Are you hearing the streets?
Are you seeing the streets?
It's that 10-17 brick squad shit
That hood rich shit, nigga
Salute to all the hustlers out there
So much money out here
You gotta be a clown, if you ain't getting none, nigga!
Hood nigga!

I can't lie, God I ain't been to church in weeks
Call me zoo keeper, Guccie all the birds I keep
I'm sendin work so cheap, never can't be deep
They call me Jose and we ain't about the cliques I pick
And your brother keep me screaming borrowed a lot from
me

You'll hang around me long enough, you'll learn a lot from me

My whip this soft like this chicken raw chilling in  $\ensuremath{\mathsf{my}}$  loft

All the boys sipping from the source, but I don't have a cup

Put this voice, I'm a call er back, yea I'm a double back

If you try, I'm a say goodbye and leave her in my trap That gutta make that pull it by the tracks, hit em from the back

Gave them a taste, tell them take a taxi, I pay the tax It's Gucci!

Hopping out the Rrari like I'm Liberace
You a bitch over girl and a nigga bout that pussy
Brought a 40 in the club and I shoot up the party
If you leave me with the wars you are not balling
You are not balling yeah, you are not balling, no!
If you're out with your partner, you are not balling
You are not balling, you are not balling!
If you still live with your momma, you are not balling!

10-17 brick squad, we got word! Scooter and Gucci flex too much, we remix dip this shirt  $\,$ 

Free water whip, we water whip, do tricks with that

We wanna come in all the hood, that send it to yo dope I got the recipe to the streets, who wanna blow? I keep the frigerator, twenty bricks, jump out the flow!

Calculate a homie, I make drugs after the show Three hundred thousand in my pocket, got my pants hanging low

Got my head up in the drop, you know my blood stay on go!

Choosing thirds, I'm on the sky, money whippin I'm on that boat

I got cocaine fires 22, I let em go I'm a dope boy, I take a brick for a show! Let's go! Hopping out the Rrari like I'm Liberace
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