

## Wyld

### "Street Propaganda"

Visit "[Street Propaganda](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Chiddy, bands ring bells like church out  
I could have did anything to the dirt route  
Hunned thousand dollar cars when I murk out  
Cardio in the kitchen, get the work out  
I cannot ball, I ain't got a way jack  
Pure fish, better pray you get your face back  
Started out small ball, trade packs  
Now the top on the drop, do a 1-2 way back  
I can get em to your door in an instant  
Send the block to get rock on the imprint  
Money don't stop, over time, check my time clock  
I'm taking guap with me when I hit the fine block  
Oversize rock, chillin in my cool chain  
Louis Vuitton on me, down to the shoe strangs  
Yeah burn the base ...like bruce wayne  
Set fire to the city

[Hook]

I got my gun, I got my hammer, hammer, against the  
odds  
I'm a gambler, gambler  
Talking that street, propaganda, ganda  
Them birds fly, them birds fly  
Them birds fly, them birds fly  
Them birds fly,  
I got 3 or 4 packs, how can you relate?  
I got 3 or 4 spots, 10 cities, 5 states  
I got 3 or 4 packs, how can you relate?  
I got 3 or 4 spots, 10 cities, 5 states

It's the emy, I chop that block like a sensei  
Malice take street to the whip like kinte  
Numb to the taste, rock harder, free base  
Been off to the highest, bidder like e bay  
This real rap, other cats is cliché  
The proofs and the pudding, I cook it, I put my foot in  
You ain't gotta wonder if we them in the streets  
Damn right we're in the game like nintendo wii  
We welcome this life, where we play for keeps  
You know who my tempo be, jeezy  
Ferrari m6, I make it look easy

We done came up like george and weezy  
Squeeze me, says trigger to the finger  
For he who thought I was just a rap singer  
The flood gates open, rap up katrina  
You can't imagine the hell I'ma bring you

[Hook]

I got my gun, I got my hammer, hammer, against the  
odds  
I'm a gambler, gambler  
Talking that street, propaganda, ganda  
Them birds fly, them birds fly  
Them birds fly, them birds fly  
Them birds fly,  
I got 3 or 4 packs, how can you relate?  
I got 3 or 4 spots, 10 cities, 5 states  
I got 3 or 4 packs, how can you relate?  
I got 3 or 4 spots, 10 cities, 5 states

I'm caught between a rock and a hard place  
Pyrex sorta raw way  
World is mine on my scarface  
Sell butter like it's park caine  
Haters wanna see me shashing  
Locked up, boxed up, in them yaw grees  
Heart broken when they see I'm in that R8  
The condo, no crawl space  
That's the penthouse, all off beat  
The enditements, I'm on a lost page  
The family never tell it, my niggas owe me  
Death before dishonor nigga  
I turn any city to a sauna nigga  
Every small town hit by this tsunami  
Swag suef kilos, till the feds find me  
We're wild money, we're getting wild money

[Hook]

I got my gun, I got my hammer, hammer, against the  
odds  
I'm a gambler, gambler  
Talking that street, propaganda, ganda  
Them birds fly, them birds fly  
Them birds fly, them birds fly  
Them birds fly,  
I got 3 or 4 packs, how can you relate?  
I got 3 or 4 spots, 10 cities, 5 states  
I got 3 or 4 packs, how can you relate?  
I got 3 or 4 spots, 10 cities, 5 states

