

## Streets of B.R.

Kevin Gates

The game on freeze  
But I be trapping in and out it  
You gotta believe  
That there ain't no other way  
Around it  
I can't sleep  
But pray to God  
That he find me  
The shit won't cease  
They say they found another body  
In the streets of BR  
It's the hardest way of living  
The good die young  
And the others go to prison  
In the streets of BR  
Listen close and pay attention  
The Church ain't safe  
So I ain't looking for religion  
In the streets of BR

Gripping this Mac 10  
Work for my workers  
Helicopter circling prostitutes I be servin' em  
Prosecuting Attorney want me dead  
It ain't like I ever did em shit  
But kept my family fed - I bled  
Police pulled me over  
But I fled  
Ain't no catching Gates  
I'm working with a set of legs  
I stand still  
I try to give you examples  
Of how this man feel  
If I don't catch you and kill you  
This other man will  
I got that tan still  
Peanut butter ground ill  
Let me catch your hand  
In my can  
Here come the blam - ill  
You steal a wallet or a purse  
To satisfy the hunger  
Of your pockets  
Till they burst - it's worse  
My partner's sister youngin  
Like to flirt  
An older nigga raped her  
I could never know the hurt  
It hurts  
It hurts it hurts it hurts it hurts  
It hurts it hurts it hurts it hurts

The game on freeze  
But I be trapping in and out it  
You gotta believe  
That there ain't no other way  
Around it

I can't sleep  
But pray to God  
That he find me  
The shit won't cease  
They say they found another body  
In the streets of BR  
It's the hardest way of living  
The good die young  
And the others go to prison  
In the streets of BR  
Listen close and pay attention  
The Church ain't safe  
So I ain't looking for religion  
In the streets of BR

I grip boulders to pitch  
To the real smokers  
And buy stolen goods  
From all of the deal holders  
Food stamp card  
Most of my meals' frozen  
Most of us deal dope  
And all of us still tote it  
Whoa hop out of the truck  
With the chopper  
Make us spray rounds  
Lay down  
This is not a playground  
Ya heard me  
Kay sounds  
Tell him I'm on my way 'round  
Ya heard me  
I'm in all black  
With the black mask and gloves  
Double strap the tac  
Go rrrr-at backin' 'em up  
Line myself shells  
Hell is where ya findin' em  
Mine are to the streets  
From the television monitor  
First rule of the game  
No trust no love  
If I could just remember  
That touch I'd sing something  
Passed by rocking that Gates  
They mean mugging  
You niggas don't exist in the game  
You mean nothin'  
You niggas don't exist in the game  
You mean nothin'

The game on freeze  
But I be trapping in and out it  
You gotta believe  
That there ain't no other way  
Around it  
I can't sleep  
But pray to God  
That he find me  
The shit won't cease  
They say they found another body  
In the streets of BR  
It's the hardest way of living

The good die young  
And the others go to prison  
In the streets of BR  
Listen close and pay attention  
The Church ain't safe  
So I ain't looking for religion  
In the streets of BR

Get away to a place  
Where I'm good  
Its raw women with AIDS  
And they stay in my hood  
To all niggas with braids  
Got blazed where I stood  
Small nigga with waves  
Says Gates, it's all good

I do this cuz I love you  
Consider it on a muscle  
You had gave me the game  
When I didn't have a penny  
You was the one who came  
When them other niggas didn't  
Money over bitches  
Anybody could get it  
Hospital or ditches  
Bicycles or fences  
Layin low with intentions  
Of coming out up out the trenches surrender  
Can't see it or witness  
Can't be it I see it  
At the same time  
But I can't speak it  
Nightmares from the night air  
Stares and a groan slight  
Glare from the right flare  
Tears in the bone  
Two bottles few models  
Pair of patron  
And the drum roll sound  
Like snares when its on

The game on freeze  
But I be trapping in and out it  
You gotta believe  
That there ain't no other way  
Around it  
I can't sleep  
But pray to God  
That he find me  
The shit won't cease  
They say they found another body  
In the streets of BR  
It's the hardest way of living  
The good die young  
And the others go to prison  
In the streets of BR  
Listen close and pay attention  
The Church ain't safe  
So I ain't looking for religion  
In the streets of BR