

In These Streets (feat. Spider Loc)

Jay Rock

Jay Rock, well connected in these streets, I'm a legend
Testified, the reason why your momma dialed 9-11
Ride for my line, no questions gotta stay alive
Stay inside if you tryna subside a homicide
It's suicide to test me, the iron if you press me
They say the game cold but I don't know Wayne Gretzky
Keep the flamethrower in my coat if you disrespect
The clips' known to make a scene when I hit the set
Play your cards right or hit the deck
The tech hit your flesh and your silhouette
Corner store carnivores
Fiends schemin', "what the fuck you want a quarter for?"
I make a drop off, then I order more
I'm with the killers and the thieves, hide your Audemar
And if I got the thumper, I'mma hit you with it
Blood, I'm on 112 obitual with it
We on the avenue, we on the boulevard
We blockin' off the block, we corner corner-shops
We in the street, we in the street
We in the street, we in the street Mmm, smellin' like dinner time
You got a five star mill on you, give me mines
And when I take it make sure you don't drop any dimes
You play Magic Earvin
You gon' see a black burner and a black turban
That's a black mask
And tell your bitch to get that necklace out her handbag
You see it's cutthroat
And my reality is cut dope and gun smoke
Another casualty the family in the front row of the church pews
A politician don't understand a hood nigga' views
You see them devils in them black and whites
And hit the lights, we hit them corners like Regis on a Monday night
I'm in the spot like a dalmation
Bake a cookie dinner, nigga break it, go 'head nigga taste it
You know I keep them goodies in the oven
Dawg it's nothin' want a dish, say somethin'
Holla at me
Smack the back of my hand with a fresh pack
At the meeting the homies know I press facts
Can't ignore that he-say, she-say
He pillow talk, what she say, he say
On Keeway, they wanna see me in the pen

Gettin' ends tryin' not to fall completely into sin
Ever been in a trap where everywhere you turn
You learn it won't help for you to make a U-turn
Been through bullshit it only made the S better
Recorded with Cube, arguably the best ever
Ask me, it gotta be a conspiracy
Still, no hate in my spirit, see
They keep my reputation like "why are you the worst"
No matter how you rehearse they don't vibe through the verse
Will my world wide web ever hit these fans
Only God knows, it's out of 50's hands
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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