

## Streetlife f/ Method Man

### "Street Education"

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[Intro: Method Man]

Yoooooooooooo, sick ass niggaz  
Sick ass bitches, all the welcome  
Come on, come on, come on, come on  
Yeah, come on, come on, come on  
We don't need nooooooooo, no cop patrol

[Streetlife]

I wish a nigga would, come through the hood, like  
Street won't  
Jump out the woods, and snatch your goods  
If you don't know by now, you should  
Still actin' like you can't die tonight, you could  
Still doubtin' the kid, like Street won't push back ya wig  
Just for thinkin', it's not what it is  
Shit, Shaolin, we back again, rap for yen  
Streetlife, that nigga that'll tap your chin  
Come get some, step to it, let's see  
Where ya heart's at, let's do it  
I hear you talkin', but take caution, before crossin'  
The Street, before you end up layin' in a coffin  
Don't sleep, you rap cats is physically weak  
I don't care how much spins your records get in a week  
Big Street, still beat you down with the heat  
So umm, watch the words you speak, I roll deep

[Chorus: Streetlife (Method Man)]

This is Street Education, tune in  
(Rule one, watch them niggaz close to you)  
This is Street Education, tune in  
(Rule two, make sure you do what you suppose to do)  
This is Street Education, tune in  
(Rule three, fuck the world, spit that shit)  
This is Street Education, tune in  
Adjust your radio station, let's begin

[Streetlife]

Who's playin' king of New York, y'all gangstas? Hold  
that thought  
I'mma show you how we hold down the fort, I'm from a  
Shaolin resort

We don't ball, we catch bodies for sport  
Put our high light on the news report  
Muthafucka ya name, run up on you, and blast your  
frame  
For that little piece of ice on your chain  
Don't look at me strange -- like you don't know what this  
is  
I know you feel the gun touchin' your rib, it's those  
Shaolin Kids

[Method Man]

And we ain't scared to death, or scared to live  
Put twenty two shots in your crib

[Streetlife]

The Stat, we at it again, put another ten shot through ya  
Benz  
Leave you rollin' through the block, on your rims  
We ain't gots to pretend, me and you, we ain't gots to  
be friends  
So when you 'em

[Method Man]

Be on needles and pins

[Streetlife]

This where the drama begins  
I'm tellin' you pa, I'm out for revenge  
Like a nigga tried to murder my kin, I won't bend

[Chorus]

[Outro: Method Man]

Adjust your radio station  
Let's begin....  
Adjust your radio station

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