

# 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 with 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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