

Street People

Krayzie Bone

Dedicate this to all the niggas on the streets
Niggas in the hood strugglin
Doin what the fuck they gotta do to make their money
And all the thugs, the hustlas, the gangstas, the playas, pimps
Let's roll, let's roll
(Ghetto love, ghetto love I can feel that ghetto love, ghetto love)

Street people
(People)
All my people be them niggas with an attitude
(We're ready for war)
The street mentality: it's do what you gotta do
(Do what you gotta do)

I dedicate this to the niggas in the hood
(Where they at? Where they at? Where they at?)
Keepin it real on the street
Niggas they practice what they preach, stayin true until they D-I-E
Niggas still strong
We keep on bailin through the stress
and all the rest of the shit that's goin on
Speakin of violence, I see, you got to keep a pistol
Cause if niggas think you're rich, you gon be got, they out to pinch ya
Bullshit you not--killin' because of the pump
And it drives us to the point of no return
Especially when you're gone off of the sherm
You could give a fuck about a nigga flossin
While you walkin, he on sixteen switches
Ain't that a bitch? But that's life
This shit ain't nothin' nice, and he'll take yours if his ain't right
And I can't stop 'em or knock 'em, but yo, I wouldn't even try, though
Cause Bible say, "Hey, either repent or you will die"
So (so, so), choose one (just one)
Either repent and get saved
Or put some food on your table for now

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(People)
All my people be them niggas with an attitude
(We're ready for war)
The street mentality
It's do what you gotta do
(Do what you gotta do)

I see my sisters out there hustlin, man (strugglin, man)
Do what it takes, but that's the brakes, rustle up what you can
Gotta feed your babies (babies, yeah)
Handle yourself your own business
don't wait on that nigga to get you nothin
We been poor long enough, and I know you would scheme on somethin
(somethin, yeah) Take the welfare, fuck it!
The system givin it to you, cause it's guilt on they conscience
Don't let 'em fool you (don't let 'em fool you, no)
Really ain't doin' a nigga any favors
So come and get the paper, paper, before you die, die
This verse is for my ghetto queens
Tryin' to come up and get them better things

particularly cheddar cheese
Make that money (make that money)
Work, work, work
Whatever your occupation
As long as you bringin home the bacon, bacon, bacon
Don't let your enemy lock your mind, too
And I hope y'all really been payin attention cause it's 1999, ohh
(Ooh-ooh, yeah)
Though people comin around, we gon' thug
So where the thugs at?
Gimme some of that ghetto love (ghetto love)

Now if y'all feelin me
let's get down and tear the roof off the mother
Shoot the mmotherfuckers, I'm serious and mean business
Ready to pump pump and ride, you with it?
Come on, put it out there, pump, pump, pump police
They treat us like animals - let's attack 'em like beasts
But hold on 'fore you start fightin (hold on, hold on)
Let's brighten up the action scene, pass me the gasoline
(no more, no more) I'm really not trippin on this rappin no more
Cause I know it won't last too much longer
When it's over, then I be a full-time soldier (I told you)
If I make it out of the game with all my sanity
Get paid, fuck the fame, get out quickly, understand me?
Cause at the rate I'm goin, pretty soon they'll try to ban me
for killin these muthafuckas tryin to tamper with my family
Now they got me runnin' from these po-po's tryin to jam me
But I told them muthafuckas not to try to test my manly
And this is my mentality for fuckin with the street life, street life
(street life)

I gotta give it up to all my thugstas, we're street people
Them niggas with an attitude
Let's stop the killin, we're strugglin just like you to make a livin
We're not pretendin, don't y'all remember?
It ain't easy tryin to stay alive, some people out there smokin crack
My people workin 9 to 5, just doin' it right
Real strong
Hold on
cause it won't be long before the strugglin' days is long gone
Hold on, be strong

Somebody better 'em we the T-H-U-G's
real fuckin soldiers, soldiers, soldiers, we soldiers
We're T-H-U-G's
real fuckin soldiers, soldiers, soldiers, we soldiers
(Get on up, get on up)