

Donna Lewis % Richard Marx

"Street Symphony"

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[Big Gipp]

Hey, enough

I know you're not gonna be all lame and choose

My house in Atlanta is what made you, you

You ain't never had nothin' till I paid the dues

My word is gold, I lay the rules

Why you trippin' on a brother about the things he do

Look, work can never matter how I got the loot

But you never hesitate when you drive the coupe

I made you ball, ain't that truth

[Monica]

I never asked for that much

If you stay, I laid here at night

Down at the gentleman's club

Seems like you can't get right

I knew when I saw the g's

You would be harder to please

You wanted more than enough

That's when it got too beat up

1 - [Monica]

Last time I was down for you

I though you really wanted to

Don't know how much pain it took

To put up that cash up on your boots

See I'm sick and tired boy

You can't even drive the cars

Sometimes I don't know what to do

What am I worth to you babe?

[Majic]

Yeah, yeah

See I'm in the Accolade

Coming through ride alone with flakes

The street's my home, up in the zone

Search a nigga's car tryin' to get my bone

Get my name, wear that thang

I don't know but I'm searching man

Lookin' for that sweet lick

No time for no cheap chick

I'm working

2 - [Monica]

You must believe

I gotta get you out of the streets

I disagree when you tell me that you're doing it for me

Just lean on me

I know you're in a little too deep

I gotta do what I gotta do to get you back here with me

[Monica]

I like the cash and all that

But I just can't watch my back

And if they catch me with you

Who knows what they wouldn't do?

You've spent too long in this game

My baby you gotta change

Before I lose you for life

I want to be your wife

Repeat 1

[JT Money]

See babygirl I gotta hustle

See I'm used to getting mine off the muscle

Everything that I do, I did for us two

Getting' mine on the grind is a must too

Plus you want all them finer things

I bought a compact, clothes, a diamond ring

Everything's on paper, they keep me on the caper

If it ain't about bread then I'mma holla at you later,
baby

Repeat 2 (2x)

[Monica] (JT Money)

Out of the streets, streets, streets, streets, streets

(What? Yeah it's on three, it's on four, it's on five)

Out of the streets, streets, streets, streets, streets

(Yeah Southwest, uh, uh, uh)

Out of the streets, streets, streets, streets, streets

(I ain't never gonna stop)

Out of the streets, streets, streets, streets, streets

(Y'all know what it is)

Repeat 2 till end

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