

The Streets Ain't Safe

Fiend

What up
Welcome to New Orleans
Where police are corrupt
And niggas with no money die at the ages between 15 and 21
But see me? I made up my mind a long time ago that I'd never fall into that system
I'm a hustle till I get enough, then I'm a get out
But you know what? I got caught up. Started fiending for that shit.
So now anything you sell, any corner you work for, remember that's my shit
I could take it from you any time I want to
As long as you know that, I won't have to make an example outta you.
Remember, That's the words of Fiend
I say the streets ain't safe I know I could be a goner
Tryin' to make a million dealin' around the corner
And nigga Fiend know one day he's gonna have to die
But What? nigga What?
And with my gat on my side, I'm still gonna be the baddest alive(alive)
I'm an automatic pistol bustin' He laughs, screamin' down to the haters
Caution his lies knowin' he gonna pay for it later
But Fiend...?...of bieng the baddest
Later On, Never to go, just mama command us
Nigga no heat advantage, stay hustlin' livin for the day
Robbin' to the way in the allyway, that soldier ain't prayin'
Forgive me, I almost waited for my breed to help me
They won't doubt me so I'm a take somethin to get wealthy
Healthy, young, got a gun ain't afraid to lose it
This corner, I'm about to lose it. It's life I ain't choosin'
I was placed here, a nigga before me was erased here
Killa face fear but I plans to make and count cake here
Get down and show me you're Bout It Come and take what I took
That chef was paddin' the way you got the face of a crook
Project walls shook, until Fiend's Spirit rose in me
I chose to "G", Wait until the world get a load of me
Lord they know i don't fuck around
Livin' every day like my last
It's a damn shame the dirt I done did for the cash
Is it my fault? Makin' sure my hood gonna eat
Not seein' defeat, nigga I just stood to my feet
Cocked every rock that I had, Cooked all the dope I could cook
Took a glance at my family, like it was the final look
Sellin' the shit I stole
Have mercy on my soul
And these shops about to be closed
Cause Fiend about to roll
This ain't no war to stage
Feel the wrath and my rage
It's bieng displayed
At the effect of poverty's case
This ain't no phase, I'm trapped with that want to live
To protect mine, I miss you with rounds of hot shit
My glock eat it, the only talkin' that you get in verbal
And the way of my pain, so for God we gonna hurt you
It ain't personal, with the thought of playin with my math
Can get that ass in an unending bloodbath(bloodbath)
My life has seen shit like this. I got to much will invested
Fuck open chested, me and my workers bullet proof vested
Suggested cause my least worry is bieng arrested

Upset with cause more these niggas done probably confessed it
See I'm blessed with the game, Came along with my name
Tested for fame, Pushin' out crack cocaine
But watch the pain and strange thangs happen for greenary
And involves seein' me, nigga windex ya scenary
Believe in me is one thing, seein' is another
If I'd have known what i know now, I wouldn't have lost my brother
Streets got death to offer to you fast or slow
But some stash you're doe, you could see the casket front row
I know cause I done seen some casualties burn
Plagued ?
So now them niggas gonna learn
It's my turn
So when the courts ask for a plea
My answer is they fucked up and made a nigga like me
3X