

Lange Frans & Baas B

"Just Like Us"

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This is as close you gon' get to the streets without
gettin shot

[Chorus]

In the streets
Cock guns and bust yo' heat
In the streets
Where we live and die for beef
In the streets
Hos'll set you up, get blood on your sheets
In the streets
By any means we gon' eat
In the streets
Sellin drugs you might blow up
In the streets
They got hos to set you up
In the streets
Even police is corrupt
In the streets
There's a million niggaz just like us

[Sticky Fingaz]

I swear I ain't been the same since they had to bury my
pops
I'm uncivilized like I was raised in a box
I'm told get your sister raped nigga makin you watch
Fuck the cops, fuck the world, I'm above the law
They can't catch me, what you think the gloves is for?
Got your ear to the street, you ain't hearin me
Motherfucker, the streets got they ear to me
Speak my name, better think careful duke
Like when clingin on to life who gon' be there for you?
Get blood on they seats, drive you to the hospital
Nobody!!! Cause you goin to hell
I got an image to protect and records to sell
Besides a one sided story is easy to tell
My poster on the wall only way you see me in jail
Sticky Fingaz nigga, the legend, the myth
Niggaz get shot everytime I shoot the gift

[Chorus]

[X-1]

I banged out in dorms and tore mouths off
While yall run to cops as soon as it pops off
I can't respect lames when I'm knowin you soft
That's why I feel the pain for my thugs up north
No regrets in this world, not one care
No respect for this world without no peers
They did me wrong for years, I'm finally gettin back
Never sheaded a tear seein niggaz on they back
Lord knows it hurts to put his people in the dirt
Bullet holes in shirts and chumps buried in skirts
Prayin to God is hard, these streets don't play
But you gotta keep up your guard and hope the pain go
away
I'm from where they shoot street lights out
And you gotta yell to talk over passin trains
And watch who you fuck with when passin 'cain
Cause them same fists'll get your wrists trapped in
chains, nigga

[Chorus]

[Geneveese]

My killers move triggers and set firearms off
Smoke the type of blunts that set fire alarms off
One shot'll blow your face, chest and your arms off
Murderin Guiliani for all the pain that he's causin
Launderin dirty laundry through banks of corporate ?
Shit doctors can only calm me til the drugs wear off
One pump of the sawed-off and your squad'll be
hauled off
Dropped her off in the car lock, locked in the trunk of
the car
Shit's official, we spittin through government issue
40 automatic pistols rippin through brain tissue
Stuffin coke up wit your bitch I'll piss through
And a black on black lambo, puffin on ? crystal
Under our politics, codes of the street
Never negotiate with killers with intentions of breach
Only associate with villains if you willin to bleed
Cause leakin'll get your mother hogtied and brutally
beat

[Chorus]

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