

Soul Coughing

"Streets is Talking"

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[Jay-Z]

Is he a Blood, is he Crip?
Is he that, is he this?
Did he do it? Y'know, eh
Look..

If I shoot you, I'm brainless
Different toilet, same shit, and I'm sick of explainin this
I'm waitin on arraignment, my nigga is the plaintiff
Yeah, I know what you thinkin - fucked up ain't it?
I shoulda known better, and I planned to
but dog they be takin me out of my zone like a nigga
with a handle
I sat back and watched it, put the gats back in the
closet
I tried to tie my hands like an Iraqi hostage
Let niggaz take shots at me, no response
I just - flip and, pop my collar like the Fonz
You give a nigga a foot he'll take you one step beyond
He'll try to play you twice, the third time is the charm
You wanna conversate with the writer of the Qu'ran
or Old Testament, don't test him then
I know what y'all thinkin dick, pause
Your future's my past, I've been here before
I know when you're schemin, I feel when you plottin
I got, mental vision, intuition
I know where you goin I read your mind's navigational
system
Everybody whisperin - pst pst pst ss perspirin

[Chorus]

When the, streets is talkin, niggaz is gossipin
Bitches all in your shit, what's the cause of it?
I need to know.. geah geah
Yeah yeah yeah, yeah..

[Jay-Z]

You see me with a bodyguard that means police is
watchin
And I only use his waist to keep my glock in
But when shit goes down you know who's doin the

poppin

And if you don't know, guess who's doin the droppin
S dot again, y'all got him in a bad mood
Bad move; that's bad news
How many times have I got to prove?
How many loved ones have you got to lose
before you realize that it's probably true?
Whatever Jigga say, Jigga probably do
Shit I paid my dues, I made the news
I came in the door for dolo, blazed the crews
And the streets say Jigga can't go back home
You know when I heard that? When I was back home
I'm comfortable dog, Brooklyn to Rome
On any Martin Luther, don't part with your future
Don't ever question if I got the heart to shoot ya
The answer is simply too dark for the user
And as a snot-nose they said that he got flows
But will he be able to drop those before the cops close
in?
'Fore the shots froze him, and he's dead and gone
from what the block has spoken, my God
Everybody stressin, who's his baby's moms?
Who he got pregnant, let me tell you, ahh...

[Chorus]

When the, streets is talkin, niggaz is gossipin
Bitches all in your shit, what's the cause of it?
I need to know.. chicka-uh-ah, ah-chk-ah-uh-ah
Chicka-ch-ah, chk-ah-ah-ah
When the, streets is talkin, niggaz is gossipin
Bitches all in your shit, what's the cause of it?
I need to know.. gi-gi-gi, geah yeah uh, yeah yeah uh
Yeah, yo, yo

[Jay-Z]

I seen my first murder in the hall, if you must know
I lost my pops when I was eleven mmm twelve years old
He's probably somewhere where the liquor is takin it's
toll
but I ain't mad at you dad, holla at your lad
I grew up pushin snowflake to niggaz that was pro-base
The stress'll take a young nigga, give him a old face
All I did was smoke joke, think and drink
Copped 'caine and complained, front row watch game
I seen niggaz before me, with a chance to write they
own script
slip up and change the story
I seen young niggaz go out in a blaze of glory
before reachin puberty, scared a nigga truthfully
I took trips with so much shit in the whip
that if the cops pulled us over the dog'd get sick, SNIFF

Smell me nigga? The real me nigga, minus the rumors
Holla if you feel me nigga

[Beanie Sigel]

The streets is not only watchin but they talkin now?
Shit they got me circlin the block before I'm parkin now
Don't get it twisted, I ain't bitchin, I'm just cautious now
Sub, under the parka, extra cartridge now
Hit his click Sig' up you fell at it you're dense
I get word to the street like Bell Atlantic express
I feel the vibes and I hear the rumors
But fuck it, I'm still alive and I'm still in Ju'maa I know
'stafALLAH
Niggaz wanna press me, put my back to the wall
But pressure bust pipes I know, I spat it to y'all
To know me is to love me, you see me, can't be me,
hate this
Fuck you I got guns like Neo in +Matrix+
Cross the Family, think Mac's sweet like Cairo
or soft like Play-Doh get knocked off like Fredo -
Corleone
They find you with a hole in your dome
I roll with niggaz that'll follow you and go to your home
Thought you ball, but nigga you fall to my defense
Catch you while you reachin, clip you then I cross you
then I'm leavin
Apply full court pressure
like four-four ?? get you out of here, pull pressure
to the trigger, bullets fly in three's
You forever rest under bullshit, dirt lies and leaves
I do bullshit, dirt, tell lies then leave
Look in my eyes, realize it's Beans
Niggaz wanna despise the team; till I play head coach
and straight up, divide they team
Trade they man for some pies and a couple of things
Til the bullet.. ah, motherfuckers!! Yeah..

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