Street People

Krayzie Bone

Dedicate this to all the niggas on the streets
Niggas in the hood strugglin'
Doin' what the fuck they gotta do to make their money
And all the thugs, the hustlas, the gangstas, the playas, pimps
Let's roll, let's roll
(Ghetto love, ghetto love I can feel that ghetto love, ghetto love)
Street people
(People)
All my people be them niggas with an attitude
(We're ready for war)
The street mentality, it's do what you gotta do
(Do what you gotta do)
Street people
(People)
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(We're ready for war)
The street mentality, it's do what you gotta do
(Do what you gotta do)
I dedicate this to the niggas in the hood
(Where they at? Where they at? Where they at?)
Keepin' it real on the street
Niggas they practice what they preach, stayin'
True until they die, niggas still strong
We keep on bailin' through the stress
And all the rest of the shit that's goin' on
Speakin' of violence, I see, you got to keep a pistol
Cause if niggas think you're rich, you gon be got
They out to pinch ya bullshit you not [unverified] killin'
Because of the pump and it drives us to the point of no return
Especially when you're gone off of the Sherm
You could give a fuck about a nigga flossin'
While you walkin', he on sixteen switches ain't that a bitch?
But that's life this shit ain't nothin' nice
And he'll take yours if his ain't right and I can't stop 'em
Or knock 'em, but yo, I wouldn't even try, though
'Cause Bible say, "Hey, either repent or you will die"
So, choose one
(So, so, just one)
Either repent and get saved or put some food on your table for now

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I see my sisters out there hustlin', man
(Strugglin', man)
Do what it takes, but that's the brakes
Rustle up what you can, gotta feed your babies
(Babies, yeah)
Handle yourself your own business don't wait on that nigga
To get you nothin' we been poor long enough and I know
You would scheme on somethin'
(Somethin', yeah)
Take the welfare, fuck it
The system givin it to you 'cause it's guilt on they conscience
Don't let 'em fool you
(Don't let 'em fool you, no)
Really ain't doin' a nigga any favors
So come and get the paper, paper, before you die, die
This verse is for my ghetto queens
Tryin' to come up and get them better things
Particularly cheddar cheese, make that money
(Make that money)
Work, work, work, whatever your occupation
As long as you bringin' home the bacon, bacon, bacon
Don't let your enemy lock your mind too and I hope
Y'all really been payin' attention 'cause it's 1999, ohh
(Ooh, ooh, yeah)
Though people comin' around, we gon thug
So where the thugs at? Gimme some of that ghetto love
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Now, if y'all feelin' me let's get down and tear
The roof off the mother, shoot the motherfuckers, I'm serious
And mean business, ready to pump pump and ride, you with it?
Come on, put it out there, pump, pump, pump police
They treat us like animals, let's attack 'em like beasts
But hold on 'fore you start fightin'
(Hold on, hold on)
Let's brighten up the action scene, pass me the gasoline
(No more, no more)
I'm really not trippin' on this rappin' no more
'Cause I know it won't last too much longer
When it's over, then I be a full-time soldier
(I told you)
If I make it out of the game with all my sanity
Get paid, fuck the fame, get out quickly, understand me?
'Cause at the rate I'm goin', pretty soon they'll try to ban me
For killin' these muthafuckas tryin' to tamper with my family
Now they got me runnin' from these po-po's tryin' to jam me
But I told them muthafuckas not to try to test my manly
And this is my mentality for fuckin' with the street life, street life
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(Do what you gotta do)
I gotta give it up to all my thugstas, we're street people
Them niggas with an attitude, let's stop the killin'
We're strugglin' just like you to make a livin'
We're not pretendin', don't y'all remember?
It ain't easy tryin' to stay alive, some people out
There smokin' crack, my people workin' 9 to 5, just doin? it right

Real strong, hold on 'cause it won't be long before
The strugglin' days is long gone, hold on, be strong
Somebody better 'em we the T H U G's
Real fuckin' soldiers, soldiers, soldiers, we soldiers
We're T H U G's
Real fuckin' soldiers, soldiers, soldiers, we soldiers
(Get on up, get on up)
Somebody better 'em we the T H U G's
Real fuckin' soldiers, soldiers, soldiers, we soldiers
We're T H U G's
Real fuckin' soldiers, soldiers, soldiers, we soldiers
(Get on up, get on up)

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