

# 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 flogging  
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 flogging  
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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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 nobdy  
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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