

The Streets

Stitches

Moment of silence, it's time to just let the monster out
Fuck the penitentiary, let my brothers out
I am not a law abiding citizen
I am a drug dealer counting dead presidents
Become a dope boy, it ain't that simple
They shot my home boy on the block, they left him cripple
I'm screaming "Free my dog Leo", he facing life
His daughter growin up fatherless, it isn't right
One thing i know, is that them killers come in the night
So if you planning to kill me don't come through the night
I stay strapped up ready, my AK - 47 send your ass to heaven
I'll put you in god's presence

All my friends are in prison or dead
All my friends are in prison or dead
You don't know the pain i go through
You don't know what these streets could do

All my friends are dead
Al my friends in prison
Screaming "fuck police"
I love the way I'm living

There's always gonna be a hater tryna run up in your kitchen
Tryna rob you for your chicken, shot em' down don't leave a witness
Ain't no loyalty no more
Your best friend will shoot you down for that dough
Who do I trust, I trust my choppa
Pull up on a hater and pussy I pop you
Drop you
Can you believe that the hater was my father

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If you came from the streets put your hands up
If you came up selling dope put your hands up
If you got a lot of haters put your hands up
Tell em' fuck you pussy get your bandz up

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