

Streets

Mr. Probz

I could be somewhere in the cold
Where dreams come and go
Out there in the streets with no hope
Or a place where they know
Not to trust
What good would that be
And they know
Not to love
What good would that be
What good would that be

Would you like me if I had a gun
Dodging cops always on the run now
Getting caught up over petty drama
Selling drugs to somebody's momma

I'm telling you these streets ain't
These streets ain't so pretty
I swear everything that glitters ain't gold
These streets ain't
These streets ain't so pretty
I've been loving these streets but I don't wanna love these streets no more

They know nothing
About bullet holes and that silence, they don't wanna know
Looking at that judge
Thinking that he got you this time
They don't wanna know
Talking to your loved ones through a window
Days, hours, minutes winding down real slow, real slow

Would you like me if I had a gun
Dodging cops always on the run now
Getting caught up over petty drama
Selling drugs to somebody's momma

I'm telling you these streets ain't
These streets ain't so pretty
I swear everything that glitters ain't gold
These streets ain't
These streets ain't so pretty
I've been loving these streets but I don't wanna love these streets no more

I can't sign out
Get pulled back when I climb out
It won't let me go
It won't let me go
Took me long enough to find out that time out just saved my soul
I remember all the pain that the game caused me
I remember falling down, falling down to my knees
Praying I won't be the next one, to fall to these streets

Would you like me if I had a gun
Dodging cops always on the run now
Getting caught up over petty drama
Selling drugs to somebody's momma

I'm telling you these streets ain't
These streets ain't so pretty
I swear everything that glitters ain't gold
These streets ain't
These streets ain't so pretty
I've been loving these streets but I don't wanna love these streets no more