

Eightball & Mjg "The Streets"

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Off brand niggaz, we ain't fuckin' with y'all
Catch up with ya kind 'cuz you ain't touchin' a dog
Imitation fake like Gucci suits that niggaz be wearin'
Nigga like me hit the room and all the bitches be starin'

I'm not fine I'm not cute, they just know I got some loot
Grippin' wood, lookin' good, '24s make them choose
Nine times out of ten, the bitches bad news
Hit the dick and start actin' like a motherfuckin' fool

Clothes brand new from my T-shirt to my shoes
Pop a tag everyday that's what ghetto niggaz do
Hustle hard, spread all the bread with my crew
When we in the club they be poppin' bottles too

We crunk and keep it hype and everybody know it's on
When my work hits the street watch how quick that shit
be gone
I rap like I'm quick enough but catch 'em full of zones
When my work hits the street watch how quick that shit
be gone, nigga

Street niggaz, keep your guns, hit the traps
Spend your bread on rims and ice, whatever them
bitches like
Street niggaz, push it all hard or ball
Sticky weed, whatever you need, man, we got it all

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I'm just a street nigga, I keep my heat under the seat
If a bum run up hope he got his gun up
From sundown to sunup I keep it with me
And I end up be unloadin' on y'all when y'all hit me

It's a grand shame that you niggaz come from it
But can't walk through it, what is it? I thought you knew
it

It was the streets, nigga, my feet used to hit it
When I didn't have no wheels to go get it

MJ fuckin', G droppin' these bars with no regards
For snitches and fake broads
You ain't hard from steroids, nigga, you big fraud
I remember when them bullets was takin' your lunch
card

I'm a real ghetto politician
And what I gotta give in to motherfuckers who willin' to
try to vision
When a nigga spittin', quit all the whinin' and bitchin'
Baby sharp, look and listen, pay attention to what you
been missin'

It's the street niggaz, keep your guns, hit the traps
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Yeah, c'mon, street niggaz, street niggaz
We sittin' on leathers and we grippin' on wood
(The streets is watchin')
C'mon, yeah, we makin' plenty bread and we reppin'
our hood
(The streets is watchin')

Yeah, c'mon, money over bitches, man, it still all good
(The streets is watchin')
Street niggaz, street niggaz
We makin' plenty bread and we reppin' our hood

What can I say about these streets that I be walkin'?
Not too much 'cuz where I from niggaz ain't
motherfuckin' talkin'
We'd rather listen and watch, tryin' to flex and guard
Their clothes and Baume and
Mercier[Incomprehensible] watches

They gave my gloss on, I paid the cost to be the boss
On these corners where ballin' niggaz floss on
Haters get tossed on, 5-0 get [Incomprehensible]
And out of towners get robbed and drop that

Can't nobody gonna stop that

See, it was like this before me, so why am I

[Incomprehensible]

If you think it's time to change, nigga, show me

Obviously you don't know me, it's time that you learned

Niggaz that try to hold me on my grind, they get

burned

I'm down from P.A., man, west side to the east, fool

(C'mon Bun B, dude, what about peace?)

Fuck peace, fool

You want some love, ask your momma or the Lord

Bitch, I'm down with pimps see, UGK be goin' harder

[Incomprehensible] street niggaz, keep your guns, hit
the traps

Spend your bread on rims and ice, whatever them
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