

## Mathematics f/ M-Speed

### "Street Kronicles"

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[Intro: M-Speed] Uh, uh, uh, M-Speed, nigga Check it out [M-Speed] Imagine life darker than this, like NARCs when they shit When the four sparking my shit, who catching the clip? Full of this hot shit, ya'll dudes is pussy, bet not pop shit Make your heart stop quick, come on, this is murder, nigga Understand that, when it pop, you gon' feel that I'm from where it's real at, I done made 'em feel that Heat make 'em splatter, heard you get busy, but uh, it don't matter Moon hang strictly blood was sweeter than love Never catch me deep in the club, repeat I'm a thug And I don't like to conversate, I speak with the slugs Jube out the streets, and will each you alive You can go from handling birds and losing your size, uh Beating your feet, to pushing a 5 I seen it happen to the best of them Kingpin nigga, but the judge still blessed him Football numbers, that's what took ya'll under Let me tell ya'll bout the law, kid, it don't work for poor kids Black boys on trial, lead to more bids, nigga No bullshit [Chorus 3X: M-Speed] The streets they eat you alive, in due time And they in jail or death, I seen them nail the best Some dudes excel, majority, jail And we all know what that's like, nigga, living hell Especially when the numbers is high, they hang you to dry All that can break a man, and take his hand [M-Speed] Aiyo, the eyes seen a lot in my time, pay attention, nigga, follow the rhyme Since a youth, street sucked me in, O.G., nigga, tuck me in Taught me how to cock and shoot, say give me the loot Come on this shit is bigger than big, for no reason I'll split your wig, have people hide at your kid Ain't nobody seem to be gone, send you his arm Postal express style, God blessed now No pride, let him rest in peace, strength of me I'll promise you ain't seen dude ugly from me I'm bout to reach out and touch ya'll, cock back and bust ya'll Been ain't trust ya'll, plus ya'll Rap dudes is ass cheeks, salute when you pass me But please don't ask me, nothing at all I'm a straight gangsta, not fronting for ya'll Come on, everybody know, industry take money Plus I'm fucking for free, including your honey Moon been a dime, since, dinner time Pinstripe Lee's and Adidas with shells Osh Kosh jumpers and trays for

sale While ya'll dudes is rapping, hugging the block  
Running up in spots, hang hug the block Huddle with  
straight murder, and for cream we plot See the jake  
when I gleem with no plans to rot The truth hurts skin  
deep, you can't wear it if you weak Fuck a lollipop, ya'll  
dudes extra sweet I'mma tell you one time, don't fuck  
with me [Chorus 3X]

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