

A.O.N. "Street Shit"

Visit "[Street Shit](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"Street Shit" by Angelus of Nex (A.O.N.)

[Chorus]

{Verse 1}

This is that street sh*t that makes you wanna speed
You tell me to follow the speed limit b*tch please
I go to hit my clutch before I pop it in 2nd
It happens in an instant cause it only takes a second
Hell, by the time I rhymed that last verse
My f*ckin ass is so fast I was poppin it in 3rd
B*tch you can't see me cause you're f*ckin motion
blind
I'm always in motion with the notion to leave you behind
I see you in my rearview hardly movin
The look you have says that it's clearer you know you're
losin
B*tch I have the need, the f*ckin need for speed
But speed is what you need to motherf*ckin beat me
While your ass is granny-shiftin to gear three
My car says my speed is past 263
Unfortunately your speed won't go past 93
So as I leave you behind I flip the bird for you to see

[Chorus]

{Verse 2}

B*tch I'm movin so fast that I'm goin the speed of light
And your ass will never catch up to me try with all your
might
Cause tonight I'm not slowin
I'm gonna keep it goin
Fast as I can to where the tracks that I leave on the road
are smokin
As I'm passin through, b*tch I will cause a sonic boom
And every car on the street will move to give me room
I drive it like I stole it, b*tch you know that I'm not slowin
I shift so hard that I've broken the stick but I keep it
goin
Real fast, now watch me leave, I got speed, like Keanu

Reeves

Move so fast, that I'm hard to see, u gon be last, stay
behind me
When I'm gone, you'll never find me, hands on the
wheel
My diamonds blind me, Speedometer says two
hundred ninety
Look in the mirror, you're way behind me
Like a rappin Jeff Gordon
I work fast, like the crack I snorted
Gettin past, I don't support it
And I'ma last from night till mornin
B*tch I won't let up on the gas till I cross the finish line
See all that money and slips you put up's gon be mine

[Chorus]

{Verse 3}

I get mass appeal when my hands are on the wheel
I make more money racing than the money I steal
I won't slow down bitch cause I gotta keep it real
If losin's gonna kill you go ahead and write a will
You think this is a show, but it's the way I f*ckin live
If you race me you will lose cause that's the way it
f*ckin is
Racin feels so good that I think it might be a sin
But I do it cause I love it cause I always f*ckin win
Feel like I'm on cloud 9 when I cross the finish line
Throw up my middle finger b*tch, you know I'm gettin
mine
Got all these hoes on me, got em waitin in line
I'll be racin and f*ckin up until the day that I die
Like 3-6 mafia, b*tch you know I stay fly
If losin makes you teary then get ready to cry
Before you leave the startin point I'm at the finish line
If winnin is against the law then I'm committing crimes
You'd think my tires'd pop off as fast as they spin
Like when I see you fallin behind I got a grin
This song was brought to you courtesy of A.O.N.
I just can't believe I wrote another f*ckin hit again

[Chorus]

Visit [A.O.N.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.