

Street Lottery (Feat. Bun B)

Young Scooter

Growing up as a young nigger,
Young nigger running with them OGs
I know the streets in and out, nigger
You can call me the street's lottery.

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I'm the street's dictionary,
January to January.

I'm after money, cocaine runner
I got odd numbers, 3 40 for a pile, let me go number.
That noter out in the street if he want some money
I always keep it real, never snitch in front of you
When I was nine years old I didn't have a lot of money
Dad inspired me to get money.
Now I'm riding in the Porche thinking
I think I'm beying franklins
I was young, my momma had a package
I was born as a round rapper.

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Back in the days when I started the game
It was all about the loyalty, the cast that feel the same
It was all about getting down together for the change,
It was all about the fame and fuck whoever came.
We was young, but down for each other in the trap,
Fighting in the streets way before we had the straps,
Fucking on these hoes way before we had the money,
So niggers gotta pay in store, acting funny.
We understood the rules and the cause of the Gs
Never beet for the pussy, just money or the cheese.

To go from BGs to OGs, that's how it's gotta be
Is the young trio niggers, we're the street's lottery.
For real, nigger.

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Growing out as a young nigger, everybody wants to be a boss,
Have to build my own lane, I could show OG how to ball.
I know everything about the streets, never did time behind the wall
I know some young niggers gone, never coming home, behind the walls.

Who had no money for a lawyer,
Probably defended their destroyer,
Cases beat with a lawyer
You a young nigger, this how they try to spoil you.()

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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