

## Mr. 3-2 f/ Mike D

### "Streets on Lock"

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(\*talking\*)

Uh-huh uh, yeah-yeah

[Mr. 3-2]

Mafia boss, I tolerate no loss

You heard it from Mr. 3-2, Governor of the South

Blood in blood out, connected affiliated

G-O-V and Mike D, underground mob related

Mafia orientated, holding down the Gulf Coast

Calling the shots controlling the block, it's cut throat

Dirty-Dirty is shady, better have some kind of heater

Recognize who your family, and don't bite the hand  
that feeds ya

I got dimes and senioritas, that's jazzy and bilingual

Let her mix and mingle, watch the bidness she'll bring  
ya

I know the lingo, got the numbers bring it in off the  
Interstate

Dealing with nothing but weight, and believe me it's all  
straight

Making moves like checkmate, can't be easily  
persuaded

These dummies is outdated, I'm Street Game  
educated

On the action what's happ'ning, when it's going down  
Put the ball in my paw, making boys move they town

[Hook - 2x]

Streets on lock, (sitting on top and still mashing)

Got the hood flooded, in control of the action

(We going all out blasting, if it come to that)

Cause we heated and undefeated, ready to blast back

[Mike D]

I got the streets on lock, nigga flooded with drug shit

You wanna know how I stay rich, cause I don't show no  
love bitch

It's pure G's is in the jaw, no more no less

I'm trying to triple up my figgas, out this block I'm  
pressed

Mi amigo Raphael Se, out this 9800 Block run

Me and Threezie be somewhere in Amsterdam, in a  
coffee shop on one  
Fuck the rap game, I need right now money  
I'm trying to peel off on Dotson, a hundred drilling you  
dummies  
Hoes and house on Fondren, punk like the weight  
houses on Tre  
Fumbling and tumbling haze, down teezy pop weight  
Throwing that ensemble, in the paper play 2K  
We rumbling in the game, playboy the G way  
And respect my mind, cause me Michael Corleone  
Boss Hogg Miggity D, a 25 young Don  
And when you open that-a, the set vendetta  
Seem young foot on it, to put heat up under your  
sweater

[Hook - 2x]

[Mr. 3-2]

Isolated, I deal with a selected few  
Stay in my circle of funk, and these niggaz is brand  
new  
Everything's confidential, keeping the code of silence  
We deep in the streets, involved in organized violence  
Behind tint we riding, checking on my traps  
Turning blocks and corners, with the thang on my lap  
Got people's 'cross the map, ready for shit to pop off  
Kill or be dead, snitches heads get knocked off  
The streets we lock off, top down in the knot  
Everything is everything, but Screw-cial in the drop  
I'm dropping out dirty money, getting cleaner  
With dangerous flows, on toes like a ballerina  
Felonies and misdemeanors, I gotta duck and dodge  
To really be the boss of all bosses in charge, my  
entourage  
Is mobsters, my heritage and tradition  
Passed two generations, and they going to the system

[Hook - 2x]

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