

Young Jeezy, Streets On Lock

Ay.Ay.Ay.Chea.Ay .Ay.

Lets get it

[Verse 1]

These niggas just hating they aint talking bout shit
Im a grown ass man I flip my own brick
I dont need yo help I can own my own dick
Aint no motherfucker help me write my rhymes
Aint no nigga pay for my studio time
See me at the top and want to claim my fame
Nigga took my chain yea motherfuckin right
You better off saying a nigga took my life
Want to assassinate my character but I aint acting
It aint adding up so you niggas subtracting
B.I.G. said it first more money more problems
The why I see it more problems more money (whatsup)

[Hook]

I got the streets on lock
Atlanta on my back
I do it for the hood
You got a problem with that
Real nigga so this rap shit easy (when I speak)
Theses niggas believe me
cause bitch Im Jeezy
[x2]

[Verse 2]

Eyes wide shut I dont see these niggas
Cause deep in your heart you want to be me nigga
Want to stand in my shoes
Want to fuck my hoes
Want to live my life
Want to rock my shows (noooo)
Ya young punks with ya loose ass lips
I keep a AR with them loose ass clips
What type of real nigga name himself after a bag
Nigga yous a hoe, a Loui Vuitton fag
My name aint dick so keep it out ya mouth
It is what it is look I am Da South (thats right)
Big Mac you niggas small fries
You just another nigga Im more like the franchise (whatsup)

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

I was born in the Field raised in Atlanta
Pop busted a nut here so I was made in Atlanta (ha ha)
Mat Lew died so I stayed in Atlanta
Had a plug on the squares got paid in Atlanta
22s on the 2-door it sits so right
Ice tray on my wrist yea it shines so bright
Make moves in the day and I ball by night
9/11 Porsche I was on that flight
59, 61 I callem the twin towers
Had them on the triple stack
Hitem both in the shower
Pedal to the medal bout a buck 85
Mr. 17-5 slow head well I drive (whatsup)

[Hook]

Ay. Ay. Ay. Chea.Ay