

The Stanley Brothers

"Street Stars"

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[Dame]

now how many bitches wanna suck my dick
and how many niggaz wanna fuck my bitch
how many young ass G's wanna hold my gat
how many jealous motherfuckers wanna control my
sack
see im running shit bigger cause I make more wealth
Its a 100 something niggaz yelling break yourself
but if you try to break me come and sick off that hot
I bet my folks will catch ya before you get off that block
boy you must know me, but I dont know you
my folks are loyal to me, because they know im a TRU
G
you fuckin with a veteren trying to get your medicine
got your ass served like you stole from the president
and now your bones hurt from doing long dirt
before you step to this you should of did your
homework
and you woman got so hard, trying to be so hard
fuckin' with a street star, street stars got the whole
world jockin'
clowning in the falcon wiht the ole' girls bouncin' hand
on
the wheel with the lavish rings, joint so fat
tuen his acts to green got a mean mug look
with his lip turned up
but they hand a spunk cause they stacking the bucks
call him federal, sitting on a pedistal
motherfuckers waving but they never really let
him know he got the trunk full of choppers and punks
and he eat that red lobster for lunch
damn, a International player always got some ass on
his pager
dont ask for no favors, making love like he love em'
he dont love em' though
rule number one up in his game never trust a hoe
and he quick to make a trigger spray
and he never pay attention to the mind games niggaz
play
rollin' solo never need no extra help
never check it but making niggaz check they self

so were you at I know who you are cause you just like
dangerous dame
a motherfuckin' street star!

[Master P]

left the town on my way to the diggity-o
call me dame say these niggaz need about 5 more
who ride homicide, one time on the greet so we ditch
by a ? to the backstreets king in the back
getting high than the jiggity bird
whatcha want G? The Gatorade and the Thunderbird
but we aint slippin' the boat keep dippin'
stopped on 8-2 got some grass and zippin we gon
perve
getting high than jiggity bird
64 shackle make them gold thangs hit the curb
count my money met dame in the rollin' 100
mobb'n motherfuckers in the back getting blunted
aint that Mack 10 parked like bark weed
had to let loose cause a fool haunt me
now im deep, how deep can I get
cause fools out there get you for these motherfuckin
presidents leave you dead glock to your head
fucked in the game then pissed on your grave
didnt pay dues now you on the news
thats what you get when you wanna be
a street star, foo!

Master P Talking til' end

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