

**Mc Eiht****"Streets Don't Love U"**

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**[Verse 1]**

Geah, It's 187 cause I'm back on the block  
Quick to shoot first wit the gat that stay cocked  
It's real gangsta shit nigga, It's on lock  
West coast compton, The town that rock  
Follow the cracked up roll down the compton block  
Not school, But I'm the motherfuckin neighborhood  
jock  
Whether ntv rock or chop ya in  
But the team coast sported boy rude a flame  
My name not household, I ain't pac  
But on the underground fool, Yeah I'm on top  
I don't play for the mainstream, Fuck around, Have you  
playin wit the red beam  
Fuck around, few shots leave ya gang green  
Slumped over, front seat wit a cold lean  
Fa sho, I be first in line to start static wit y'all  
Have ya mama at the pad awaiting the call  
West coast, West side, East side, We slide  
Anywhere y'all want it, Nowhere to hide  
Geah

**[Chorus]**

Creep wit the sleeper, Wit the locust look up on my face  
You six feet deeper, And you can't wake, Rain drop's  
fallin  
These street's don't love you, But they can love you  
They follow me though

**[Verse 2]**

Beef ain't a dvd, It's automatic  
I'm gone off the hood life, So call me an addict  
In the land where girls got plastic tits  
Niggaz wit plastic grips ready to start shit  
Who the fuck y'all wit? And where y'all from?  
Hollows quick to follow the philly stomp  
How come y'all tryin to play the thug act?  
Just the way that a copycat gon react  
And the impact when the chambers slide back  
In-Depth description of the carjack  
And you know that tattoo when the arm's raised

The shots penetrate you and they don't graze  
I just blaze, Just like school days  
I run wit a frat of boys, We so crazed  
Creepin, So amazing, We a little iraq when we start  
engaging  
Any nigga I smack, My machine is raging  
Gun tucked when I gotta fuckin rhyme on stage, Man

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Been under the hood spell for so damn long  
My life in the streets just can't be wrong  
I'm hardcore, Motherfucker, Ain't no joke  
I'm old school like a pimp, Likely to trip  
No chip on ya shoulder, Likely to knock it off  
Every motherfuckin rhyme you rock is soft  
Burn, Weak niggaz, burn  
Wannabe o.g., But you can't earn  
Wanna see us flee, But you gon learn  
Just wait, Sky free, See the wheels turn  
Hustlas, Ridaqs, Hoes, Ex-cons, Grown westside boys  
like lil jon  
I'ma bang compton til the break of dawn  
Late night hype, Mean bodies on the lawn  
Former has been dickies sure ain't strong  
But I'll jack for ya jewels and head straight to the pawn  
Geah

[Chorus]

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