

We Are The Streets

The Lox

You know we had to ?dis, right?

You know we had to, ?dis right?

It just wouldn't be right

Yo, ayo

Yo I?ma B-boy standin' in my B-boy stance

Glock on my hip is big is the dick in my pants

You don?t want nuttin' wit sheek you soft as fuck

I leave a single shotgun shell on top of your truck

Wit a horseshoe to let you know you pressin? ya luck

You don?t want nuttin' wit kiss, nuttin' wit styles

You don?t wanna end up food for the crocodiles

I?d take the gun off ya waist and smack ya

And turn around and point it at ya mink and give you one

I?m the reason why ya peeps not in I.C.U.

'Cause believe me when you ain?t watchin' I see you

From the Hamptons to the place where you like to eat

I put somethin' in them yams you keep thinkin' is sweet

I?m in the bushes all night calm wit the Tommy

Waitin' for you to skinny dip wit that mommy

While she waitin' for the night, I?m waitin' for her flight

No we ain?t, wit dem

No more 'cause we rough ridin'

Get it out ya head now

LOX is back now

Show a little love now

Pump it in the club now

No we ain?t, wit dem

No more 'cause we rough ridin'

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Yo if you should die tonight, it?s 'cause I said, "Peel his cap"

We all rough riders now, how real is that

It?s the kiss of death everybody know J-face

You's gettin' off similar to OJ?s case

Just better rhymes and better beats involved

Less politics more of the streets involved

Things always go smooth when the heat's involved

Sign today or get beat tomorrow
First one talkin' that family shit
And get a lotta dough and don't give the family shit
I don't care how many checks you wrote
I just wanna see how you gonna dance when your neck get broke
If y'all do fall down I'ma scoop the
No shiny suits, everybody boots and jeans
The industry is one thing being real is another
That means I'll steal your
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Yo if you left the peak ballin', I don't feel yo ass
I wish duke was still alive and they killed yo ass
You can keep an industry but don't you come to the hood
I got a thousand niggas like me and they feel like Suge
If you think I'm beefin' for nuttin' then rob me dog
I'm from the hood and I ain't been robbed before
Tell you screw all the paperwork, you can lie in dirt
Walk through the valley nigga tell me if the iron hurt
Rough ridin' now 'cause that's where the bombs at
And I tell niggas fuck that car jack
Take the roley out the air put the don back
Can't wear shiny suits on combat
Guess I got personal beef, you worse than a thief
Probably be your man that'll work you to sleep
We goin' put the guns down and we ain't bringin' a crew
You got friends that hate yo ass more than we do nigga
We don't give a fuck about ya
We don't give a fuck about ya
We don't give a fuck about ya
We gonna be alright with out ya
No we ain't, wit dem
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