

Swishahouse

"In These Streets"

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(*Crystal singing*)

[Hook: Crystal - 2x]

In these streets, thugs bust shots duck cops
Ride 4's drop tops, or rocks on my block
Stay focused, keep toting that heat
Right hand to the man, other hand on my peeps

[Lil' Keke]

Real gutter and grimey, and my hood is riding
I was born in the city, where the streets are watching
Them FED's in town, so we dodging devices
Suffering out here, up and down crack prices
Weed in the jam, and the drank is slow
And the last couple months, it's a hundred and fo'
Bought a new AR, it's getting close to Christmas
And parole board tripping, so they killing the system
The block is in pieces, been good to me
And I still make a move, for some 14-3
I'm with a click of dope boys, on cruise control
We just riding through the streets, on snitch patrol
Rock stars on the hunt, so the track is jumping
All nighters go-getters, O.G.'s is pumping
Back to the streets, just to cook that hard up
Summer time coming, I'ma dress my yard up

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil' Keke]

I'ma tear the game up, 'fore they drop my coffin
Been a thug all my life, this a gangsta talking
You right, I sleep all day and work nights
I follow the vision, I see the paper in my sight
I popped out drop top, it's time for holding
I'm so-so focused, but picture me rolling
We all gotta eat, when the price is cheap
The streets run deep, you either wolf or sheep
These hustlers getting killed, I got some partnas that
died
They calling it genocide, I'm calling it homicide
I still ride lonely, keep the heater on me

Shake your hand eye to eye, peep that you phony
G's in the Pen, who been sending the kites
And them boys in the lab, shuffling both of the mics
I prayed everytime, that a young nigga did it
As long as I'm free, I got a chance here to get it

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil' Keke]

It goes down, for the greens and the bacon
White Black, Haitian Jamaican
I'm after Benji's, till they bust my pockets
I ain't got time to knock it, cause it's all for profit
I'm walking latitude, while the globe is turning
And my pen go to tripping, when the kush is burning
Filet mignon, from a Chimmy Chan wing dinner
You in the presence, of a real live bread winner
Boys all star prone, welcome to Texas
Where boys in the streets, real hungry and desperate
Still in the mix, and still chasing a buck
And I never lose the fight, cause I never give up
I been selling rocks, nigga cast a stone
You get one shot to shine, when it's on it's on
Every boy every girl, every woman and man
I got a million dollar plan, I'm calling it Promise Land

[Hook - 2x]

(*Crystal singing*)

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