

## **Disharmonic Orchestra**

### **"Street People"**

Visit "[Street People](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Krayzie)

Dedicate this to all the niggas on the streets  
Niggas in the hood strugglin  
Doin what the fuck they gotta do to make their money  
And all the thugs, the hustlas, the gangstas, the  
playas, pimps  
Let's roll, let's roll  
(Ghetto love, ghetto love I can feel that ghetto love,  
ghetto love)

(Krayzie) x2

Street people

(People)

All my people be them niggas with an attitude  
(We're ready for war)  
The street mentality: it's do what you gotta do  
(Do what you gotta do)

(Krayzie)

I dedicate this to the niggas in the hood  
(Where they at? Where they at? Where they at?)  
Keepin it real on the street  
Niggas they practice what they preach, stayin true until  
they D-I-E  
Niggas still strong  
We keep on bailin through the stress  
and all the rest of the shit that's goin on  
Speakin of violence, I see, you got to keep a pistol  
Cause if niggas think you're rich, you gon be got, they  
out to pinch ya  
Bullshit you not--killin' because of the pump  
And it drives us to the point of no return  
Especially when you're gone off of the sherm  
You could give a fuck about a nigga flossin  
While you walkin, he on sixteen switches  
Ain't that a bitch? But that's life  
This shit ain't nothin' nice, and he'll take yours if his  
ain't right  
And I can't stop 'em or knock 'em, but yo, I wouldn't  
even try, though  
Cause Bible say, "Hey, either repent or you will die"

So (so, so), choose one (just one)  
Either repent and get saved  
Or put some food on your table for now

(Chorus)x2  
Street people  
(People)  
All my people be them niggas with an attitude  
(We're ready for war)  
The street mentality  
It's do what you gotta do  
(Do what you gotta do)

Krayzie & (Niko)  
I see my sisters out there hustlin, man (strugglin, man)  
Do what it takes, but that's the brakes, rustle up what  
you can  
Gotta feed your babies (babies, yeah)  
Handle yourself your own business  
don't wait on that nigga to get you nothin  
We been poor long enough, and I know you would  
scheme on somethin  
(somethin, yeah) Take the welfare, fuck it!  
The system givin it to you, cause it's guilt on they  
conscience  
Don't let 'em fool you (don't let 'em fool you, no)  
Really ain't doin' a nigga any favors  
So come and get the paper, paper, before you die, die  
This verse is for my ghetto queens  
Tryin' to come up and get them better things  
particularly cheddar cheese  
Make that money (make that money)  
Work, work, work  
Whatever your occupation  
As long as you bringin home the bacon, bacon, bacon  
Don't let your enemy lock your mind, too  
And I hope y'all really been payin attention cause it's  
1999, ohh  
(Ooh-ooh, yeah)  
Though people comin around, we gon' thug  
So where the thugs at?  
Gimme some of that ghetto love (ghetto love)

(Chorus)x2

Krayzie & (Niko)  
Now if y'all feelin me  
let's get down and tear the roof off the mother  
Shoot the mmotherfuckers, I'm serious and mean  
business  
Ready to pump pump and ride, you with it?

Come on, put it out there, pump, pump, pump police  
They treat us like animals - let's attack 'em like beasts  
But hold on 'fore you start fightin (hold on, hold on)  
Let's brighten up the action scene, pass me the  
gasoline  
(no more, no more) I'm really not trippin on this rappin  
no more  
Cause I know it won't last too much longer  
When it's over, then I be a full-time soldier (I told you)  
If I make it out of the game with all my sanity  
Get paid, fuck the fame, get out quickly, understand  
me?  
Cause at the rate I'm goin, pretty soon they'll try to ban  
me  
for killin these muthafuckas tryin to tamper with my  
family  
Now they got me runnin' from these po-po's tryin to jam  
me  
But I told them muthafuckas not to try to test my manly  
And this is my mentality for fuckin with the street life,  
street life  
(street life)

(Chorus)x2

(Niko)  
I gotta give it up to all my thugstas, we're street people  
Them niggas with an attitude  
Let's stop the killin, we're strugglin just like you to  
make a livin  
We're not pretendin, don't y'all remember?  
It ain't easy tryin to stay alive, some people out there  
smokin crack  
My people workin 9 to 5, just doin' it right  
Real strong  
Hold on  
cause it won't be long before the strugglin' days is long  
gone  
Hold on, be strong

(Krayzie)x2  
Somebody better 'em we the T-H-U-G's  
real fuckin soldiers, soldiers, soldiers, we soldiers  
We're T-H-U-G's  
real fuckin soldiers, soldiers, soldiers, we soldiers  
(Get on up, get on up)

Visit [Disharmonic Orchestra](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

