

The Streets

Tsu Surf

(Say 'what' again. Say 'what' again
I dare you I double dare you motherfucker
Say what one more Goddamn time!
He... he's black... Go on... He's bald
Does he look like a bitch? What?
Does-He-Look-Like-A-Bitch? No!)

Pistol packin', drug sellin', post it with convicted felons
Nan the clip, spit yo melon, far from dumb, I'm very clever
Time is precious, every second, every minute, every hour
I sublime and I blow sour, you got money, you got power
I don't fuck around with cowards, half of these niggas be stallin'
Hayward in the fuckin' county, any fire, I'm about it (free my niggas)
So free all my niggas until they get free
You frontin' and stuntin', you nothin' like me
Kickin' it savage, exquisite the beat
You don't got no money, don't get in no beef
You visit the streets, you playin' for keefs
Swing through yo block every day of the week
Twist some shit up and I'm leavin' the scene
I'm in the cut sellin' dope to the fiends
Niggas ain't fuckin' with me and my team
HBUp nigga yeah we got the streets
Smokin' on strong cuz you lil niggas weak
Talk to yo money, ain't talkin' to me hood all hot, fish all sweet
Niggas be snakes, bitches be creeps
Hittin' the trap, nigga, that's how I eat
I'mma do me, nigga, so fuck what you think
Niggas know me, I go hard on the pen
Ain't talkin' [?] but I need everything
Ain't takin' no [?] but I need everything

This the streetz, this the streetz
Niggas snakes, bitches creeps
It ain't a game, play it for keeps
This the streetz, niggas this the streetz
Niggas snakes, bitches creeps
Only the strong survive, you can't be weak
This the streetz, this the streetz
Niggas snakes, bitches creeps

I really gotta thank my momma
Without her I'd prolly be dead
Got [?] strappin' that 2, it's like 50 with one in the head
Just get in my zone, bluntin' it [?] and I'm gone
Point me to them and they gone
Choppers get blown [?] on that phone
Free they be flags they be home
I heard it was beef
I skirt up on em with them cals up
They go bleaw bluf, anotha town stump goin' loud up
It ain't tinted, I ain't massed up
There's gloves in the mag tug, there's gloves in the max tuck
There's gloves in the Mactop
It's personal I'mma tear his ass up
Nippin' in the butter ain't love
That's how I do niggas

Never been to Chiraq, drill me a few niggas
Niggas be talkin', but I'm outta town, faded
Tweet me, I'm busy, pull up back home alone [?]

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