

## Lisa "Left Eye" Lopes "2 Street 4 Tv"

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Chorus 1:

She's too street for T.V.  
And the streets know she keeps it true  
That she's a bad girl  
But if you can't keep it gangsta  
Then she's too street for you  
And wherever she goes I know  
She gon' handle business but she gon' lay low  
But I'ma be your witness  
I get down with a quickness  
How many times must I tell ya'll  
The niggas ain't no fuckin' for free  
Then keep it real and pay my bills  
If you want next to me  
I got my mind on presiduous missions  
So pay attention so pay a visit  
I only feel it when a thug hit it  
And I'm L-E-F-T to the E-Y-E  
And I'm from Tha Row  
Mixed with a little T-L-C  
So if you ain't 2 proud 2 beg  
Then holler at it  
But it ain't no guarantee  
That you gon' spread these legs  
'cause it's all about connectin' dots  
Perfectin' spots  
And I ain't sittin' on it if your shit ain't hot  
So clear the way and lay the red carpet  
Lets get it started  
And I'm hotter than 99 percent of all artists  
So you don't have to hate on me  
Pretty brown skin intellect and sexy  
And in my world I'm the best to me  
And I always got love for these gangsta streets

Chorus 2:

She's too street for T.V.  
And the streets know she keeps it true  
That she's a bad girl  
But if you can't keep it gangsta  
Then she's too street for you  
And wherever she goes I know

She gon' handle business but she gon' lay low  
But I'ma be your witness  
I get down with a quickness  
Baby no matter how far you go  
Baby I put it down from Compton to Bed Stuy  
These skeez contest my flow  
But they can't go  
With Lisa Left Eye Lo  
You easy give it your best try  
No-body can see me  
When I'm with Tha West Side Row  
They wanna know how long can it last  
I oughtta keep my name hotter than volcanic ash  
I gotta push weight more copies than Santana  
Spot me in Hotlanta  
With papi's in bandanas  
And I pull up with televisions and dubs  
At the club in front of them jealous pigeons and scrubs  
Chickens please kill the drama  
Don't make me pass by  
And splash puddles of water on your Prada little mama  
See I don't trip on none of you haters for this reason  
Got more hits than Barry Bonds' best season  
Please believe me I'm too street for T.V.  
And it's gonna take more than you industry bitches to  
see me  
Chorus 2  
Check it out  
I'm too street with two heats  
In new feet I'm too sweet  
Say you wanna touch  
But tell me how much can you eat  
Complete from the concrete  
Mystery to Bombee  
Burn up the sheet  
Whenever my pen and my palm meet  
Sex symbol nimble makin' roughnecks tremble  
Get clowned if you need a rubber and little like a  
thimble  
I need a born kitty beater  
LA city reader  
Be the titties on  
He's sprung once I left did he do 'em  
But I'ma do him exactly how he's supposed to be done  
Got my roaster in the holster just stay close to me son  
T.V. don't wanna see me 'cause I'm way beyond P.G.  
Freaky still creepin' Left Eye stay sneaky  
In the district where the light's red  
Where the sight spread over these other bitches just  
now  
I'm meetin' Mr. Nice Bread

Go ahead please remember everything that I said  
I'm the best with the burner in the booth or in the bed  
Chorus 2  
She's too street 4 T.V. (oh)  
Too gangsta for most  
But just enough for Tha Row (most)  
But just enough for Tha Row  
Yeah yeah  
Mmmm mmmm  
Hey baby

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