

## Tony Yayo

### "Streets Keep Callin Me"

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[Talking: Tony Yayo]

Yea nigga get a mixtape out or something nigga  
Fuck, they talk bout these fucking rappers man  
I do this shit for the money man  
Staright g's man  
Word up, it's the talk of new york nigga they don't how  
Niggaz know what time it is man  
For real man I'm getting all this money this year  
Taking it back to the streets  
Never see y'all niggaz in the hood  
For real man, yea

[Tony Yayo:]

Nigga ashes to ashes, and dust to dust  
Live it up get money nigga bust a nut  
Boy you gangstes are tough and the guns you bust  
For that 25 to life straight fucking you up  
Listen in the projects niggaz die over rumors  
And close head shots give niggaz brain tumors  
Hell yea, everybody hustle round here  
I don't play by the rules cause the game ain't fair  
My team is monopolising, marketing and advertising  
Wet on a beach with a freak while the sun rise  
I'm in the coupe driving while you on the stoop rhymin  
You rappin for free nah dog that ain't me  
I get a g every line, my fans online  
You ain't richer than me stop watching mine

[Chorus: Tony Yayo]

The streets keep calling me  
The keep calling me back  
But it ain't where I'm from it's where I'm at  
They keep on calling me  
They got me ridin strapped  
With a bitch from vitesse with her head in my lap  
The streets be calling me  
You can see me out in public  
I stay in the hood I be giving up bubbly  
The streets keep calling me, keep calling me  
I'm addicted to the streets they keep calling me  
They keep calling me, they keep calling me

I'm addicted to the streets they keep calling me

[Cormega:]

I use to want props, now I want property  
Nigga I ain't tryna be, caught up in narcotics beat  
You got the cream and blobby but it's not ikeem  
Ironically, I can make you feel the rockets is not a game  
when the llamas  
Lay,  
You yesterdays news, tomorrow came  
Now your plots a grave my hollow shots fuck up your  
concentration  
I gots the montego flow, I rock with yayo  
Real recognise real, watch what you say yo  
Love is love but acknowledge hate shown  
From niggaz who grrren from envy or rocks on they  
clothes  
You better ask somebody, who's stash is mighty  
How many friends from the past that there's beside em  
Of course I'm just talking bout your man that's grimey  
Those who stay true should be right there by you  
But god bless the chld who could hold his own  
If you earn it you deserve it no man can deny you

[Chorus]

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