

# Streets On Lock

## Nasty Jack

Lets get it These haters just hating they aint talking 'bout s\*\*\*  
Im a grown a\*\* man I flip my own \*\*\*  
I dont need yo, help I can own my own \*\*\*  
Aint no mother\*\*\* help me write my rhymes Aint no nobody pay for my studio time  
See me at the top and want to claim my fame  
Hunting took my chain yeah, mother\*\*\* right  
You better off saying a \*\*\* took my life Want to assassinate my character but I aint acting  
It aint adding up so you can't subtracting  
B.I.G. said it first more money more problems  
The why I see it more problems more money, what's up I got the streets on lock, Atlanta on my back  
I do it for the hood, you got a problem with that  
Real homies so this rap s\*\*\* easy, when I speak  
These people believe me 'cause \*\*\* Im Jeezy I got the streets on lock, Atlanta on my back  
I do it for the hood, you got a problem with that  
Real homies so this rap s\*\*\* easy, when I speak  
These people believe me 'cause \*\*\* Im Jeezy Eyes wide shut I dont see these haters  
'Cause deep in your heart you want to be me player  
Want to stand in my shoes, want to hit my \*\*\*  
Want to live my life, want to rock my shows, no Ya young punks with ya loose a\*\* lips  
I keep a AR with them loose a\*\* clips  
What type of real G name himself after a bag  
Homie yous a hoe, a Loui Vuitton fag My name aint \*\*\* so keep it out ya mouth  
It is what it is look I am Da South, thats right  
Big Mac you boys small fries  
You just another \*\*\* Im more like the franchise I got the streets on lock, Atlanta on my back  
I do it for the hood, you got a problem with that  
Real homies so this rap s\*\*\* easy, when I speak  
These people believe me 'cause \*\*\* Im Jeezy I got the streets on lock, Atlanta on my back  
I do it for the hood, you got a problem with that  
Real homies so this rap s\*\*\* easy, when I speak  
These people believe me 'cause \*\*\* Im Jeezy I was born in the Field raised in Atlanta  
Pop busted a \*\*\* here so I was made in Atlanta  
Mat Lew died so I stayed in Atlanta  
Had a plug on the squares got paid in Atlanta Twenty-twos on the 2-door it sits so right  
Ice tray on my wrist yeah, it shines so bright  
Make moves in the day and I ball by night  
9/11 Porsche I was on that flight Five nine, six one I call 'em the twin towers  
Had them on the triple stack, hit 'em both in the shower  
Pedal to the medal 'bout a buck 85

Mr. 17-5 slow head well I drive, what's up I got the streets on lock, Atlanta on my back  
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