

# Old Streets

2KBABY

Yeah, ooh  
Yeah, yeah  
That's my brother  
So if you crossin' him, you crossin' me  
Fuck all these hoes, please get 'em off of me  
We from the gutter  
Every night, we ate bologna meat  
Bitch, watch your tone 'cause ain't no ho in me  
They say I'm greedy  
When I be only tryna feed the team  
Somebody tell me who been feeding me?  
No, I ain't easy  
Take all these drugs like I might OD  
Game ain't the same, I miss the old streets  
Man, I miss the old streets  
These niggas lame, they gotta show me  
They know my name, but they don't know me  
Got all this pain, somebody hold me, yeah  
So now I ball like Kobe, yeah  
These niggas be so phony, yeah  
They wanna be my homie, yeah  
But I been grinding by my lonely, yeah  
Cold winters, cold killers, and cold dinners  
My granny trippin', her grandson the dope dealer  
My ho trippin', no pics, it's just business  
Stop bitching, get out your feelings, just roll with it  
It's all sickening, the bills hittin', my mom's missing  
Pops flipping, the time's ticking, the day's shifting  
I can't fix it, move with it, just groove with it  
Too smooth with it, I kept praying, I'm God's gifted, yeah  
Never change on my brothers, I'm not switchin'  
Better not hang with no others, we not with it  
All the opps takin' cover, got caught slippin'  
Go spin they block with them cutters, we not missing  
Man, I miss the old streets  
These niggas lame, they gotta show me  
They know my name, but they don't know me  
Got all this pain, somebody hold me, yeah  
So now I ball like Kobe, yeah

These niggas be so phony, yeah  
They wanna be my homie, yeah  
But I been grinding by my lonely, yeah

Lyrics Submitted by alainna.barr

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