

## Stick to Your Guns

### "Just Like Us"

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(featuring Geneveese & X-1)

This is as close you gon' get to the streets without  
gettin shot

[Chorus]  
In the streets

Cock guns and bust yo' heat

In the streets

Where we live and die for beef

In the streets

Hos'll set you up, get blood on your sheets

In the streets

By any means we gon' eat

In the streets

Sellin drugs you might blow up

In the streets

They got hos to set you up

In the streets  
Even police is corrupt

In the streets

There's a million niggaz just like us

[Sticky Fingaz]

I swear I ain't been the same since they had to bury my  
pops

I'm uncivilized like I was raised in a box  
I'm told get your sister raped nigga makin you watch

Fuck the cops, fuck the world, I'm above the law  
They can't catch me, what you think the gloves is for?

Got your ear to the street, you ain't hearin me

Motherfucker, the streets got they ear to me

Speak my name, better think careful duke

Like when clingin on to life who gon' be there for you?

Get blood on they seats, drive you to the hospital

I got an image to protect and records to sell  
Nobody!!! Cause you goin to hell

Besides a one sided story is easy to tell

My poster on the wall only way you see me in jail

Sticky Fingaz nigga, the legend, the myth

Niggaz get shot everytime I shoot the gift

[Chorus]

[X-1]

I banged out in dorms and tore mouths off

While yall run to cops as soon as it pops off  
I can't respect lames when I'm knowin you soft

That's why I feel the pain for my thugs up north

No regrets in this world, not one care

No respect for this world without no peers

They did me wrong for years, I'm finally gettin back

Never sheaded a tear seein niggaz on they back

Lord knows it hurts to put his people in the dirt

Bullet holes in shirts and chumps buried in skirts

Prayin to God is hard, these streets don't play

But you gotta keep up your guard and hope the pain go  
away

I'm from where they shoot street lights out  
And you gotta yell to talk over passin trains

And watch who you fuck with when passin 'cain

Cause them same fists'll get your wrists trapped in  
chains, nigga

[Chorus]

[Geneveese]

My killers move triggers and set firearms off

Smoke the type of blunts that set fire alarms off

One shot'll blow your face, chest and your arms off

Murderin Guiliani for all the pain that he's causin

Launderin dirty laundry through banks of corporate ?

Shit doctors can only calm me til the drugs wear off

One pump of the sawed-off and your squad'll be  
hailed off

Dropped her off in the car lock, locked in the trunk of  
the car

Shit's official, we spittin through government issue

40 automatic pistols rippin through brain tissue

Stuffin coke up wit your bitch I'll piss through

And a black on black lambo, puffin on A Line Of Crystal!  
Under our politics, codes of the street

Never negotiate with killers with intentions of breach

Only associate with villains if you willin to bleed  
Cause leakin'll get your mother hogtied and brutally  
beat

[Chorus]

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