

Buckshot, Take It To The Streets

(Half A Mill)

Take it to the streets, snakes with heat in this game
You wanna be a player, I spray them gators off ya feet
Thuggest Enemy #1, one, one
From Brook-lan, tons of guns, funds and duns
That'll make you cough up one in the lung, cough up ya tongue
Four pounds surroundin ya sons, now you wanted to run
Extort you for fun, softer than a fresh baked bun
You're team was raw before the four-four, now you're done
The clownest one, you made up, about to get ate up
A buck fifty on each side of your face, now lay up
Pay up, before you get your fan sprayed up
You know my clan hold big guns in they hand, to plays up
Go 'head play tough, fake thug, you wanna play rough
I ride or die, I ain't bluff, you can page Puff (echo)

(Chorus 2X: Blue Flame (all))

Yo where my thugs? (right here)
T-H-U-G, yo we call ourselves thugs, cuz we take it to the streets
Soon as a nigga budge, yo we blazin wit the heat
And we all true thugs, till we D-I-E

(Swan)

From Crow Hill, I blow smoke, till I choke, that's a regular
I blow domes for that paper, like a predator
Pack gats, VP, best man, etc.
I roll 'em dice, until you tell me that I'm deaden ya
I get down for mine, I get crunk
I got that crip black, and got skunk
My niggas bust AR's, 4/5's, and pumps
Shit to make ya body shift, make ya body jump
Take it to the heat, take it to the street
Less they short, ain't no talkin shit, take it to my meat, bitch
You read the letter, bar is naked on my sweater
Four hundred and better, tell 'em, hate cash cheddar
Sittin on a Beretta, niggas ain't seein this
Wish upon a star, that they can be in this
Lifestyler'll runnin from the coppers, bustin at the helicopters
Gettin away, I'm on the low, around the way, now

(Chorus 2X)

(Blue Flame)

Blue Flame's blood stain, it's a thug thing
Take slugs, I love pain, yo there ain't enough pain
I speak thug slang, only real niggas roll wit me
Niggas say money, cash and hoes got a hold of me
Niggas be talkin shit, yeah, but it's all bluff
Only niggas came in the hood, and saw us, was on the tour bus
Believe that, niggas don't come around where we be at
Soon as we see ya face it be like "Yo, son where the heat at?"
Yo represent where the fuck you from
Cuz when you go back in the hood, them niggas go want to snuff you son
Like Franklin, Nostrum and Utica Avenue
Only blocks I'm namin right now, niggas'll clap at you
Not to mention the block that I'm from
Where them niggas is spittin hot ones, this beat is like a pump shotgun
And I can handle it, more than handle it, I can damage it
T2 style, wit one hand and shit, damn I'm sick

(Buckshot)

Real recognize real, Crown Heights to Crow Hill
Pop ya niggas like pills, plus I got mills
What I keep the aim on ya back, keep steel

Miss ya back, hit the back of ya brain, change the thrill
This is real life shit, thug passion
Henny and 'ze, get drunk and send me to send me away
UPS thieves, next day package
Bomb in the mill, open and blowin ya back wit
And I hate actors, actin like you know me from a hole in the wall
Nigga hold this four-four, you want war? What you think I came for
Spit this blue flame outta the chip of my lighter and burn ya face off
Plus burn ya eyelash, when the nine flash
This is it, bitches wanna swallow my dick like Slim Fast
Bullets make it slim fast, ride my dick till I get a cast
This is it, nigga duck the blast

(Chorus 4X)