Mean Streets

Jazzjet

[Intro: Raekwon (man)](Aiyo, Chef?) What up, my nigga?
(Yeah, man, I gotta give you the 411, shit is straight 911, word)
It's $2.50, nigga, back the fuck up! Talk to me...
(Word, them blue ninjas is everywhere
Word, watch ya back, Protect Ya Neck and all that shit, man
Thirty nine motherfuckers already got scooped up
Indicted, word, I'm bird eye viewing it right now
Out there out the motherfucking window)
You got the strong scoopers out there?
(Word, five book store buses out front
All them young boys are certified, they our rentals)
[Chorus 2X: Suga Bang Bang]For these mean streets from Cali to New York
Who could ya trust? Niggaz they do talk
Running from the feds and out of state troopers
Look up ahead, you know we got sharp shooters
[Raekwon]The blocks is molded, step up ya sword piece
Moving through them housing with more ki's
Rembrandts is fresh from Scotland, crisp hats, Cristal bottles
Niggaz want the problems, we back
It's time to take over the game, it's nothing
I live on the line, from corner to castles with pawns and capsules
Scramble and find, my money's up, I'm praying for war
I do this all the time, all the time, all the time
Faces of Doom, sling in the lobby
Swinging cooked raw, if you played the field you was not leaving
Fast pace of a CREAM chasing team
Trying to come through the hood and lie, get left for dead naked in Queens
Let them other niggaz wear that, we take the credit
While we was shopping for more Nikes and off-whites
Heroin stirrers, the crib, cracked mirrors
Career thugs who serve only judges and jurors
Got to make my money this year, whether it's through rhyming or criming
I'll be on the line with my iron
Promised them llamas'll fly fast, quick at pirahnas
Trying to intervene, get caught dead, no head in pijamas
You live like a slouch from vouchers
Nobody mad, you was a fake, dead, die with no trousers
Cause you crossed the line like Miller's Crossing

Off with ya dome, I walked you through the woods, we both smoked a bone
[Chorus 2X][Inspectah Deck]Mean streets...
Just when I thought I was out, they pulled me back in
The streets stay flooded with crack rocks and Mac shots
The scenery's money, guerrillas in the back drop
The livest'll pop, the weakest get chopped where they stand
Singing the judge's name, dropped in the stand
Drug money kills, blood on my bills, mud on my Nikes
Only buying with the couple that I trust with my life
Twenty four sev' ducking the feds, infrared wtih lead
Gamble with off track betting instead
In my hood anybody can get it, and everybody want it
Cutthroat executives, the corners, the office
And the thought is to be boss of all bosses
The cost is ya life, swimming with sharks and orcas
So keep ya guards up, or get scarred up
It's a Cold World, I told you with Allah Just'
The bigger the funds, the bigger the guns that's blazing
It's sick in the slums and niggaz are stunting for nathin'
[Ghostface Killah]Aiyo, my gun been in more niggaz mouths than a whore had dick
With creamy nuts on the side of her jaw
It's Rigatone, nigga, sliding through airports
Riding on niggaz like MJ, same day I rocked you, comprende?
Yeah, I'm kinda off cuz my guns was dirty
That last joint that hit you, kid, you made the top thirty
Early, walk with me and strap with a vengeance
More or less Ghostface Killah'll stretch you out like mad words in a sentence
Smell the gas burning (yeah) feel the fire (word)
Real talk, it's not that bullshit from The Wire
It's them disco kids that clap iron
Champion hoods, if ya coke don't freeze, my face is not worth frying
We crack eightballs with pool sticks
Bungee jump off a mountain of bricks
Fuck you up if you slinging those nicks
Toney Starks from the octagon, my ox is on
Snap Matt Hughes' neck with my boxers on
[Chorus 2X]

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