

Young Jeezy "Streets On Lock"

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Let's get it

These haters just hating they ain't talking 'bout s***
I'm a grown a** man I flip my own ***
I don't need yo, help I can own my own ***
Ain't no mother*** help me write my rhymes

Ain't no nobody pay for my studio time
See me at the top and want to claim my fame
Hunting took my chain yeah, mother*** right
You better off saying a *** took my life

Want to assassinate my character but I ain't acting
It ain't adding up so you can't subtracting
B.I.G. said it first more money more problems
The why I see it more problems more money, what's up

I got the streets on lock, Atlanta on my back
I do it for the hood, you got a problem with that
Real homies so this rap s*** easy, when I speak
These people believe me 'cause *** I'm Jeezy

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Eyes wide shut I don't see these haters
'Cause deep in your heart you want to be me player
Want to stand in my shoes, want to hit my ***
Want to live my life, want to rock my shows, no

Ya young punks with ya loose a** lips
I keep a AR with them loose a** clips
What type of real G name himself after a bag
Homie you's a hoe, a Loui Vuitton fag

My name ain't *** so keep it out ya mouth
It is what it is look I am Da South, that's right
Big Mac you boys small fries
You just another *** I'm more like the franchise

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I was born in the Field raised in Atlanta
Pop busted a *** here so I was made in Atlanta
Mat Lew died so I stayed in Atlanta
Had a plug on the squares got paid in Atlanta

Twenty-two's on the 2-door it sits so right
Ice tray on my wrist yeah, it shines so bright
Make moves in the day and I ball by night
9/11 Porsche I was on that flight

Five nine, six one I call 'em the twin towers
Had them on the triple stack, hit 'em both in the shower
Pedal to the medal 'bout a buck 85
Mr. 17-5 slow head well I drive, what's up

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