

# Streets Is Talking

## JAY-Z & Beanie Sigel

Is he a blood? Is he a crip?  
Is he that? Is he this?  
Did he do it? You know uhh  
LookIf I shoot you I'm brainless  
Different toilet, same shit and I'm sick of explainin' this  
I'm waitin' on arraignment my nigga is the plaintiff  
Yeah I know what you thinkin' fucked up ain't it?I shoulda known better and I planned to  
But dog they be takin' me out of my zone like a nigga with a handle  
I sat back and watched it put the gats back in the closet  
That's what I tied my hands like an Iraqi hostageLet niggas take shots at me no response  
I just flip and pop my collar like the fons  
You give a nigga a foot he'll take you one step beyond  
He'll try to play you twice the third time is the charm  
You wanna conversate with the writer of the Quran  
Or old testament don't test him then  
I know what y'all thinkin' dick, pause  
Your future's my past I've been here beforeI know when you're schemin' I feel when you ply  
And I got mental vision, intuition  
I know where you goin' I read your mind's navigational system  
Everybody whisperin' pers-pers-pers-perspirin'When the streets is talkin' niggas is gossipin'  
Bitches all in your shit what's the cause of it?  
I need to knowYou see me with a bodyguard that means police is watchin'  
And I only use his waist to keep my glock in  
But when shit goes down you know who's doin' the poppin'  
And if you don't know guess who's doin' the droppin'  
S dot again y'all got him in a bad mood  
Bad move that's bad news  
How many times have I got to prove?  
How many loved ones have you got to lose?Before you realize that it's probably true  
Whatever Jigga say Jigga probably do  
Shit I paid my dues I made the news  
I came in the door for dolo blazed the crewsAnd the streets say"Jigga can't go back home"  
You know when I heard that when I was back home  
I'm comfortable dog Brooklyn to Rome  
On any Martin Luther don't part with your futureDon't ever question if I got the heart to shoot ya  
The answer is simply too dark for the user  
And as a snot-nose they said that "He got flows"  
But will he be able to drop those before the cops close in?'For the shots froze him and he's dead and gone  
From what the block has spoken my God

Everybody stressin' who's his baby's moms?  
Who he got pregnant? Let me tell you ahhNigga streets is talkin' niggaz is gossipin'  
Bitches all in your shit what's the cause of it?  
I need to knowWhen the, streets is talkin' niggas is gossipin'  
Bitches all in your shit what's the cause of it?  
I need to knowI seen my first murder in the hall if you must know  
I lost my pops when I was eleven twelve years old  
He's probably somewhere where the liquor is takin' it's toll  
But I ain't mad at you dad holla at your ladI grew up pushin' snowflake to niggas that was pro-base  
The stress'll take a young nigga give him a old face  
All I did was smoke joke think and drink  
Cop came they complained front row watch gameI seen niggas before me with a chance to write they own script  
Slip up and change the story  
I seen young niggas go out in a blaze of glory  
Before reachin' puberty scared a nigga truthfullyI took trips with so much shit in the whip  
That if the cops pulled us over the dog'd get sick, sniff  
Smell me nigga, the real me nigga, minus the rumors  
Holla if you feel me niggaThe streets is not only watchin' but they talkin' now  
Shit they got me circlin' the block before I'm parkin' now  
Don't get it twisted I ain't bitchin' I'm just cautious now  
Sub under the parka extra cartridge nowHit his click sig up you fell at it you're dense  
I get word to the street like Bell Atlantic Express  
I feel the vibes and I hear the rumors  
But fuck it I'm still alive and I'm still in jumaa I know stafallahNiggas wanna press me put my back to the wall  
But pressure bust pipes I know I spat to y'all  
To know me is to love me you see me, can't be me hate this  
Fuck you I got guns like Neo in 'Matrix'Cross the family think Mac's sweet like Cairo  
Or soft like play doh get knocked off like Fredo Corleone  
They find you with a hole in your dome  
I roll with niggas that'll follow you and go to your homeThought you ball  
But nigga you fall to my defense  
Catch you while you reachin'  
Clip you then I cross you then I'm leavinApply full court pressure  
Like four-four get you out of here, pull pressure  
To the trigger bullets fly in three's  
You forever rest under bullshit, dirt lies and leavesI do bullshit  
Dirt tell lies then leave  
Look in my eyes  
Realize it's beansNiggas wanna despise the team  
Till I play head coach and straight up divide they team  
Trade they man for some pies and a couple of things  
Till the bullet ahh motherfuckers yeah