

Mr. 3-2, Streets on Lock

(*talking*)

Uh-huh uh, yeah-yeah

(Mr. 3-2)

Mafia boss, I tolerate no loss

You heard it from Mr. 3-2, Governor of the South

Blood in blood out, connected affiliated

G-O-V and Mike D, underground mob related

Mafia orientated, holding down the Gulf Coast

Calling the shots controlling the block, it's cut throat

Dirty-Dirty is shady, better have some kind of heater

Recognize who your family, and don't bite the hand that feeds ya

I got dimes and senioritas, that's jazzy and bilingual

Let her mix and mingle, watch the bidness she'll bring ya

I know the lingo, got the numbers bring it in off the Interstate

Dealing with nothing but weight, and believe me it's all straight

Making moves like checkmate, can't be easily persuaded

These dummies is outdated, I'm Street Game educated

On the action what's happ'ning, when it's going down

Put the ball in my paw, making boys move they town

(Hook - 2x)

Streets on lock, (sitting on top and still mashing)

Got the hood flooded, in control of the action

(We going all out blasting, if it come to that)

Cause we heated and undefeated, ready to blast back

(Mike D)

I got the streets on lock, nigga flooded with drug shit

You wanna know how I stay rich, cause I don't show no love bitch

It's pure G's is in the jaw, no more no less

I'm trying to triple up my figgas, out this block I'm pressed

Mi amigo Raphael Se, out this 9800 Block run

Me and Threemie be somewhere in Amsterdam, in a coffee shop on one

Fuck the rap game, I need right now money

I'm trying to peel off on Dotson, a hundred drilling you dummies

Hoes and house on Fondren, punk like the weight houses on Tre

Fumbling and tumbling haze, down teezy pop weight

Throwing that ensemble, in the paper play 2K

We rumbling in the game, playboy the G way

And respect my mind, cause me Michael Corleone

Boss Hogg Miggity D, a 25 young Don

And when you open that-a, the set vendetta

Seem young foot on it, to put heat up under your sweater

(Hook - 2x)

(Mr. 3-2)

Isolated, I deal with a selected few

Stay in my circle of funk, and these niggaz is brand new

Everything's confidential, keeping the code of silence

We deep in the streets, involved in organized violence

Behind tint we riding, checking on my traps

Turning blocks and corners, with the thang on my lap

Got people's 'cross the map, ready for shit to pop off

Kill or be dead, snitches heads get knocked off

The streets we lock off, top down in the knot

Everything is everything, but Screw-cial in the drop

I'm dropping out dirty money, getting cleaner

With dangerous flows, on toes like a ballerina

Felonies and misdemeanors, I gotta duck and dodge

To really be the boss of all bosses in charge, my entourage

Is mobsters, my heritage and tradition

Passed two generations, and they going to the system

(Hook - 2x)