

Streets at Night

PRhyme

Everybody comin' with they chick record, big record
This gon' play in the clubs, radio, hit record
Wonderin' how am I not dead, lookin' for righteousness
You wonderin' how you gon' get ahead, I'm on my ISIS shit
I do it for the streets, my niggas on parole without a suit
My dogs who wanna roll without a roof
The blogs and the critics
I exhibit logic like the rappers without chance, that's all independent
And all I do is fuck the baddest bitches y'all done seen
Catch em' while they fresh and still new into the scene
Let her know I'm polished with my Bible on the stand
Dump her once she hit a million follows on the 'Gram
See I ain't with the free smoke, that's what you got Drake for
I like my hoes to be low-key, like my safe doe
Rappers act 100, smack em' all with a stack of em'
They softer than them socks that got the ball on the back of em'
And all I do is do it for the, do it for the streets (streets)
I do it for the strong, you do it for the weak (weak)
Any city, pick a city, Houston to the D (D)
I do it for the, do it for the, do it for the streets I said hands in the sky, lemme see you reach it
Everybody getting money, lemme see you keep it
I said hands in the sky, lemme see you reach it
While they droppin' dimes, Nickel on the street shit
I run the streets all night and day
And I run the streets all night and day
Back to the streets
Everybody comin' with they chick record, big record
This gon' play in the clubs, radio, hit record
Either that or they come with a diss record
I come from where you don't disrespect any of your successors
I don't fuck whores that I can't leave in less than six seconds
"Who the best?" is a horrible rhetorical sick question
You guessed it, I'm throwin' bullets at you
But you ain't about to go for long
I pulled a .44 and let it bang like Post Malone
Might as well get ready for your tomb, you play me
Tell your wife she gon' be solo soon, like Swae Lee
Quart of pills, recoupin' a deal worth a quarter mil
All I'm tryna do is stay black and get out like Jordan Peele
Everybody do it for the accolades, I'm tired of them
I ain't cared about Grammys since Jay boycotted them
Spent my first advance at Manny's, followed Pharrell and them

Used to ask bitches for ass, now I'm just tellin' them
If I get anymore fly I'ma need my own space suit
Got these hoes gettin' naked like they high on K2
All I need is five minutes, every style get augmented
Well endowed in God's image, never smile, Kawhi Leonard
These pellets are pedophiles, comin' out the arm bro
Trust me, they touchy, Dudley, Arnold
My show start at 10 and it's sold out by 11
Rappers blow up, go and debut they whole album on Ellen
But not me I do it for the, do it for the streets (streets)
I do it for the strong, they do it for the weak (weak)
Any city, pick a city, Houston to the D (D)
I do it for the, do it for the, do it for the streets
I run the streets all night and day
And I run the streets all night and day
Back to the streets
I said hands in the sky, lemme see you reach it
Everybody gettin' money, lemme see you keep it
I said hands in the sky, lemme see you reach it
While they droppin' dimes, Nickel on the street shit

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>