

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
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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
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Lyrics Submitted by alainna.barr

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