

Street Bullies

Ghostface Killah

[Intro: Sheek Louch]Geah! Aiyyo Starks, whattup?

What it do family?

[Chorus: Ghostface Killah]We street bullies for cheddar, and that's our word

Pop bottles and spend money on chicks with curves

We the youth poetic justice, the kings and the Yankees

Our flows is vicious, check check, check out my melodies

[Shawn Wigs]We gifted with vocab to make the streets spaz

And I'm infatuated with money like {?} grabs

Blow bags of that purple 'til I'm purple like Grimace

Burn spinach cause it keep up flows, Shawn's a menace

Even Barack watch "The Wire," the streets is political

Watch how the '89 analog switched to digital

It's a miracle, we gettin rich, offa visuals

Millionaires open doors, split them residuals

and still don't know how to act, spend 5 beams on jeans

Steady blowin cream by the stack

I get my change, now go cop, get'cha a drink

And have a hoe butt-naked washed up by the sink

Blowin stink, and I don't see grass on the field

So I'ma tear ass on that field

The Doe Wilson walk around with a bottle of Spades

Diamonds lookin like I flossed in a cascade

[Chorus][Sheek Louch]Dee dee dee da dee, dee dee dee da dee day

You asked for Donnie G oh won't you please come out and play

They know I keep that black girl, the black guns and the AK's

I'm comin where you lay, and yeah I'm gonna spray - hey!

Motherfucker what'chu lookin at? The crook's back

Staten Island got my back, Brooklyn niggaz let it clap

Half these niggaz ride out, Harlem niggaz keep it real

Bronx got a shorty there, that's my little hideout

{?}, Rose, Donnie cake, souffle

M6, no top on it, toupee

Rubber grip, stainless steel, the night look gray

Yeah, this that fly shit, patch over the eye shit

Slick Rick, bruh, these bitches be on my dick

Yeah I'm the new draft pick, about to get my ass licked

Street bullies blastin, you ain't gotta ask it

Ghostface, Wigs, will put you in a casket

[Chorus][Sun God]Can I, kick it? Yes you can
Can I, kick it? Yes you can
Can I, kick it? Yes you can
Well I'm gone - are you gonna miss me when I leave?
Besides this 8 times 5, got tricks up in my sleeve
Guaranteed, ain't nobody around these beezy
See the team, we don't sleep, cause niggaz need green
We bleed different, we chase money, y'all can chase dreams
Came a long way, don't fuck that bread up in between
Tell 'em God sent you, load up that wop and let it ring ock
It's more than raindrops, when your nigga name get scratched off
like his name dropped, that's when that thang pop
Y'all niggaz thought once too much, that's why your brain stopped
Lock and load both of them 40's I make the place hot
You can't wipe that up with no shirt, that take mops
Out the window here's another bomb let that bass drop
[Chorus]

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