

Damien "My Streets"

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We smoke dubs on hot streets
Watch hoes creep
Drop hits of acids in 3's
Blow up bitch police
As they drive down my street
In their ugly ass caprice
Walk away and say peace
Watch tramp ass hood rats
Walk around with fake gats
Poppin pills of x lax
Beat em down and puttem on the rail road tracks
Bunch of hoes that can't ball
Just a bunch of hacks
Can't handle 6 packs
But I need to relax
Cause im about to react

These bitches wanna compete
You about to be made obsolete
And wind up on the concrete
As I bust out my heat
But yo ass is used to defeat
So you become discreet
Now you wanna come up to me wit beef
Well let me brief
Ima murder you like I did the chief of police
Run off and shoot up NBD
Take the money and run
Go by some tight ass Detroit chron
Get blazed up and flee
Back to the crime scene

I get a rush off the trouble I cause
As I break the city bylaws
And leave people in aw
While they wonder y I did this
You damn right I did it
And I'll do it again
I might as well be blacklisted
Cause I don't even exist
So what am I to do
Wait for a breakthrough

Just so my album can debut
But when will I be noticed
And become a talented artist

This is how it is on my streets
We walk around and carry beefs

Cause weve lost all belief
But this ain't no time to grief

I should write a song about the hell I cause
As I get fucked up and traumatized
And listen to tupacs still I rise
And wonder y I even try
Their can't be two of us
So I better bust
im a drunken lush
And I ain't even worth the fuss
I get on the mike and jus cuss
About how I wanna kill a bitch named russ
Strangle him and beat him over the head
With his own bed post
Cause I hate bitch talking hoes
And especially weak ass homos
Who don't wanna throw down with me
Youll find you ass hangin dead from a tree

This is how it is on my streets
We walk around and carry beefs
Cause weve lost all belief
But this ain't no time to grief

I don't take shit from peeps
I ain't got no beef
After I put you 7ft deep
This anger needs to be released
Cause the insanity just increased
So what am I to do
Yell at bitches in drive throughs
Walkin around pissed at every crew
Wanting to kill everyone even you
Cause of this tension from when I grew
I see you stumbling around drunk
And run you over in my truck
Claim it was an accident

Cause that's how it is on my streets
You wouldn't know about that
So put away that fake gat

