

Yeah, come on  
Bad Azz is here  
Come on  
All year  
Mister 2000  
All year  
Millennium music  
Mister twenty first century

Its like race car lights  
Its just like shakin' the dice  
Just pray for your life ain't always makin' it right  
I'm safe in the light  
The subjects to the dangers of all  
They aimin' at cha'll  
And we the ones mostly involved  
It's most of why'all  
Trust me, they don't know me to ball  
See the truth is I don't feel they owe me at all  
The focus is small  
A nigga either broke or he ball  
And me, I smoke til I choke and I cough, drink til I barf  
Sometimes I ain't thinkin' at all  
But I don't pray to take my eyes of why'all  
These streets don't brawl  
(stick 'em up!)

Don't nobody hesitate to drop a body  
Karate can't do nothing to me  
I got a shawty if anybody need to penetrate 'em  
Now you can die while in the streetz of illustrated  
This world was given to me I went here to make it  
Now you gon' relate to this, or you either hatin'

We be in 'em streetz, every single day  
We be in 'em streetz, every single day  
We be in 'em streetz, every single day  
(See we just write about it, but you can die about it)  
We be in 'em streetz, every single day  
(Now you can be a see about it nigga G about it)

Lyrical Rembrandt  
Spend that  
Nigga we put that Henn that  
Since fourteen been makin' green where you want to go and spend that?  
I grin that, hoes  
Now I'm all up in that  
'Bout fifteen min-at  
Car done Lieutenant  
Me and Bad Azz is makin' that dash  
Smokin' that hash  
Spendin' the cash  
If they ask  
Willin' to mash  
When we pass we gon' blast  
Who gon' last this aftermath?  
Who gon' rock shit after that?  
Comin' from a gang bang habitat

Nigga can't even have that  
Motherfucker didn't even have a gat  
Who the fuck do you think we laughin' at?  
Youse a bitch, youse a snitch, youse the nigga that I have to jack  
I'm the man, gat in hand, didn't think that I'd have to pack  
But I do, fuckin' you, how's your life, can't have it back

These streetz illustrated  
(And I know they hate it)  
These streetz illustrated  
(And you know I'm hated)  
These streetz illustrated  
(Lyrics nigga play it)  
These streetz illustrated  
(Rhymes X rated)

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Streetz illustrated, nigga

Its that West Coast slug, that crip shit  
That thuggin' heavy with yo head to get yo grip quick  
We here to claim our own gold Daytonas  
To slide through in the lak with the ray chrome on 'em  
Jump to it, and I ain't never gotta, bounce back  
I count stacks  
Just cop with me and ounce sack  
Announce back  
You big mouth hater, you, we hit back  
We got slugs in exchange for you  
You underminded, we a keep ya here and change the truth  
If you can find us we got drugs in exchange for lute  
The cops got pictures of our mugs and our gangsta suits  
Traffic ain't shit ta niggas like us with a 20 proof  
We make it really hot  
And those that really cops  
Somebody that really shot  
See how much you really got  
The streetz'll eat you up  
If they don't catch you first and beat you up  
Nigga the little kids'll eat you up!

We just write about it  
But you can die about it  
Now you can be a see about it nigga G about it

See we just write about it  
But you can die about it  
Now you can be a see about it nigga we about it

I'm low life'n with this nigga wit an attitude  
Just low life'n with this nigga wit an attitude  
Just low life'n with this nigga wit an attitude  
Just low life'n and I might point my gat at you

Motherfucker  
Take a picture, trick!