These Streets

Bugz

[SPM:]Sunshine in the wind with the bald fade gotta keep my dream down cus them laws hate out roof deuce chunking 45.
dunkin H town is just like Compton kick doors telescope hit folds make you boys sound softer than wet dough stack dollaz
went to crack college I like my salad with extra black olives acknowledge keep my lac polished
don't mistake for a fuckin rap artist im the one that shot slugs in yo hot tub leave yo bitch ass screwed and chopped up
none left known for car theft but in the kitchen im the one top chef I cool whip it I ain't bull shittin turn 25oz to a new chicken
[Chorus:]Smoke bud cus its my therapy, take a 44 slug turn the bitch to a memory, can show no love,
cus these hoes bring jealousy so run them thugs these streets keep calling me (calling me)
[Rasheed:]Let the bombs fly nigga we can all die but wait a second first I gotta tell my mom bye,
maybe we can talk it out up in gods sky rasheed got more nuts than pecan pie.
Im the wrong guy homie I don't fuck around I've been a gangsta since way before hustle town,
SP low G ain't no holding us there ain't no holding us, I don't eat a lot of sweets but I smoke a bunch,
you can go to lunch and nigga you could go to hell, I fucked the radio this shit is still going to sell,
like I told my bitch if im ever killed, you neva gonna find another muthafucka more real,

but say los maybe we can get some airplay and talk about some of that bullshit that they say.
All my ladies in the house say "OHHHHH" damn I forgot im in this bitch all alone.
[Chorus:]Smoke bud cus its my therapy, take a 44 slug turn the bitch to a memory, can show no love,
cus these hoes bring/greed jealousy so run them thugs these streets keep calling me (calling me)
[SPM:]Los is a crawler, House-ton got taller up in H town move slow lie koala 20's on the prawler starring at the mirror
17 coats to make the paint clearer. Up in my ride got more nuts than my pride keep a few hoes that I fuck on the side.
paper chase me crib on the lake, ride through the tre, sfree wheel skater.
Breaker 1-9 shitting in the sunshine my nextel phone sound like the love line,
all day service got jane burnin my weed is lime green like frog named kermit,
Bustin fuck the reprocaution, blast him right before the radio lunch in, bloody murder,
not much of a converser cus I say more bad words than a computer cursor.
[Chorus:]Smoke bud cus its my therapy, take a 44 slug turn the bitch to a memory, can show no love,
cus these hoes bring jealousy so run them thugs these streets keep calling me (calling me)

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