

Lou Reed **"Dirty Blvd."**

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Hello, hello, yo what up, man?
Who the fuck is this?
Who the fuck it sound like, man?
What the fuck you calling so early for, man?
What the fuck time is it?

It's like 3 o'clock, man
Thought you was coming to get me, man?
Shit, my bad son, please, man, come get me
Man, before I choke this bitch, man
Hurry up, son, man, it's like 90, man
Let's get some hoes or something

What up, dun? Same ol' shit
No doubt, ain't nothing new
Let's take a little spin, dun, word up

Yo, open my wings to a new day spread my lungs
Get laced, jump in the whip, stash the guns
Twist the key, shifted to D then flee
Before anything, get the daily dose of choke

We got the Benzo flooded with smoke on the float
My eye's burnin' from the dope killin' my throat
Lean my seat a taste, lumbar support on the belt
Doin' 90 or more debatin' on the latest rhyme wars

Where units don't count
But your rap pay add up to large amounts
Get my thrills puttin' other nigga's skills to sleep
Catch chills off a infamous beats

Swing the trees doin' one-handed u'ees
Blowin' on the ouwee 'cause we can't have the
medicine canoein'
There go the boys to the right, no days and nights like
that
Ayyo, dun, hold that down and turn it around

Dirty as fuck, thugs drugs and guns, D's and fatigues
T N T hopin' out of MPV's, surprise all a fuck out of me
Got rubber Glocks pointed at me

Ayyo Twin, what the fuck?

They had us laid out on the ground holdin' us down
With gats to back of our heads was goin' down
It wasn't us that held up that bitch you got
Where's the proof, man? Let me speak to my attorney

I know the routine, don't try to throw me
I been gettin' knocked since 12 and my moms tried to
scold me
But all that told me to get in more shit
Ayyo P, what up? You my co-D, we both get knocked

What you did with that half a tree?
(Right in my sock)
Yo, I hope these fuckin' dicks won't find the stash spot
Dun, you know how I get down?
Yo I'm ready to bounce

Do the 100 yard-dash and tear ass
If my other half was alive we woulda got kill
'Cause dun woulda went for the guns and got ill
Plus I gots cracks on me, they found the cracks on me

Looked at'em, gave'em back to me
I could swear they was takin' us in
Then the lady in the car said, "that's not them"
Picked us up, told me I could keep the drugs

They didn't give a fuck, they was only lookin' for guns
And you ain't gotta tell us twice
We hopped in the car and slid off
On our way up-town for more of that funk

P lit the tree back up
Got off the Tri-burrough, hit the Henry Huds
Fuck it, let's slide through the Rutgers
Roll the windows down 'cause infamous Mobb bumpers

Skip To My Lou had the crowd jumpin'
Took a walk through the park frontin'
Didn't even have to hurt nuttin'
Man, I love it, ain't nothin' like summer in New York

Hear Infamous Thoughts
Then the Dream Team music starts
Damn, we young black entrepreneurs
New York pricks and dicks can't stop our floss

We like organized crime, the fuckin' Mobb
I'm only twenty-six playin' wit' serious cards

Dead serious cash, luxurious labs
Learn to balance fame with pain, you can't complain

Jus' another day livin' in the hood
Jus' another day around the way
Feelin' good today, oh no, we can't complain

Jus' another day livin' in New York
Dealin' with the jakes and the snakes .
Feelin' good today, we hit 'em up 'cause we here to
stay

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