

STREETS ALONE

Maxo Kream

(Shoot through your car door, shoutout to Cardo)
Yeah
Maxo, A\$AP
Maxo, A\$AP
Break it down
Wear it out
Set it up
Set it off

Momma prayin' that I leave the streets alone
Preacher prayin' that I leave the reefer 'lone
I'm just gettin' money, leave the beef alone
But I'm out here thuggin' and my tee VLONE
Throw up my set, they get upset
They comin' at me indirect, they sendin' threats
I'm bussin' out, live in effect, no Internet
I start to cursin' like Tourette's or like Sheck Wes (Fuck, shit, bitch)

Two-toned AP, Richards, Pateks, bust down my neck (Hey)
Diamond VV, water Fiji (Drill), flooded with baguettes
Beretta, Draco, TECs (Yeah)
Kream my clique but Crip my set
Persona money gang, I rep (Hey, hey, break it down)
Up and stuck like elevator, all my niggas take the steps
Sprung my ankle, broke my toe
Reppin' and steppin' for my bro (Hey)
Flexin', cappin' for them hoes
Kicked doors, we crash like Geico (Hey, hey)
Carbon rifle, now that pussy bleedin' like he on a cycle
Forgiato (Woah), choppin' blade (Woah), speedin' (Woah), Maxo Michael Myers
(Yeah)
Rappin', trappin', what I do
Shaggy, Daphne with Scooby-Doo (Vroom)
Ship double up, sip double cups
Plugs on drugs, I serve, distribute
I know she stressed, told my momma, "I can never leave the streets alone"
Daddy Yankee with that gasolina, I serve reggaetón (Maxo, Maxo)

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)

They on my head, won't break a sweat
She let me hit it on the regs', then popped up preg'
My flow be raw just like some sex with no protection
Broke up with that ho through text, that bitch was vexed
On to the next
I can't trust a ho, that's why I sleep alone
Niggas out here strugglin', they need a loan
Call me Meagan Good, my money Nia Long
But I'm out here thuggin' and my tee VLONE

Woah-woah, woah-woah, woah-woah, woah, there he go (Woah-woah)
Woah-woah, woah-woah, woah-woah, woah, there he go (Woah-woah, woah)

Came up out the hood, can't leave the streets alone
'Cause I'm out here thuggin' and my tee VLONE
Throw up my set, they get upset
They comin' at me indirect, they sendin' threats
I'm bussin' out, live in effect, no Internet
I start to cursin' like Tourette's or like Sheck Wes (Fuck, shit, bitch, yea
h)