

Letter 2 The Streets

Young Scooter

Life cray, that's how the streets is,
Let me go!

Rest in peace to Doe B,
That's just sad to see,
I remember when he used
To get the gas from street,

He was born a country-boy,
Nigger, just like me.
Tilt blessed him with a chance,
But he survived these streets.

Niggers hate everyday,
That's the way the game goes.
Gotta keep some shooters with me
When I ride this show.

You not safe in the club,
You know money, it talks.
And for the right price
Your partner knock you out!

No new friends, no new friends
Catch us no other man.
No bitches neither,
They'll tell 'em you went for 'em bad.

New hunters, old hunters,
I got free that.
Slow money, fast money,
Fuck it, make it ...

Yeah, these streets ain't safe.
I'm the one should tell you.
I'm from the street, nigger,
I know what's going on.
I mean, teaching's my life,
I don't see no other way.

Ride Through the town,
Sitting on the back seat.
Smoking not a pile, real Kelly, O.G.
I'm just thinking 'bout Pimp's next court day, next week.

My son asked me, daddy,
Why you not been asleep all week?
I'm money thinking plus
A lot of niggers plotting on me.

Ogb, that's my nigger, I know he watching on me.
Bmg, that's my company, I'mma die by that.
I put my life on the line,
Gotta take that chance.

I gotta do it for the streets!
I'm the voice of the streets!

You broke, you listen to me!
Rest in peace to Doe B!
R.I.P. to Ogb!
Rest in peace to every street nigger!