

Fes Taylor f/ Inspectah Deck

"The Streets"

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[Fes Taylor] My S.I. swagger, I'm kill'n em the best style
faster The shook and touched by a rapper They
thinking it's just music, Like my Nike Airs I just do it This
here life neck and my wrist blue, It's how fish do it Chef
it to the block, My bitches love hard cock I stuff a
quarter of soft right in their twat My block, I'm like a
soldier with fatigues on strapped With stripes, Like a
General leaving for Iraq My drive, Be successful
leaving and then fly back Hit the road, Yeah we eating,
So pieces dived that Taylor, I was leaning on corners
with my back Up against the wall, Had no choice but
fire back Now, Benz truck with the tires on the back
They was in the Doge Shadow when my tires had a flat
Ohh, Why you hate Fes, Cause I stay fresh Young black
nigga from the hood and you make less [Hook 4X: Fes
Taylor Sample] Been in the streets, Been-Been-Been in
the streets Been-Been-Been in the streets, Shaolin
stomp with Timberland feet [Inspectah Deck] Is it the
way that my jeans hang over my kicks When you see
me I'll be on the G strolle with my bitch Skipping towns
like I'm owing a grip, Set show em respect I'm repping
alone, I'm home on the strip Zone with the kids, You
feel me cause you know what it is All you eying from
the sideline probing my biz Hell right now I'm open for
biz And my life style's blowing your wig How they like
wild'n with the kid Like a nigga fresh home from a bid
Focus on tips, City boy post on the pigs Focus on his,
Supposed to stay close to the ridge You know anything
fucking with a soldier this big Watch me now son, I'm
over the bridge Type a nigga have his outfit matching
with the boat and the crib Why you talking, Why you
open your gibbs No points for me to open your wig,
Nobody know who you is nigga [Hook]

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