

# Street Shit

## Styles P

Where my hood at?  
Where them red and blue flags, where that good at?  
Somebody tell them hood rats to come up front  
And let the club know I'ma smoke my blunt, Ghost  
Money green, weed green, hood black, heart black  
And never let 'em see where you live, where you park at  
Never let 'em know how you get it just squash that  
Never let the beef ride long, go squash that  
You can shoot it out or go and peace it up  
If we was in jail I would make you give your sneakers up  
'Cause I'm a loyalist and I spray shit  
44 make niggaz look like crawfish  
'Cause you seafood, so go on sleep with 'em  
I don't trust no niggaz, I don't eat with 'em  
Matter fact, I'ma keep it street with 'em  
I don't like his style, I don't even speak with him  
I keep it G from the get-go  
Real go-getter and I let my shit blow  
You don't wanna get your shit broke  
I got the hawk, you don't wanna get your shit broke  
Yeah, uh, where my hood at?  
Where them red and blue flags, where that good at?  
Where them vanillas? Where that sticky?  
Where my right hand man with the blicky?  
Somebody tell them hood rats to come up front  
And let the club know I'ma smoke my blunt  
Bitch, this ain't Gucci, this ain't Prada  
This street shit I'm fuckin' with them niggaz say "Nada"  
Geyeah  
Hey yo, it's never gon' be another  
Shocked the world with the half face gorilla cover  
Clip on top of each other, now e'rybody wanna listen to the Sheek  
Funny I'm on the plane watchin', 'Get Him to the Greek'  
Twenty thousand when I land just to listen when I speak  
Bully, he in my will somewhere, he like to eat  
'I Get High' high like P's song  
That's why my shades on, used to be in love with Nia Long  
Donny ain't around now I'll talk 'bout Viet Cong

That's means more bitches more haters on my song  
But I don't go back and forth, me no ping-pong  
Donny at your door like Avon, ding dong  
Yeah, me and my E hawk  
Pop them things off on your block then later we pop klikko  
Hah, amazing ain't it?  
If you can paint a bigger picture, well go 'head and pain it  
Yeah, uh, where my hood at?  
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Geyeah  
Bang like them white boys in mosh pits  
Hach-too spit on your favorite rapper, he's not shit  
My catalogue is colossus  
Blunt for the prelude, one for the process  
Perform with a swarm of fully loaded objects  
Make it clearer than Podus ring  
I'm reachin' for my phone 'cause I hear it before it ring  
I'm reachin' for my gun 'cause I hear it before it ring  
In the hood, I'm a muse  
Phantom that's verbal, demolition in the booth  
Slicker than the oil that you get at the masseuse  
Chrome thing with the conehead in the goose  
Addin' in the coupe, subtractin' what I shoot  
Get in with a axe and some matches and a noose  
You have no idea on the havoc I produce  
'Til it's way too late the brain matter's on your shoes  
Yeah, uh, where my hood at?  
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Where them vanillas? Where that sticky?  
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