

## Hell Rell "Streets Gonna Love Me"

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Uh-huh, Dipset  
(They gon' love me)  
Uh, yes, uh  
(They gon' love me)  
Uh-huh, uh-huh, yes  
We live for 'em, we die for 'em

Chorus:

I love the streets and the (streets don't love me)  
Be in the streets and the (streets don't love me)  
Die for the streets and the (streets don't love me)  
It's a cold cold world world world  
I love the streets and the (streets don't love me)  
Be in the streets and the (streets don't love me)  
Die for the streets and the (streets don't love me)  
It's a cold cold world world world  
Now what you say, now what you say (they gon' love me)  
Now what you say, now what you say (they gon' love me)  
Now what you say, now what you say (they gon' love me)  
Now what you say, now what you say (they gon' love me)

Verse 1:

Can fly or ride around in the drop all day  
Or get money, just chillin' on the block all day  
And yeah it's funny that I love the streets but they don't love me back  
Yeah I hug the block but it damn sure don't hug me back  
Lost a few homies, still grindin' it out  
Got some problems in the streets, straight iron it out  
Yeah, and these mean streets put me in jail  
But the streets ain't put up my bail, oh well  
You know Rell, still huggin' it, one life to live  
And I'm reppin' my block, my strip, that's what it is  
Got gun boys outside letting it go  
I got the block huggers out there selling that snow  
And they might get knocked but that's the chances we take

You know it's all for the cake, yeah it's all for the cake  
And I know it's a chance I can get killed out here  
Pants saggin', chain swingin', and I'm still out here,  
yeah

Chorus

Verse 2:

Streets don't love us but we love the streets  
We hustle in the fire like we love the heat  
Get fly for the bitches, pull the Coupe up, and make  
'em smile  
Pops wasn't there man the streets had to raise the child  
Look what it made me, money-hungry and crazy  
But I still got the Ruger on me, that's my baby  
Know some gangstas in ya hood, I be runnin' through  
there  
They ride the 5 in ya projects, I be comin' through there  
I'm in the streets like mailboxes and stop signs  
My money, try to stop mine, I got to pop mine  
For real man the streets don't love us yeah the streets  
don't love us  
They let us get the paper, in the end they gon' cuff us  
Yeah, I seen it all, the streets is cold man  
Take a young boy, make him look like a old man  
It wasn't for the streets, I wouldn't have got on the map  
So I carry the hood, look what I got on my back  
But

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