

2Pac F/ SKG

"In the Streets"

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[Chorus - x 2]

In the street I'm bout my buisness how I be a be a
if you want some work from me you pay a fee a fee a
when I check my crackhouse I'm gonna reup reup
for you robbers in the hood I throw my heat up heat up

[Verse 1]

They always be askin what is crack cocaine
Crack cocaine fries your brain
Crack cocaine keep me pocket change when I be on my
slang
Keep them thangs single solid on a brick up off the
house
Try to snatch my shit wit out payin I'm blowin off ya
mouth
That's the way it is in up in the dope game have no
respect
Don't pass wit no brains if no thangs blow some big ass
checks
Straight to the liquor store thats were we roll to get my
75
Damn they close at 11 yes I'm ballin doin 99
Worked that whole week to get that cheese and give
that shit to me
Bet you feelin shitty fall to sleep on the side of the
street
Tell me how it feels walkin round I no whats goin on
Only thing you no is I'm the 1 supplyin all the stone
Keep my pockets swoll and I be ballin on the fuckin slab
Think you droppin sissions in my buisness take yo
buisness back
Yes I roll wit dealers and my skrillas are my priority
Bitch I ride wit killas and these killas have authority

[Chorus - x 2]

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[Verse 2]

well I ain't waistin mine, gotta get them nickels and
dimes all the time
cuz Benjamin Franklin the only mother fucker on my
mind
I'm ridin to a cutless twanky threes grippin pine
And I know the junkies see me colors changin all the
time
when you spot me better stop me cuz I'm not slayin
long
the pigs love comin up to this white boy ridin on all this
fuckin chrome
got yo stone bitch I'm gone destination where I stay
fraiser boy up on the side and bitch were ridin to the
bay
what you talkin bout? what you askin bout? what you
need from me
check it I serve some big bags, some crack, and some
ecstasy
anything else I don't fuck wit it, or I just fuckin know
were to find it where to get it and how far the shit will
flow
Where smokers and sellers these drugs be so plentiful
but junkies will do anything for that crack mane and its
pitiful
they loose there life Critical they loose there bodies
shut down physical
But rock it up you get yo grip and all that there is
beuitifull

[Chorus - x 2]

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[Verse 3]

It ain't no stoppin here I could keep boomin slangin dis
dope
or I could take a chance flippin this bird to a bro
but see its jus my luck po's will prolly kick in my doe
so I gotta keep lookin over my should lookin out for
dem hoes
And I gotta find another location plus anohter
temptation there so
many faces and customers in this occupatin and I have
no patience
And people wanna fuck wit my time thas why you be
comin up short wit these
nickles and dimes, I'm even wit mine
You get it when I get it and thas all the time
I never decline your money unless you smell outta line

And I'm feelin fine, they'll find you all tied up in some
twine
my moneys important a lil more then important then
how I shine
dont play wit that 9, you pull it use it you should abuse
it mine
but see ya blind, then copyrite yo mouf wit yo mind
I'm puttin it out and givin it to ya jus how I get it
this evil is wit it wit no discussin this is how I spit it

[Chorus - x 2]

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