

Streets Gonna Love Me

Hell Rell

Uh-huh, Dipset
(They gon love me)

Uh, yes, uh
(They gon love me)

Uh-huh, uh-huh, yes

We live for em, we die for emChorus:

I love the streets and the (streets dont love me)
Be in the streets and the (streets dont love me)
Die for the streets and the (streets dont love me)

Its a cold cold world world world

I love the streets and the (streets dont love me)
Be in the streets and the (streets dont love me)
Die for the streets and the (streets dont love me)

Its a cold cold world world world

Now what you say, now what you say (they gon love me)

Now what you say, now what you say (they gon love me)

Now what you say, now what you say (they gon love me)

Now what you say, now what you say (they gon love me)Verse 1:

Can fly or ride around in the drop all day

Or get money, just chillin on the block all day

And yeah its funny that I love the streets but they dont love me back

Yeah I hug the block but it damn sure dont hug me back

Lost a few homies, still grindin it out

Got some problems in the streets, straight iron it out

Yeah, and these mean streets put me in jail

But the streets aint put up my bail, oh well

You know Rell, still huggin it, one life to live

And Im reppin my block, my strip, thats what it is

Got gun boys outside letting it go

I got the block huggers out there selling that snow

And they might get knocked but thats the chances we take

You know its all for the cake, yeah its all for the cake

And I know its a chance I can get killed out here

Pants saggin, chain swingin, and Im still out here, yeahChorusVerse 2:

Streets dont love us but we love the streets

We hustle in the fire like we love the heat

Get fly for the bitches, pull the Coupe up, and make em smile

Pops wasnt there man the streets had to raise the child

Look what it made me, money-hungry and crazy

But I still got the Ruger on me, thats my baby
Know some gangstas in ya hood, I be runnin through there
They ride the 5 in ya projects, I be comin through there
Im in the streets like mailboxes and stop signs
My money, try to stop mine, I got to pop mine
For real man the streets dont love us yeah the streets dont love us
They let us get the paper, in the end they gon cuff us
Yeah, I seen it all, the streets is cold man
Take a young boy, make him look like a old man
It wasnt for the streets, I wouldnt have got on the map
So I carry the hood, look what I got on my back
But

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