

## **Soulja Boy**

# **"Love For The Streets"**

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Y'all really know man that real shit  
Fifty thirteen shit  
Twenty twelve shit  
Type a shit that be going through my mind like  
When I'm seeing dollars sounds like  
Gold bars are obstacles I climb  
Illuminator haters find light  
And they shitting on them niggers too  
That's why I wake up feeling like the truth  
And that nigger won't be stopped  
Hard hustle, just to take the pot  
Niggers scheme every day  
Just to make a plot  
Read between the lines  
And connect the dots  
Yeah we living in tomorrow  
Twenty twelve, Bentley clip  
Full of hollows  
Them niggers getting it in on the battle field  
Ten chain, five rounds, soldier lack of fear  
Who knows man? This just might  
Fifty stars, thirteen stripes  
Making history on a daily basis  
Some people love it  
Some people hate it  
I see it in their faces  
You got the right grind  
I'm not trying to get left on the sideline  
So every think I wake up to thank god  
Check the guide lines on the damn ground  
A pin is on my timeline I'm putting it out  
Real music's from the very start  
And I do it fucking big cause they say I couldn't  
And I do it even bigger cause they say I wouldn't  
Rolling numbers with a pair of dice  
SODMG that's paradise  
I'm going out  
Smoking as I flow  
Me and y'all got this rap shit in the yo  
Couple helicopters, cribs and a boat  
Who the fuck's stopping us?  
And they pointing blocks for us

Standing outside all night did a lot for books  
Can't take nothing away from me

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