

Streets on Lock

Young Jeezy

Ay....Ay....Ay....Chea....AyAy....
Let's get it

These niggas just hating they ain't talking bout shit
I'm a grown ass man I flip my own brick
I don't need yo help I can own my own dick
Ain't no motherfucker help me write my rhymes
Ain't no nigga pay for my studio time
See me at the top and want to claim my fame
Nigga took my chain yea motherfuckin right
You better off saying a nigga took my life
Want to assassinate my character but I ain't acting
It ain't adding up so you niggas subtracting
B.I.G. said it first more money more problems
The why I see it more problems more money (whatsup)

I got the streets on lock
Atlanta on my back
I do it for the hood
You got a problem with that
Real nigga so this rap shit easy (when I speak)
Theses niggas believe me
cause bitch I'm Jeezy
(2x)

Eyes wide shut I don't see these niggas
Cause deep in your heart you want to be me nigga
Want to stand in my shoes
Want to fuck my hoes
Want to live my life
Want to rock my shows (nooooo)
Ya young punks with ya loose ass lips
I keep a AR with them loose ass clips
What type of real nigga name himself after a bag
Nigga you's a hoe, a Louis Vuitton fag
My name ain't dick so keep it out ya mouth
It is what it is look I am Da South (that's right)
Big Mac you niggas small fries
You just another nigga I'm more like the franchise (whatsup)

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I was born in the Field raised in Atlanta
Pop busted a nut here so I was made in Atlanta (ha ha)
Mat Lew died so I stayed in Atlanta
Had a plug on the squares got paid in Atlanta
22's on the 2-door it sits so right
Ice tray on my wrist yea it shines so bright
Make moves in the day and I ball by night
9/11 Porsche I was on that flight
5'9, 6'1 I call'em the twin towers

Had them on the triple stack
Hit'em both in the shower
Pedal to the medal bout a buck 85
Mr. 17-5 slow head well I drive (whatsup)

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Ay... Ay... Ay... Chea...Ay