

Streets Gonna Love Me

Hell Rell

Uh-huh, Dipset
(They gon' love me)
Uh, yes, uh
(They gon' love me)
Uh-huh, uh-huh, yes

We live for 'em, we die for 'em Chorus:

I love the streets and the (streets don't love me)
Be in the streets and the (streets don't love me)
Die for the streets and the (streets don't love me)
It's a cold cold world world world
I love the streets and the (streets don't love me)
Be in the streets and the (streets don't love me)
Die for the streets and the (streets don't love me)
It's a cold cold world world world

Now what you say, now what you say (they gon' love me)
Now what you say, now what you say (they gon' love me)
Now what you say, now what you say (they gon' love me)
Now what you say, now what you say (they gon' love me)

Verse 1:

Can fly or ride around in the drop all day
Or get money, just chillin' on the block all day
And yeah it's funny that I love the streets but they don't love me back
Yeah I hug the block but it damn sure don't hug me back
Lost a few homies, still grindin' it out
Got some problems in the streets, straight iron it out
Yeah, and these mean streets put me in jail But the streets ain't put up my bail, oh well
You know Rell, still huggin' it, one life to live
And I'm reppin' my block, my strip, that's what it is
Got gun boys outside letting it go
I got the block huggers out there selling that snow
And they might get knocked but that's the chances we take
You know it's all for the cake, yeah it's all for the cake
And I know it's a chance I can get killed out here
Pants saggin', chain swingin', and I'm still out here, yeah

Chorus Verse 2:

Streets don't love us but we love the streets
We hustle in the fire like we love the heat
Get fly for the bitches, pull the Coupe up, and make 'em smile
Pops wasn't there man the streets had to raise the child
Look what it made me, money-hungry and crazy
But I still got the Ruger on me, that's my baby
Know some gangstas in ya hood, I be runnin' through there

They ride the 5 in ya projects, I be comin' through there
I'm in the streets like mailboxes and stop signs
My money, try to stop mine, I got to pop mine
For real man the streets don't love us yeah the streets don't love us
They let us get the paper, in the end they gon' cuff us
Yeah, I seen it all, the streets is cold man
Take a young boy, make him look like a old man
It wasn't for the streets, I wouldn't have got on the map
So I carry the hood, look what I got on my back
But

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