

# 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 cal's 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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