

## Redrama

### "Street Music"

Visit "[Street Music](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

I only got one thing to say  
I only sing for my people who be struggling like every  
Day  
(Street music, shit ain't sweet music)

Stand on my own feet no matter what happens  
My struggle a grown me to a man, man  
Kill you on yo' own beat with this rap thing  
And I still hate the police with a passion  
So raise yo' glasses, stomp yo' feet  
I ain't asking, do it if you hungry  
This that street music  
Don't get it confused, kid  
No you thought it was but shit ain't sweet, stupid  
Uncivilized and I'm drunk as shit  
So tell the DJ to bump that shit  
If yo' girl screaming and yelling  
Turning yo' evening to hell, then I'm telling you need  
To dump that bitch  
How many times have I told you I don't play  
Disrespect me ok  
It goes both ways  
Coming from the land where the sky's so grey  
Running with my plans 'cause that's what my mom told  
Me.

Refrain:

I only got one thing to say  
Y'all need to bump this shit until yo' speakers blow  
Away  
(Street music, shit ain't sweet music)  
I only got one thing to say  
I only sing for my people who be struggling like every  
Day  
(Street music, shit ain't sweet music)

Shit ain't gonna be moving without blood, sweat and  
Tears  
12 years I been on the bud and the beer  
So keep it coming before my buzz disappears  
Chi-chi man ain't getting no love up in here

You need to pay attention  
And shut yo' little mouth when my name is mentioned  
Worrying about tomorrow ain't my way of thinking  
I'm a do what I do, Red ain't regretting  
Now Helsinki, that's where I'm born, where I roam,  
Where I bone  
But I've been around like a vagabond  
Where I lay my hat is home  
Man, I'm known from the catacombs deep  
Inna Babylon to the Amazon  
Get out yo' seat quick  
Haters can eat a dick  
Believe it, kid, now swing around 'til you seasick  
Life can be a mean bitch it's a known fact  
But Red's shit's like popping Prozac  
I grew up inna midst of a snowstorm  
I ain't a gangster, but I can make some phone calls  
I do it for my single baby mamas  
And the kids in school with behavior problems  
So get yo' hands up if you hate yo' job  
And you scheme on the side, one day at a time  
Gold spoon motherfuckers, won't waste yo' time  
Street music 'till the day I die.

Refrain

Visit [Redrama](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.