

# Streets Talking

Yung Bleu

No no no no, no no no

No no no no, no no no

The streets talking and I hear you niggas ain't really balling

The streets talking and I hear you niggas just really flodging

The streets talk, yeah yeah yeah

The streets talking and I hear you niggas ain't really balling

The streets talking and I hear you niggas just really flodging

Pull up with the nine, they wanna take my life

Can't let 'em take me by surprise, oh no no no no, no no no no

The streets talking and I hear you niggas ain't really balling

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Pull up with the nine, they wanna take my life

Can't let 'em take me by surprise, oh no no no no, no no no no

Lets take a ride to my side where they lie

Everybody balling, everybody got on ice

Most these niggas flawed, just spend they last on what they buy

I'd rather buy a ticket and vacation in Dubai

You balling for these hoes but you forgot your little guy

Bitch I know you don't love me, you don't love me, don't you lie

I'm peeping your intentions, you can take off your disguise

Bitch you like this

Can you imagine me strokin', fuckin' you lifeless

Then send you back to your man, ooh you trifling

Mix the pineapple with the vike, I'm poppin' Vicodin

I fucked your bitch, gave her my number, told her lock it in

I'm dippin', dabbin' in designer, I got confidence

I told you on Investments 3 can't make no promises

And I'm just laughin' to the bank like it's a comedy

We on your block, hang out the window, let that chopper spit

We let that chopper spit, yeah yeah yeah

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Ride 'round with this TEC on me, locked and loaded, yeah

Got some niggas that wish death on me

I ran up a bag, they did me wrong, they tried to step on me

I thought you was loyal, tell me love how you gon' love on me

Don't hold your breath on me

Solo dolo with this meth on me, watch out for the task force

I'm on a crash course, you were my last choice

I got a bag boy, she want a bag boy

Hop in the Ghost and take off like a Nascar

Tell me what you mad for

They takin' shots, don't say no names, I know it's meant for me

My niggas got hard up on the cell, whatever meant for me

Posted on the block with the same niggas you pretend to be

I be in the city solo, walking like it's ten of me

Heart of a lion, I'm part of a dyin' breed

Why the fuck would you play with me?  
Up with the semi 'cause we got some enemies  
When it's beef who gon' lay with me?  
Grew up in the gutter, we didn't have nobody  
Nothin' but some junkies that stay with me  
Don't play with me, play with your bitch  
I got a chopper that stay with me

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