These Streets

Tanya Stephens

You know
I can still remember when it was just me and you
suddenly it turn you and your crew
forget everything bout your booI wish you woulda treat me like ya glock
I woulda love it if you keep me pon cockI wish you woulda treat me like ya yacht
keep me wet while the waves them a rockWhy can't you stay pon me like the corner
and keep your lips pon me like your marijuanaI woulda love it if you treat me like a club
stay up inna me whole night just a bump'n grind'n rubBridge: You don't understand what your woman needs from her man
While you deh pon di streets all the time
just bear this in mind
whoa-oaChorus: These streets don't love you like I do
you need fi know that
you wanna keep your woman loving you
and you need fi show that
the love we have it take so much effort fi build
you about fi blow that
but just like a played out jersey
you about fi get throw back!I wish you woulda treat me like a ounce
me know ya nah leggo that when yuh bounceYou shouldda deh home knock boots like ya timbs
need fi act older than the size of ya rimsI wish you woulda stay pon me like ya phone man
and never leave the house wit out me like ya crome manBoy I wish you woulda treat me like ya whips
your girl's a perfect ten but your benz them only a 5 and a 6Bridge: You don't understand what your woman needs from her man
While you deh pon di streets all the time
just bear this in mindChorus: These streets don't love you like I do
you need fi know that
you wanna keep your woman loving you
and you need fi show that
the love we have well it take so much effort fi build
you about fi blow that
but just like a played out jersey
you about fi get throw back!Now the Feds have them case
and they gavel up pound
me a look fi a familiar face, me nah see none aroundWhen ya call me collect and give me errands fi do
mi nah see nah hot gal, me nah see none of your crewGovernment sieze everything, the Gs everythingand another baller dun take over di spot
a run, trees everything the keys everything
and 10 calls a month is all you gotSayin, now you understand

what I was tryin to say to my man
why you dey an dere pon the grind, you shoulda bear this in mindSay di streets dem nah give a damn, bundiddlydung
a just a place where ya peddle pon (need fi know that)You fall in love with the corner, you can't say me never warn ya (and ya need fi show that)These streets don't love you like I doyuh know these streets don't love you, and oh these streets can't hug youThese streets don't love you like I do...

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