

Street Guide (Part 01)

ONEFOUR

You rap to your friends at parties askin', "How do I sound on drill?"
And most of them cats just go with the flow 'cause half of dem boys ain't real
0-1-2, I been in these streets and 0-2-1, I'm still in 'em still
And when I say my brothers will let that slap on the track 'cause I know they will
Phone my youngin', got me buggin', paranoid from the boys in blue
No talk for the Noise we do but
Big noise for the toys we use
It brings joy when I see boys on the news like
We left them with a open sore
Don't want war better grow some balls
Told my young G don't lose them keys 'cause it's gonna do more than open doors

These, these boys just out here drillin' in rap, got soldiers still in the trap (Preachers callin')
He's still spittin' them facts but I gotta stay hidden with that (They want mercy)
I ain't givin' 'em slack, instead I'm feedin' 'em lead
(While broskis out there feedin' 'em meds, I know that side is feelin' depressed)

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I'ma bring a Rambo to a fist fight and watch me flick my wrist like Rick Flair
Been in the front line of the opp block so they can never flip my switch, they won't dare
Livin' my life with a whole 'lotta risk but still I'm livin' it well
And them boys over there claim they heaven sent, but still we givin' them hell
See the gangs always gotta be active drillin' and trappin' like cartels
But the cops still tryna come milk me but can never budge 'cause I ain't no cow
Throw up my star signs for the 60 and the Gs up for the gang as well
(Pow-
pow) When I ring this bell, are they about war? Man, I really can't tell
'Cause after round one they gon' throw in the towel, listen

Yeah, the hood might get pretty red hot, but fuck that I'm with GSO
And it gets real hot here in OZ but 'round here every year it snows
I'm tryna put my name on land, they tryna buy the dearest clothes
Different reason goes, when they see the flashlight say cheese and pose

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This shit ain't for us and it's not war for me
They talk 'bout drills and that, when shit got kicked up awfully
They say they drill and trap when them boys can't afford a Z
And I pay my bills with rap, I still got packs for all the fiends
Trap phone rings, they callin' me
Bitch and call that sorcery
They say I'm dumb with that .44 but I still got swords like Lord of the Ring
s
This side 'bout beef, we forfeitin', the savior for the streets
And if you ain't gang don't talk to me, just let the scoreboards speak