

Streets 4 Too Long (feat. Celly Ru & Mozzy)

Joe Blow

(Celly Ru)
second hand snitch
You fuck niggas who tellin
She tryna fall in love
I'm tryna get her to sell it
She know where succas be at
I'm tryna get her to tell it
I need another p
In the cookie so i can mail it
I just threw a hunnit To my gunna
Told him shoot, You told
ion fuck with them niggas
Because of you
Niggas fold I'm alone
Ion fuck with to many groups
If we gon go nd shoot
It's only myself nd two
You told the truth to the cops
You was hella wrong
Got ya day 1 sitting in a cell alone
Niggas act like its a difference
Who you tellin on
Y'all was coo for Hella long
You gave him hella long
My nigga kill locked down
But he bouncin back
The east got a couple to
But they ain't countin that
My brother told me tell the truth
They couldn't handle that
And when we seen em
We just left em where we found em at

(Mozzy)
Show you bout this life
You don't wanna live
I'm frustrated
It be hard for me to hold it in

They let a snitch live
Nd then he told again
I would of never gave
Blood a chance to fold again
When I show up to ya slums
Ain't gotta hold my hand
Cause Ima blame behind my gangster
Niggas know I am
Momma need a helping hand
I do all I can move ya out the hood
If things go as planned
Wipin down these shells
As I roll a gram
Tryna recrstruced ya facial
While I blow the blam
Family take advantage of ya
When you show ya hand
They say the package
Didn't land when it was pose to win
Damn you suspected as a rat
It's kinda suspicious
Ain't nun to talk about
I'm declining ya visit
These niggas bitches
Listen to ya intuition
His own man booked a flight
When he was sent to prison

(Joe Blow)

You know this street shit ain't for everybody
These niggas snitchin out here
Speakin about everybody
So watch how you move
And who you movin with
Shit my own momma raise
Me up to try to use a bitch
I'm use to this
I done struggled my whole life
My daughter even notice
How i Fuck up these hoes life
..... Idk this part
I sold right
You niggas is sold out
When you succas kill a nigga

That's Ain't in it
It don't count
Just thinkin bout my nigga
That smoked up a whole once
Get what you can get up Out of the bitch
Before them hoes bounce
Bitch holdin out
I'm knowin she know his wearabouts
My youngin slidin every other day
To try nd air em out
And if you talk about a Mac
When he stare em down
It's niggas from the hunnit told a hunnit
Jus to carri round

Lyrics Submitted by EmAsia

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