

# Mean Streets

## Princess Freesia

[Intro: Raekwon (man)](Aiyo, Chef?) What up, my nigga?  
(Yeah, man, I gotta give you the 411, shit is straight 911, word)

It's \$2.50, nigga, back the fuck up! Talk to me...

(Word, them blue ninjas is everywhere

Word, watch ya back, Protect Ya Neck and all that shit, man

Thirty nine motherfuckers already got scooped up

Indicted, word, I'm bird eye viewing it right now

Out there out the motherfucking window)

You got the strong scoopers out there?

(Word, five book store buses out front

All them young boys are certified, they our rentals)

[Chorus 2X: Suga Bang Bang]For these mean streets from Cali to New York

Who could ya trust? Niggaz they do talk

Running from the feds and out of state troopers

Look up ahead, you know we got sharp shooters

[Raekwon]The blocks is molded, step up ya sword piece

Moving through them housing with more ki's

Rembrandts is fresh from Scotland, crisp hats, Cristal bottles

Niggaz want the problems, we back

It's time to take over the game, it's nothing

I live on the line, from corner to castles with pawns and capsules

Scramble and find, my money's up, I'm praying for war

I do this all the time, all the time, all the time

Faces of Doom, sling in the lobby

Swinging cooked raw, if you played the field you was not leaving

Fast pace of a CREAM chasing team

Trying to come through the hood and lie, get left for dead naked in Queens

Let them other niggaz wear that, we take the credit

While we was shopping for more Nikes and off-whites

Heroin stirrers, the crib, cracked mirrors

Career thugs who serve only judges and jurors

Got to make my money this year, whether it's through rhyming or criming

I'll be on the line with my iron

Promised them llamas'll fly fast, quick at pirahnas

Trying to intervene, get caught dead, no head in pijamas

You live like a slouch from vouchers

Nobody mad, you was a fake, dead, die with no trousers

Cause you crossed the line like Miller's Crossing

Off with ya dome, I walked you through the woods, we both smoked a bone

[Chorus 2X][Inspectah Deck]Mean streets...

Just when I thought I was out, they pulled me back in  
The streets stay flooded with crack rocks and Mac shots

The scenery's money, guerrillas in the back drop  
The livest'll pop, the weakest get chopped where they stand

Singing the judge's name, dropped in the stand  
Drug money kills, blood on my bills, mud on my Nikes  
Only buying with the couple that I trust with my life  
Twenty four sev' ducking the feds, infrared with lead

Gamble with off track betting instead  
In my hood anybody can get it, and everybody want it  
Cutthroat executives, the corners, the office  
And the thought is to be boss of all bosses

The cost is ya life, swimming with sharks and orcas  
So keep ya guards up, or get scarred up

It's a Cold World, I told you with Allah Just'  
The bigger the funds, the bigger the guns that's blazing  
It's sick in the slums and niggaz are stunting for nathin'

[Ghostface Killah]Aiyo, my gun been in more niggaz mouths than a whore had dick

With creamy nuts on the side of her jaw  
It's Rigatone, nigga, sliding through airports  
Riding on niggaz like MJ, same day I rocked you, comprende?

Yeah, I'm kinda off cuz my guns was dirty  
That last joint that hit you, kid, you made the top thirty

Early, walk with me and strap with a vengeance  
More or less Ghostface Killah'll stretch you out like mad words in a sentence  
Smell the gas burning (yeah) feel the fire (word)  
Real talk, it's not that bullshit from The Wire

It's them disco kids that clap iron  
Champion hoods, if ya coke don't freeze, my face is not worth frying

We crack eightballs with pool sticks  
Bungee jump off a mountain of bricks  
Fuck you up if you slinging those nicks  
Toney Starks from the octagon, my ox is on  
Snap Matt Hughes' neck with my boxers on

[Chorus 2X]

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlrics.com/>