Street Team

Deezuz

Listen man, this here is some gangsta shit you know?
Real bouncy, hood shit, double R, shit, nigga
The best of the best street team
You know what it is or how it is
Motherfuckers want to act now
Keep toast by the waist now
Got a block full of crack now
Still got to hold the hood down
Little chickens want to run around dig dig down
Got a clip for the full pound
That will put your ass under the ground
With a thunderous sound
Send heat through your goose down
Then I'm blow cool day
All over your body
Ride or die with me today
And when I cook that shook that
Ran a roll back
In an all black
360 doing 160
Head like sticking move manually
She want to know what my stamina be
Told the chick real gangstas hard to please
Stash hard in the Honda seats
You got to know how the game will freeze
Especially when you pimp the heat
You got to pop that thing
Put an ass to sleep
Better cock that thing 'cause the walls will creep
Niggas think they hot ain't felt the heat
Cross spit that shit that will melt the street
Cocksucker heres a pack come bump with me
Double R in a cell you can't fuck with me
You don't want to fuck with me
Y'all niggas know who I am
Catch you in the parking lot
Pull out and pop your top
Somebody's got to drop
So what you want to do?

You cannot hide from me
My niggas is coming for you
Three o'clock on the dot when I plan to plot
Ran up in the smoke spot wanna buy a lot
Hurry up, shit is hot
Can't fuck with me
Kill drama with M3's company for bumping me
All my niggas own real estate
My money can't estimate
On the roll you can't tell the time or the day, and date
Have your bitch in the back of the Escalade
We can make things escalate
Pull out, make his man run on him and he had a gun on him
Busted you then make the right
To cut through the gas station and take the light
Can't tell me Ruff Ryders don't make it tight
Got to wonder what a Harlem, niggas life is like
And I transport keys if the price is right

Then ride back through your hood on a mountain bike
Got bullets that will go through your stomach
Then come out your head
I'm Infrared, you ain't know, I'm about this bread
And I wonder what your family gonna do
When they pronounce you dead
Then come through your hood with Gucci rims on
In the six with the rims on
Getting head from a bad redbone, bitch
That don't mind switching like to fuck with her timbs on
You don't want to fuck with me
Y'all niggas know who I am
Catch you in the parking lot
Pull out and pop your top
Somebody's got to drop
So what you want to do?
You cannot hide from me
My niggas is coming for you
On my block there won't be no coping the bank
And depositing the shit, you get my drift?
Anything sold I want to get a bank roll
You motherfuckers don't want to see these things blow
Hanging like Neptunes, oh, no
When I pull the four-four
Look at the hole that you fell in
I got to spin around to keep the shells in

I ma blast to keep the smell in
Bet you know now, when I rap fast
I might as well slow down
I mean I love when I spin Porsche to hold my horse like
Whooa, now
How many niggas think they can ruff ryde
Because y'all puff lye
Think they can be yelling tough guy
I'm a slim nigga so I'm a make you duck by
Like whoa, listen to a fly bye
Like ch-ch-chhh, nigga why cry?
Don't give a fuck, where your soul want to go
All I care is when I toss this shit, where they gonna go
Watch where this bullet go, past niggas
I'm sick of y'all warm floor ass niggas
Don't got to pump no more passing the picture
While I'm at your funeral just passing your picture
I ain't bad as me
You don't want to fuck with me
Y'all niggas know who I am
Catch you in the parking lot
Pull out and pop your top
Somebody's got to drop
So what you want to do?
You cannot hide from me
My niggas is coming for you
You don't want to fuck with me
You don't want to fuck with me
You don't want to fuck with me
You don't want to fuck with me

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/