

STREETS AIN'T THE SAME

Icewear Vezzo

Regulators (Thanks for the gift, E)
We regulate any stealin' of his property
We're damn good too (Oh, Lord, Jetson made another one)
But you can't be any geek off the street

They say, "Ice been hittin' the city, so it's dry on all the cut"
(You gotta be handy with the steel, if you know what I mean)
Deportin' niggas' plugs, why the prices goin' up (Earn your keep)
See a nigga turn religious, mean indictments comin' up (Regulators, mount up
)

Stamp a Nike on the brick, hit like Tyson when he punch
The streets ain't the same, niggas police, in they feelings
The only reason niggas havin' motion 'cause I'm chilling
Shit in every summer, drop the Ghost on twenty-sixes
Got the yola doin' digits, fill the Rover up with chickens

Cop the bag from LA, I got ties to the Locs
See the hate from afar, that's why I'm ridin' with the scope
My homie in the pen' fill his mind up with dope
He got a mandatory ten on a nine twenty-four
I can't even lie, I got respect for all the legends
I still got my pride, nigga, that's my biggest weapon
Just loyalty and morals, all that other shit is second
I've been gettin' money since the Lexus on Pirellis
Talkin' back when Thug copped a hundred 'bows of bud
Crazy Tim told Frank to get it back in blood
Right now, I'm full again, but lil' Jerry's on mud
Ran out of ham, stuffed a twenty-dollar bag full of corns
I really live the shit these niggas rappin' in they music
Was trappin' in the booth, these niggas cappin' and they goofies
Silly-ass niggas, niggas actually be Druskis
Caught a head tap while he was lackin' in the Uber

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A lot of shit done changed, but a lot of shit the same
A lot of niggas came and a lot of niggas faded
When it's a different wave, then you gotta change the lane
Niggas move like they forgot the rules to the game
It's never really love with the homies that you blessing
Niggas leave the prison yard and fuck with niggas that ain't help you
You smart with the pape', stupid niggas say you selfish
Put a two on the dog food, we finessed it
Got another lane, copped new phone for the plays
Cut them hoes off, I'm on the grind for ninety days
You trappin' in the rain, but we was trappin' when they raided
Fuck the gossiping, I deactivated my page
The marshals hit the plane, so the packages delayed
I'm in traffic with that thing, out in Dallas with Lil Blade

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