

## Dream Street

### "Hate to See Me Have Shit"

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[Maine-O]

Nigga I'm from the projects  
Now pack my tech  
And I demand respect  
You plan a place and get checked  
And I'll make your t-shirt wet  
See I'm that fed up out the Sco nigga  
A pro nigga  
What you mean that's all you got  
Get your ass on the floor nigga  
Move faster if you have to  
And if you ain't got what I'm knockin'  
Mutha fucka I'ma attempt to get me  
The convo before I go Joe Blow  
I'm robbin' niggas for they doe  
And hittin' the cuts and lay low  
I'll spray your whole block up  
And everybody's gettin' popped up  
Nobody got up  
Because you bitches all got shot up  
Clock up my nina, fuckin' supina'd  
I'm not goin' back to jail  
I'm blastin' niggas to hell  
And if I fail then I'm all in  
But at least wit a piece  
I can release when I'm a star bitch  
Cuz I'm a Northern Cali killa  
Stack, still a cap pilla  
I got dealers stackin' skrilla from jackin' niggas

Chorus: x2 [Hennessy]

Niggas rather see me blasted  
I lay dead in the casket  
To see me laughin'  
But I ain't havin' it  
The gas pedal I be mashin'  
To escape the assassin  
Cuz mutha fuckas hate to see me have shit

[Hennessy]

It's time to smash the gas pedal

Openin' off 4-4 barrels  
Wit my strap in my lap  
Cuz these mutha fuckas jealous  
Cuz I drinkin' brews  
Wit my man dressed in blue  
Top notches on my jock  
Tryin' to choose cuz I make it move  
That's why I'm 4 deep  
Drunk off the Olde E  
And if you got beef  
Lets hate banger's to the goatee  
These scandalous ass bitches  
Is just as bad as these niggas  
And niggas could get riches  
So that these bitches could roll in benz's  
My business on the hump, on the down low like R  
Wit my windows smoke tinted  
So you can't see up in my car  
Callin' shots on niggas life's  
Like I'm Jesus Christ and uh  
Thou shall not grind without kickin' in mine  
Cuz time after time they're back  
Game scattered like roaches  
They be victims of my sickness  
Cuz I'm vicious when it's slowly  
I'm the nigga bitch  
And best believe there's no mistakin'  
Cuz these other niggas fakin'  
Like they're makin' what I'm makin' nigga

[Chorus] x2

[Taydatay]

Sort of like a psycho  
Fuck no, a lunatic  
I'm ready to do some dirt  
Because I'm deep up that bullshit, wit 45  
Different ways to express  
These eleven hollow points  
Into yo mutha fuckin' chest  
Who wanna test  
That criminal minded nigga bustin' like a savage  
All for the love of the cabbage  
When I see it, I got to have it  
Fuck a ho, and milk a bitch  
That be the way  
Cuz they hate to see me lavage  
Makin' money, gettin' paid on the regular  
No hesitations for my filla, realla  
Cuz a nigga illa for the skrilla  
Peel yo cap back

And creep like a mutha fuckin' menace  
And witness as I jack and bounce wit the quickness  
Stack the money in the safe  
Rendezvous wit the click  
Think of Mr. Make-A-Mil  
I'm the mutha fuckin' shit  
It's so drastic  
And keep away from niggas who be blastin'  
And hatin' on a nigga  
Cuz they hate to see me have shit

[Chorus] x2

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