

# Streets On Lock (Feat. Fabolous & Bleu Devinci)

## Young Jeezy

These niggas just hating they ain't talking 'bout shit  
I'm a grown ass man I flip my own brick  
I don't need yo help I can hold my own dick  
Ain't no motherfucker help me write my rhymes  
Ain't no nigga pay for my studio time  
See me at the top and want to claim my fame  
Nigga took my chain, yea motherfuckin' right  
You better off saying a nigga took my life  
Want to assassinate my character, but I ain't acting  
It ain't adding up so you niggas subtracting  
B.I.G. said it first more money more problems  
The way I see it more problems, more money (What's up) I got the streets on lock  
Atlanta on my back  
I do it for the hood  
You got a problem with that?  
Real nigga so this rap shit easy  
(When I speak) Theses niggas believe me  
'Cause bitch I'm Jeezy I got the streets on lock  
Atlanta on my back  
I do it for the hood  
You got a problem with that?  
Real nigga so this rap shit easy  
(When I speak) Theses niggas believe me  
'Cause bitch I'm Jeezy Eyes wide shut I don't see these niggas  
'Cause deep in your heart you want to be me nigga  
Want to stand in my shoes  
Want to fuck my hoes  
Want to live my life  
Want to rock my shows (No)  
Ya young punks with ya loose ass lips  
I keep a AR with them loose ass clips  
What type of real nigga name himself after a bag  
Nigga you's a hoe, a Louis Vuitton fag  
My name ain't dick so keep it out ya mouth  
It is what it is, look I am Da South (That's right)  
Big Mac you niggas small fries  
You just another nigga I'm more like the franchise I got the streets on lock  
Atlanta on my back  
I do it for the hood

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(When I speak) Theses niggas believe me  
'Cause bitch I'm JeezyI was born in the field raised in Atlanta  
Pop busted a nut here so I was made in Atlanta (Ha ha)  
Mat Lew died so I stayed in Atlanta  
Had a plug on the squares got paid in Atlanta  
22's on the 2-door it sits so right  
Ice tray on my wrist yea it shines so bright  
Make moves in the day and I ball by night  
911 Porsche I was on that flight  
5'9, 6'1 I call 'em the twin towers  
Had 'em on a triple stack  
Hit 'em both in the shower  
Pedal to the medal 'bout a buck 85  
Mr. 17-5, slow head while I drive (What's up)I got the streets on lock  
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Songwriters

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