

Run tha Streetz (feat. Michel'le/Mutah/Storm)

2Pac

You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waiting for you
Until you get through
I'll be waiting You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waiting for you
Until you get through
I'll be waiting Now peep it, here go the secret on how to keep a playa
Some love makin' and homecookin', I'll see you later
It don't take a lot to keep a nigga hard
Must be a lady in the light but real freaky in the dark
Plus I got some enemies, baby, hold my pistol
And wrap your arms around a nigga everytime I kiss you
Can you visualize the picture, me and you in ecstasy
Don't be upset, it's good sex, when you next to me
Do you wanna test me, put your tired head on my chest
A thug nigga's in the house, now you can rest
I bet'cha never screamed a nigga's whole name out
And felt the pleasure and the pain
About to fuck the very taste out your mouth
If you call me when you need me
1-800-Skypage, when you wanna see me
Cause I can be your man
And, baby, you can be my lady
But you gotta give a nigga space or you'll drive me crazy
Run the streets You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waiting for you
Until you get through
I'll be waiting You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waiting for you
Until you get through
I'll be waiting Now me and you was cool
But I ain't the one to play the fool
Can't make no money in bed
So ain't no future fuckin' you, I ain't the bitch to love ya
Can't do a damn thang for you, if ya ain't about money
9 Times outta 10, I'll ignore you, it's a man's world
But real women make the shit go around
Disrespect and I clown the type of bitch to throw down
Throw up the block 'cause nothin' stops my chips

I boss play ya with this, then twist you lame tricks
Holler if you understand my plan, ladies
Fuck havin' babies by them shady ass niggas swearin' he can save me
My strategy's official
Checkin' ya pockets while I tounge kiss ya
Soft as tissue
So my next issue is 'how to diss you ?'
They call me Storm from the day I was born
I been known to break the coldest motherfucker, til his hearts warm
I ain't never been the type to wait at home alone
Just 'cause we bone, don't mean you own me, nigga, I'm grown
You can run the streets with your thugs
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I'll be waiting
You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waiting for you
Until you get through
I'll be waiting
I'd rather run the streets to make some mail
And put the game down tight
For these gamin' bitches could get it right
It might be a plan that I'm chosen
Don't get in confusion
Because I'm known for showin' examples how I do it
Thinkin' I'm new to this, because I'm younger
Where I'll only leave you suspicious and to wonder
And at the end I make a come up
Nigga, was raised up off of M.O.B
Fetti over something, that's tellin' me don't run the streets
So tell me am I wrong?
For tryin' to communicate through a song
I'm up early in the morning, by sunrise I'll be gone
All my homies is waitin' for me
Plottin' on plans that we made and all the fun that it's gonna be
So meet me at 3'
And don't be late nigga
We hangin' out all night while drinkin' straight liquor
I heard it's poppin' at a club
But they say I can't get in
'Cause I'm dressed like a thug, until I die
I'll be game related
Got me strivin' for a million, stayin' motivated
Now that we made it
It's a battle just for the big money
I'm livin' wild, no smiles, 'cause ain't a thing funny
I came up hungry, just a lil' nigga, tryin' to make it
I only got one chance, so I gotta take it
Ya never know when it's all gonna happen

The rappin' or the drugs
But until then give me love
And let me run the streets You can run the streets with your thugs
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Songwriters

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