

Streets Is Talking

Jay-Z

Is he a blood? Is he a crip?
Is he that? Is he this?
Did he do it? You know uhh
LookIf I shoot you I'm brainless
Different toilet, same shit and I'm sick of explainin' this
I'm waitin' on arraignment my nigga is the plaintiff
Yeah I know what you thinkin' fucked up ain't it?I shoulda known better and I planned to
But dog they be takin' me out of my zone like a nigga with a handle
I sat back and watched it put the gats back in the closet
That's what I tied my hands like an Iraqi hostageLet niggas take shots at me no response
I just flip and pop my collar like the fons
You give a nigga a foot he'll take you one step beyond
He'll try to play you twice the third time is the charmYou wanna conversate with the writer of the Quran
Or old testament don't test him then
I know what y'all thinkin' dick, pause
Your future's my past I've been here beforeI know when you're schemin' I feel when you ply
And I got mental vision, intuition
I know where you goin' I read your mind's navigational system
Everybody whisperin' pers-pers-pers-perspirin'When the streets is talkin' niggas is gossipin'
Bitches all in your shit what's the cause of it?
I need to knowYou see me with a bodyguard that means police is watchin'
And I only use his waist to keep my glock in
But when shit goes down you know who's doin' the poppin'
And if you don't know guess who's doin' the droppin'S dot again y'all got him in a bad mood
Bad move that's bad news
How many times have I got to prove?
How many loved ones have you got to lose?Before you realize that it's probably true
Whatever Jigga say Jigga probably do
Shit I paid my dues I made the news
I came in the door for dolo blazed the crewsAnd the streets say"Jigga can't go back home"
You know when I heard that when I was back home
I'm comfortable dog Brooklyn to Rome
On any Martin Luther don't part with your futureDon't ever question if I got the heart to shoot ya
The answer is simply too dark for the user
And as a snot-nose they said that "He got flows"
But will he be able to drop those before the cops close in?'For the shots froze him and he's dead and gone
From what the block has spoken my God
Everybody stressin' who's his baby's moms?
Who he got pregnant? Let me tell you ahhNigga streets is talkin' niggaz is gossipin'

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I need to know When the streets is talkin' niggas is gossipin'
Bitches all in your shit what's the cause of it?
I need to know I seen my first murder in the hall if you must know
I lost my pops when I was eleven twelve years old
He's probably somewhere where the liquor is takin' it's toll
But I ain't mad at you dad holla at your lad I grew up pushin' snowflake to niggas that was pro-base
The stress'll take a young nigga give him a old face
All I did was smoke joke think and drink
Cop came they complained front row watch game I seen niggas before me with a chance to write they own script
Slip up and change the story
I seen young niggas go out in a blaze of glory
Before reachin' puberty scared a nigga truthfully I took trips with so much shit in the whip
That if the cops pulled us over the dog'd get sick, sniff
Smell me nigga, the real me nigga, minus the rumors
Holla if you feel me nigga The streets is not only watchin' but they talkin' now
Shit they got me circlin' the block before I'm parkin' now
Don't get it twisted I ain't bitchin' I'm just cautious now
Sub under the parka extra cartridge now Hit his click sig up you fell at it you're dense
I get word to the street like Bell Atlantic Express
I feel the vibes and I hear the rumors
But fuck it I'm still alive and I'm still in jumaa I know stafallah Niggas wanna press me put my back to the wall
But pressure bust pipes I know I spat to y'all
To know me is to love me you see me, can't be me hate this
Fuck you I got guns like Neo in 'Matrix' Cross the family think Mac's sweet like Cairo
Or soft like play doh get knocked off like Fredo Corleone
They find you with a hole in your dome
I roll with niggas that'll follow you and go to your home Thought you ball
But nigga you fall to my defense
Catch you while you reachin'
Clip you then I cross you then I'm leavin' Apply full court pressure
Like four-four get you out of here, pull pressure
To the trigger bullets fly in three's
You forever rest under bullshit, dirt lies and leaves I do bullshit
Dirt tell lies then leave
Look in my eyes
Realize it's beans Niggas wanna despise the team
Till I play head coach and straight up divide they team
Trade they man for some pies and a couple of things
Till the bullet ahh motherfuckers yeah

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