

## 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