

Dj Kay Slay "Streetsweepers (Outro)"

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F/ The LOX

[Verse 1 - Styles P] (Sheek Louch)

When there's beef I'ma ride and won't slide 'til I'm
debtin you

(P swallow your pride), my pride ain't edible

Fuck with my life, I'm stressin your death

Cut his guts out, wrap his intestines around his neck

You wanna gun who (*laughing*), what?

Shit it's the ghost and my style's like the art of Water
Block Sun Soo

It's the ghetto godfather, priest in the hood

Cross the line that's your spine, I'm the beast in the
hood

Don't consider that I rap, just consider I'm strapped

And I squeeze at your brain, face, rib and your back

Dog we can keep it brief get straight to the beef

I'm so deep they see the pain in my eyes when I'm
sleep

I made a vow to the streets at a very young age

That I would always use my knife and I would let my
gun blaze

Got niggaz that'll ride with me, die with me, thug with
me

Bust off they hammers, still sell they drugs with me

My niggaz is real they all'll see the judge with me

Nobody in rap, cause all my niggaz thug with me

(nigga)

[Chorus - Sheek Louch] + (Jadakiss)

We gon' keep flippin our cars (weighin the odds), uh

Bustin our guns (raisin our sons), yeah

Bringin the storm (changin the norm)

Niggaz is ass (let's get it on)

Walk with me (I)

Keep flippin our cars (weighin the odds), uh

Bustin our guns (raisin our sons), yeah

Bringin the storm (changin the norm)

Niggaz is ass (let's get it on)

Walk with me (I)

[Verse 2 - Sheek Louch] (Styles P)

We chase niggaz through malls
Clap niggaz through walls
Y'all want it with them D-Block boys
Put the brown things up in you like Chips Ahoy's
Listen I'm a thug and I'm proud
Y'all niggaz "Fashionably Loud"
I don't give a fuck what kind of shirt that is
I'll put the barrel to your kids and your wif
Watch them float, fish takin bites of they skin
Little holes in they chin
You in the mirror tryna see if they spin
Niggaz is ass, tell a nigga drop the top and stop
Roll the windows down, get rid of the cop
I'm in the hood like boots on niggaz cars
Gats on niggaz waist, you couldn't even tell that we
stars
Break down food, pizza, whatever it be
I love my niggaz and they love me (get off our dick)
What? you ain't gettin the point I think I'll give it to you
Right in your waist and hand your fuckin liver to you,
yeah

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Jadakiss] (Sheek Louch)

Uh, uh, uh, uh, hey yo this is why I claim no slums
(why?)
Cause I could sit back, knock off a half a brick, and
chew Rainblow Gums
And the color of the Benz will kill ya, it's gold
When it's movin fast it look like silver, I'm low
With the trey pound next to my nuts
A shotgun ridin shotgun on the seat next to my dutch
I swear for God the Mag'll bust
Niggaz know 'Kiss flow been crazy like a bag of dust
Y'all industry-tuitionalized
My niggaz is real, real niggaz see the truth and the lies
Aimin for your head (but really tryna shoot out your
eyes)
With every Tef, then stomp out whatever is left
And sometimes I say shit that I shouldn't
But I never said that I couldn't
Turn your chest plate into pudding
And all my niggaz'll spray
Except women, so the reason y'all living, cause y'all
niggaz is gay, uh

[Chorus]

