

8ball & Mjg "The Streets"

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(feat. Bun B)

[Verse 1: 8 Ball]

Off brand niggaz we ain't fuckin with y'all
Catch up with ya kind cuz you ain't touchin a dog
Imitation fake like Gucci suits niggaz be wearin
Nigga like me hit the room and all the bitches be starin'
I'm not fine I'm not cute, they just know I got some loot
Grippin wood, lookin good '24s make them choose
Nine times out of ten the bitches bad news
Hit the dick and start actin like a motherfuckin' fool
Clothes brand new from my T-shirt to my shoes
Pop a tag every day, that's what ghetto niggaz do
Hustle hard, spread all the bread with my crew
When we in the club they be poppin bottles too
We crunk and keep it hype and everybody know it's on
When my work hits the street watch how quick that shit
be gone
I rap like I'm quick enough but catch 'em full of zones
When my work hits the street watch how quick that shit
be gone, nigga

[Chorus: 8 Ball & MJG]

Street niggaz (keep your guns hit the traps
spend your bread on rims and ice, whatever them
bitches like)
Street niggaz (push it all hard or ball
sticky weed, whatever ya need, man we got it all)
Street niggaz (keep your guns hit the traps
spend your bread on rims and ice, whatever them
bitches like)
Street niggaz (push it all hard or ball
sticky weed, whatever ya need, man we got it all)

[Verse 2: MJG]

I'm just a street nigga I keep my heat under the seat
If a... bum run up hope he got his gun up
From sundown to sunup I keep it with me
And I end up be unloadin on y'all when y'all hit me
It's a grand shame that you niggaz come from it but
can't walk through it
What is it? I thought you knew it

It was the streets nigga, my seat used to hit it when I
didn't have no wheels to go get it
M J fuckin' G droppin these bars with no regards for
snitches and fake broads
You ain't hard from steroids, nigga you big fraud
I remember when them bullets was takin your lunch
card
I'm a real ghetto politician
and what I gotta give in to motherfuckers who willin to
try to vision
When a nigga spittin', Quit all the whinin' and bitchin'
Baby sharp, look and listen, pay attention to what you
been missin'
It's the --

[Chorus]

[Bridge: 8 Ball]

Yea come on..
Street niggaz, street niggaz
We sittin' on leathers and we grippin' on wood (Streets
is watchin')
We makin plenty bread and reppin' our hood (Streets is
watchin')
Money over bitches, man it still all good (Streets is
watchin')
We makin plenty bread and we reppin' our hood
(Streets is watchin')

[Verse 3: Bun B]

What can I say about these streets that I be walkin'?
Not too much cuz where I from niggaz ain't
motherfuckin talkin
We'd rather listen and watch
Tryin to flex and gaurd their clothes and Baume and
Mercier ? watches
Tryin' to get my gloss on
I paid the cos' to be the boss on these corners where
ballin niggaz floss on
Haters get tossed on, 5-0 get ?? and out of towners get
robbed
and drop that, can't nobody gonna stop that
See it was like this before me
So if you think it's time to change, nigga show me
Obviously you don't know me It's time that you learned
Niggaz that try to hold me on my grind, they get
burned
I'm down from P.A., Man - West side to the east, fool
(Aw come on Bun B, dude what about peace?)
Fuck peace, fool
You want some love, ask your momma or the lord

Bitch I'm down with pimps see, UGK be goin harder

[Chorus]

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