

Trae Tha Truth "I Am The Streets"

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Fire!

[Verse 1 - Rick Ross]

Riding in a cab but I'm dreaming of a slab
Cooking ounces at a time, pussy nigga do the math
Ten ice chains, Prince like James
The day I made a stack in the trap, my life changed
Y'all ride swangers, we ride Dayton's
It don't matter where you from, haters stay hating
Keep the windows tinted, artillery when I'm in it
Whip it in the kitchen before Hillary became a Clinton
Assholes by nature, cash flow was major
In the old school, or M codes and fragers
Started with a crumb, but turned it to a brick
They were calling me a bum, my turn, I'm the shit
Razor flipped things, age of fifteen
Got a Chevy in that thing, blades like Chris Creams
Rose on the wrist, when the shows ain't exist
Now my money long enough to put the fours on a six
Boss

[Chorus - Lloyd]

From the depths of the sea to the stars in the sky
I'ma be a hustler till I die
Sixty in the clip in case enough pride
But all them haters want to try
So shorty what you smoking on?
Marijuana's what I'm choking on
I don't care if you call me crazy
But street niggas getting mullah baby

[Verse 2 - Trae tha Truth]

I'm still located in the gutter, fresh set of fours
Watching haters out a foreign, chopper on the floor
Pillowcases full of money, still ain't got no place to go
So I evacuate the safe, hit the hood and let it blow
You thinking I ain't the king of my section, nigga you
way off
My hustle make the killer amazing like it's the playoffs
In the hood for real, these corners I never stay off
Satin black Camaro, the Challenger till the day off
Picture that

I remember of having visions of getting paid
Now I sit on something suede or in something that's
getting sprayed
I'm in that field with the trap around the third eye
This the National Hood Geographics, call it bird
watching
I'm this jungle rocking cinematic stones
Interstate, but the bread talking money so long
Pussy niggas mad because I'm getting my money on
Who else you know got out the hood and put half the
city on?

[Chorus]

[Bridge - Lloyd]

My name Young Lloyd, yeah you know what I'm on
Many girls are laid in my Styrofoam
And I'm in the H-Town, so don't play around
Or my nigga Trae tha Truth going to lay you down
Rick Ross be the boss in the Phantom and all
Got round the clock rocks, spring, winter, and fall
Some of y'all might call me crazy
But street niggas getting mullah baby

[Verse 3 - The Game]

I'm a natural born asshole, is you? Yeah, why?
Because it's do or die when them choppers in the air
I see clear as Belvedere, you haters know this my year
Paid no attention to y'all, I'm still thinking about Shakur
Having suicidal thoughts in this Phantom, it's a bitch
ain't it?
Paid a half a million for this motherfucker, then paint it
Chinchilla floor mats, that's beyond paper
Me and Trae flying through Houston like Von Wafer
You niggas ain't balling, you T-Mack, you stay hurt
I order more Pequa, got more rocks than a Jay verse
I used to sell pounds, watch 'Mash', and weigh work
Got shot and woke up out a coma, could've been way
worse
But now I'm living for my niggas
Locked deep down in the prison hole, with no vision
When I drop the top, I do it for you
So close your eyes and let the sun shine through
Yeah

[Chorus]

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