front row  
I know cause I done seen some casualties burn  
Plagued ?  
So now them niggas gonna learn  
It's my turn  
So when the courts ask for a plea  
My answer is they fucked up and made a nigga like me  
3X