

## Baizura Ning

### "Take it to the Streets"

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[Half A Mill]

Take it to the streets, snakes with heat in this game  
You wanna be a player, I spray them gators off ya feet  
Thuggest Enemy #1, one, one  
From Brook-lan, tons of guns, funds and duns  
That'll make you cough up one in the lung, cough up ya  
tongue  
Four pounds surroundin ya sons, now you wanted to  
run  
Extort you for fun, softer than a fresh baked bun  
You're team was raw before the four-four, now you're  
done  
The clownest one, you made up, about to get ate up  
A buck fifty on each side of your face, now lay up  
Pay up, before you get your fan sprayed up  
You know my clan hold big guns in they hand, to plays  
up  
Go 'head play tough, fake thug, you wanna play rough  
I ride or die, I ain't bluff, you can page Puff (echo)

[Chorus 2X: Blue Flame (all)]

Yo where my thugs? (right here)  
T-H-U-G, yo we call ourselves thugs, cuz we take it to  
the streets  
Soon as a nigga budge, yo we blazin wit the heat  
And we all true thugs, till we D-I-E

[Swan]

From Crow Hill, I blow smoke, till I choke, that's a  
regular  
I blow domes for that paper, like a predator  
Pack gats, VP, best man, etc.  
I roll 'em dice, until you tell me that I'm deaden ya  
I get down for mine, I get crunk  
I got that crip black, and got skunk  
My niggas bust AR's, 4/5's, and pumps  
Shit to make ya body shift, make ya body jump  
Take it to the heat, take it to the street  
Less they short, ain't no talkin shit, take it to my meat,  
bitch  
You read the letter, bar is naked on my sweater

Four hundred and better, tell 'em, hate cash cheddar  
Sittin on a Beretta, niggas ain't seein this  
Wish upon a star, that they can be in this  
Lifestyler'll runnin from the coppers, bustin at the  
helicopters  
Gettin away, I'm on the low, around the way, now

[Chorus 2X]

[Blue Flame]

Blue Flame's blood stain, it's a thug thing  
Take slugs, I love pain, yo there ain't enough pain  
I speak thug slang, only real niggas roll wit me  
Niggas say money, cash and hoes got a hold of me  
Niggas be talkin shit, yeah, but it's all bluff  
Only niggas came in the hood, and saw us, was on the  
tour bus  
Believe that, niggas don't come around where we be at  
Soon as we see ya face it be like "Yo, son where the  
heat at?"  
Yo represent where the fuck you from  
Cuz when you go back in the hood, them niggas go  
want to snuff you son  
Like Franklin, Nostrum and Utica Avenue  
Only blocks I'm namin right now, niggas'll clap at you  
Not to mention the block that I'm from  
Where them niggas is spittin hot ones, this beat is like  
a pump shotgun  
And I can handle it, more than handle it, I can damage  
it  
T2 style, wit one hand and shit, damn I'm sick

[Buckshot]

Real recognize real, Crown Heights to Crow Hill  
Pop ya niggas like pills, plus I got mills  
What I keep the aim on ya back, keep steel  
Miss ya back, hit the back of ya brain, change the thrill  
This is real life shit, thug passion  
Henny and 'ze, get drunk and send me to send me  
away  
UPS thieves, next day package  
Bomb in the mill, open and blowin ya back wit  
And I hate actors, actin like you know me from a hole in  
the wall  
Nigga hold this four-four, you want war? What you think  
I came for  
Spit this blue flame outta the chip of my lighter and  
burn ya face off  
Plus burn ya eyelash, when the nine flash  
This is it, bitches wanna swallow my dick like Slim Fast  
Bullets make it slim fast, ride my dick till I get a cast

This is it, nigga duck the blast

[Chorus 4X]

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