

Listen To The Street

Young Scooter

You know I count on beats, plus I trap on bitch,
Get your calculator, nigga, listen to the street
You know I jugg on beats, I feel that's the beat
But from now on nigga listen to me.
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I count and jagg on the beat at the same time
Seven, seven white bitch, I get them anytime
I'm talking almost everytime the beat break down
Watch me toss some money in my next line.
I got a half of million in my slaughterhouse
Plus you know I gotta take your orderhouse
Three hundred 25 thousand in my floating house
Ninety thousand left for LA up that shitty house.
Two hundred thousand in the country at the drama house
I got money but the problem's got a money house
I get 'em on my face, ain't got to cash out
Do the math, nigga, get your calculators out.

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I'm a street runner, trap out, doing numbers,
I can make a work sheet, I can make you tumble.
Great number singles with keys like the leash
Plus I'm serving out their ring, chasing rack like selenia.
At a two story home, about two or three out of will
I got two or three of the kill, plus I'm hanging out my hill.
I wear black me cocaine, nothing but them greek,
Plus the one taking your trip, I'm a do this with the shit.
I'm a dope boy shit, watch me jump in
Robin Hood, fifty in the club, take in.
Fast your man down, nigga play with me you get gun down.
You're mob the militant, filling up them symmetries.

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I hopped out of the coot and jumped in my Chavell'
Pull up on your bitch and she asked me what's that smell.
Have a pack loud in the trunk, bitch,
Smoked so much I'm about to launch, that's what's about, bitch.

I got that escalator coming, get you some, bitch
Got to click the young niggas on the dumb shit.
All my niggas scrap the most off the convicts
Me and black amigo burning gas off a fun, bitch.
I said the shit is dope, you know I shit on these
Paper round the call, I make one call and flood the street
Police hit their lights and I hit the gas
I paid a hundred for it, bitch, I'm about to do it, damn.

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