

Chamillionaire "In These Streets"

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"In These Streets"

(feat. B.G., Soulja Slim, Stat Quo)

[Chamillionaire]

Trill is the answer

You thought you knew it, you blew it, that's why they
drew it

The pistol, soon as it hit you, you wished you did never
do it

Bang 'til your brain did spew it, Houston is full of
sewage

It's true, it ain't nothing to it, they'll do it, act like you
knew it

See I ain't really gotta prove it, look around and it show
Cause most of these niggas we used to know ain't even
around here no mo'

But don't drown in your flow, cause it's deep, I look
around and hell no

This is ain't Cleveland, it don't be freezing but boys
around here with snow

And they finding my hoe, and they think she on the
side when she with him

She riding and flipping in your car, you seen that wire
that's sticking?

Out her bra, federal car right behind him is picking his
ass up

But damn bro, they done found them a victim

Walk with me through that spaceship city, where that 9
is that law

Channel 13 preview that scene, who did the crime to
that boy?

Walk in on that red carpet, ain't the kind that the stars
be walking on

Chalk is shown, outline what they draw, damn

[Hook - X2]

It's real on these streets

Niggas be toting heat on these streets

Putting busters to sleep on these streets

Playing for keeps in these keeps

All to eat off these streets

Your momma weep, cause now you lay dead in these

streets

[B.G.]

Where I'm from we play it raw, we cutthroat and bout
our bidness
Some call it New Orleans but I nicknamed it Chopper
City
It's the home of the Hornets, and the home of the
Saints
But don't get that name twisted, we'll toss you off in a
lake
If you want work, we'll tell you we got weight
Tax him 22 for a burner, flower or cake
Nigga ride fly, in Benzes on 22's
Double back, drop 26's under the H2
I'm a fool wit it, hoes be like I want him
Fresh dickie shirt over my tee with some bo's and tim's
I'm a Hot Boy, if you ain't know, ask somebody
On Valence and Magnolia I'm like the Don John Gotti
Don't try me or you'll end up a nobody
On a front of a tee with your people second line
And it's like that, I ain't the one to size up
Cause if you do me that, then I'ma have to fire up

[Hook - X2]

[Stat Quo]

Track bang, track bang, pimp hoe like good game
A goddamn shame, that boy there got good aim
Across the globe he got pulled like hair strains
Stat Quo the beast, Big Bread my nickname
Trunk pop at the show, my verse is spiritual
Test me and your condition will end up critical
Started from the A, why he spit so lyrical?
I write for the hood, he a South Coast miracle
For the strippers, hustlers and common criminals
9 to 5 workers, lieutenants and generals
Correlation to struggle, the grind will injure you
It takes more than crutches to make it through I'm
telling you

[Hook - X2]

[Soulja Slim]

What you're hearing is Uptown, is y'all familiar with that
sound?
A hundred rounds will gun you down, put your bitch ass
underground
Now what I want you to know, see I'm a general
Is there Heaven or Hell? Tell me where the killers go
My pill busting slow, fill up the dro

I'm bout to tell 'em what they need to know
Don't fuck with us, we creeping low
He out that 13th, he out that 17th
I'm out that motherfucking 3-9, who want beef?
I'll be damned if grown killers stay humble
I could get ya killed without upping the bundle
Magnolia, that's my project, never called it a jungle
Keep a spot on the block and a key of dope to fumble
When I'm down south hustling, get paid in many ways
If your lick over a hundred G's, I'm coming to bust yo
head
I say fuck the Feds and I'll say it again
From the streets to the pen, I play the game to win

[Hook - X2]

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