

# Streets on Lock

## Nasty Jack

Lets get itThese 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 rhymesAint 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 lifeWant 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 upI 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 JeezyI 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 JeezyEyes 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, noYa 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 fagMy 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 franchiseI got the streets on lock, Atlanta on my back  
    I do it for the hood, you got a problem with that  
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These people believe me 'cause \*\*\* Im JeezyI 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 AtlantaTwenty-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 flightFive 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 upI got the streets on lock, Atlanta on my back  
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