

What I Learned From the Streets (feat. Shell)

Lil Boosie

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[lil boosie]

Off Gate, this what i learned from the streets (talk to em)
handle your beef (yeaaaaah)
you playing with keys(keys!)
sleep with your heat (betta)
you a role model lil partner gotta be neat
all hoes aint sweet, they messy (they messy)
everything happens for a reason but they all lessons
if u stressen then pick ur head up(head up!), nigga,
get your bread up(bread up!), nigga,
if ur scared, scared niggas get they head bust
i make u catch a heart attack, in starter hatch
just left downtown i got my 40 back
a situation started, nigga im never smiling
beast mode until they take me, got that from ivy
any nigga who watch u up and down want something you got
why my enemies iffing me got that from pop
if i flop then its back to selling blocks (fuck it!!!)
back to telling niggas they cant hustle in my spot, off the top
my daddy raised me to hate a cop
so all my motherfuckin life, i hated cops
calv rich told me niggas change when u give them blocks
nigga told me when i ride better keep it cocked-chorus:-
this what i learned from the streets
keep it real lil nigga(from the heart)
keep your steel lil nigga
fuck these hoes lil nigga
but get ur roles lil nigga
this what i learned from the streets
watch ur back lil nigga(watcha back)
keep it strapped lil nigga(keep it strapped)
you lil hatch lil nigga

a real gutter nigga and ur nuts a lil bigga[lil boosie verse 2]
peep all yo surroundings (watch everything)
money is money so concentrate when u count it
every nigga who bouncin aint no gangsta ass nigga(believe dat)
and i learned that from richas
spoil all the dopefiends
i learned that from pitchas
fred city show me how to roll that killa
big loc show me how to come with rhythm
ever since then ive been the sickest in the system
donkey, down an jacob took me on my first mission
i jumped out bustin fuck it u aint saying nuthin
ivy showed me how to cook it up and get it hard
put me on this jewellery shit i miss my boy
look, no matter how good you treat em (ooooooh)
that dope will make em do evil learn that from that clown jeefers
these nigga turning on they own people(aunti told me)
these niggas devils out here-chorus-[shell]
the streets told me boy thugga keep that thang on ya
and fuck ur friends cause most niggas they'll change on ya
these streets cold so u gotta keep that heater close
might be ur boy thats tryin burn u, dog u never know
man look these hoes aint no better they be vulchers too
i crossed one of those niggas and now they crossing u
just keep it G and handle business like the bosses do
know u the shit but homie keep em flies off of you
keep ur mouth all open shut when people talk to you
u dont know shit no matter how much time they offer you
dont stop until u got enough to a vault or 2
and know one thing its a slight chance ull take a loss or 2
keep ur eyes open and ya ear all the way to the streets
its money over everything till u rest in peace
keep ur eyes open and ya ear all the way to the streets
its money over everything till u rest in peace-chorus-

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