Street Rules

Mad Skillz

Yeah, yo this go out to everybody, just doin' what they gotta do
KnowhatI'msayin'? To get that cream, knahmean?The streets don't care who you are
And those who fake Jack's son, they never get far
The streets don't care who you are
And those who fake Jack's son, they never get farYo, where I reside fake niggaz run and hide
The streets be wicked, keep that biscuit by yo' side
What the fuck? Who the next crew to get run amuck?
It's all real over here, on the streets you get stuckFor fakin' jacks don't max 'cause the block stay hot
Watch your back for the jeal' niggaz tryin' to get what you got
Count your dough slow, never flash your ends
Always keep a stash spot and never make new friendsCommit your sins, confess on your own time kid
Never think that you too nice to do a fuckin' bid
Don't nobody but you wanna see, you gettin' bigger
So for every loyal nigga it's two spoiled niggazMidnight to six cliques pullin' sweet vicks
Fulfullin' cream dreams, takin' niggaz out the mix
Nine-pound locked down by you and yo' crew
But watch yo' back nigga because the streets don't have toThe streets don't care who you are
And those who fake Jack's son, they never get far
The streets don't care who you are
And those who fake Jack's son, they never get farYo, fuck gettin' high, I need high dough
And when you high all you seein' is yo' money movin' slow
So scratch the itch, don't slip and don't snitch
Leavin', C'mon, this ain't Superfly bitchAsk black, the kid with the wide-body Ac
Put a freeze on your cheese and you're workin' till he stack
'Nuff bills to chill, sniff lines and shit
Till some niggaz hit crib on some tec-9 shitI numb gums like coke when you take a taste
You in the wrong motherfuckin' place tryin' to be Scarface
Niggaz be schemin' and slippin' on Henny demon
Tryin' to outlast the next ass, cash got him fiendin'To rock on the wrong blocks and don't know the tactics
In God we trust, mad deep like Sounds of Blackness
Locked in the rule of no sharin', it might seem
I'm selfish but I'm for delf I can't spend whipped creamThe streets don't care who you are
And those who fake Jack's son, they never get far
The streets don't care who you are
And those who fake Jack's son, they never get farBreak it down, the man is so hot niggaz is catchin' suntans
Makin' plans to jam after they bag up this next gram
Brothers gettin' laced, I caught a new case
But if they want me, they got to kill me twice like ScrewfaceExcess players I got no time for rest man
Keep that dough flowin', motherfuck owin' the next man

Neighborhood villain, hoodie glock no smile
When I see you it's gon' be, executioner styleWhat nigga? Check the stee', yeah you know how it get
Out here some ol' [Unverified] Columbian blindfold shit
Double go to club chill drink holder
Discrete down to low cabbage gettin' street soldiersDuckin' guys till heads recognize the real
Lettin' lead fly but instead I maintain and chill
You know the deal, kids get ill don't sleep
You get your card pulled quick fuckin' around in these streetsThe streets don't care who you are
And those who fake Jack's son, they never get far
The streets don't care who you are
And those who fake Jack's son, they never get farYeah, you know how we do big shout to everybody
I ain't mad at ya, do your thing, y'knahmean?
Northside, Southside, Eastern, Western
Niggaz gotta win

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