

Layzie Bone f/ Bizzy Bone, Mr. Criminal "Streets"

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[Intro: Bizzy] (Yeah) Just, just, just, just, just, just Just
ridin, ridin (ridin in the city streets nigga) Just, just, just
(Hi Power nigga) I'm just ridin, ridin Ridin the city
streets in a black Benz, Lexus I'm just ridin, ridin - I'm
feelin you, you feelin me Ain't nobody judge me (just,
just, just) [Chorus 2X: Bizzy Bone] I'm just ridin, ridin,
ridin the city streets In a black Benz, Lexus or hoopty
feelin the beat Tuckin the piece, I'm just slidin slidin
Feelin my heat, I'm feelin you, you feelin me [Bizzy
Bone] We're nothin but crumbs, crumbs, we're nothin
but crumbs We're nothin but crumbs, crumbs, we're
nothin but crumbs See it's the thug, thuggish ruggish,
give me some bud I'm out on the way to go get me
some love Stuck in the part where I put up the cup,
don't What about the slopes, tryin to get dangerous
we're nothin but crumbs, they gave me the tomb And
heavenly Father all over your son the people are part of
ya, never be found But what was it for, tellin my people
to point to the guns and put up the funds Finally see
who really be ridin, look at the war and here we come
I'm the beginning and the ending, what are we
spending, watch your paper Gospel gangstas walkin in
churches don't search us, they tyrin to escape the
Monotony and the monopoly, gotta get ready to put us
in jail Rot there, get in the car, +Days of our Lives+ oh
well I'm from the best, the sick of the best The sicker
the test, won't settle for less So Bizzy the Kid, king of
Midwest let me get this that we feelin depressed How
many times we gather our rest so why do they cuss, my
lips are cleft Lord knows I'm not ugly - Heavenly Father
you are the best And how many times we gather our
rest so why do they cuss, my lips are cleft The Lord
knows I'm not ugly, Heavenly Father you are the best
One time I'm feelin you, you feelin me Ain't nobody
judge me (just, I'm just) [Chorus] [Layzie Bone] I'm a
rise to the fullest, make 'em do it, make 'em pull it Fill
your torsos up with bullets, nigga this the true shit And
it sits with a new kid; who goes there, I We used to slam
them do's, now we raise 'em up high Lamborghini do's
to the sky, my nigga I be flossin on 'em dawg, I ain't
shy my nigga No wonder why nigga, I'm a hard workin

horse Keep my Grammy on a mantle, fuck puttin it in
The Source If rap was a bitch I'll want a divorce And if
rap was a study you would need you a course I'ma rap
'til my voice gone, probably 'til I lose it But y'all can't do
it, duplicate my music Listen 'til they cruisin, haters be
refusin They bitches wanna listen to it but they gotta be
true with it Get bucked, knuckle up, act a fool with it It's
rider season, there really ain't no rules to it Nice and
smooth pimp fluid, I'm the ace Realest rapper since
'Pac, wanna take my place? [Chorus] [Bizzy] Nobody's
just... [Mr. Criminal] I'm just ridin, ridin, ridin the city
streets Packin the strap in the back of my black khakis
that's creased Windows down, system on blast, feelin
the breeze Smokin and chokin that reefer dawg, I'm
needin my trees (haha, ha) Windows down, system on
blast, feelin the breeze Eyes on my rearview, watch my
back for the police The homies say watch my back for
enemies Touch your back, the Hennessy stay and
scratch my remedy Catch me dippin through the
streets, givin a fuck, runnin them stoplights Swerve it to
the left, and I swing it to the right I'm a hard switchin
lane, scrapin bumpers and all All eyes on me whenever
I'm rotatin white walls And as soon as night falls, I let
them hundred spokes crawl Straight dippin through the
city with my riders and dogs It's Mr. Criminal puttin it
down with the homies from Bone Thugs And these
haters get flossed on, these bitches get no love
[Chorus] [Bizzy] Nobody's just... {*scratched*: "Crime
Lab Productions..."}

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