

# What I Learned from the Streets (feat. Shell)

## Lil Boosie

[lil boosie]

Off Gate, this what i learned from the streets (talk to em)

Handle your beef (yeaaaaah)

You playing with keys(keys!)

Sleep with your heat (betta)

You a role model lil partner gotta be neat

All hoes aint sweet, they messy (they messy)

Everything happens for a reason but they all lessons

If u stressen then pick ur head up(head up!), nigga,

Get your bread up(bread up!), nigga,

If ur scared, scared niggas get they head bust

I make u catch a heart attack, in starter hatch

Just left downtown i got my 40 back

A situation started, nigga im never smiling

Beast mode until they take me, got that from ivy

Any nigga who watch u up and down want something you got

Why my enemies iffig me got that from pop

If i flop then its back to selling blocks (fuck it!)

Back to telling niggas they cant hustle in my spot, off the top

My daddy raised me to hate a cop

So all my motherfuckin life, i hated cops

Calv rich told me niggas change when u give them blocks

Nigga told me when i ride better keep it cocked

-chorus:-

This what i learned from the streets

Keep it real lil nigga(from the heart)

Keep your steel lil nigga

Fuck these hoes lil nigga

But get ur roles lil nigga

This what i learned from the streets

Watch ur back lil nigga(watcha back)

Keep it strapped lil nigga(keep it strapped)

You lil hatch lil nigga

A real gutter nigga and ur nuts a lil bigga[lil boosie verse 2]

Peep all yo surroundings (watch everything)

Money is money so concentrate when u count it

Every nigga who bouncin aint no gangsta ass nigga(believe dat)

And i learned that from richas

Spoil all the dopefiends

I learned that from pitchas

Fred city show me how to roll that killa

Big loc show me how to come with rhythm

Ever since then ive been the sickest in the system  
Donkey, down an jacobs took me on my first mission  
I jumped out bustin fuck it u aint saying nuthin  
Ivy showed me how to cook it up and get it hard  
Put me on this jewellery shit i miss my boy  
Look, no matter how good you treat em (ooooooh)  
That dope will make em do evil learn that from that clown jeefers  
These nigga turning on they own people(aunti told me)  
These niggas devils out here-chorus-[shell]  
The streets told me boy thugga keep that thang on ya  
And fuck ur friends cause most niggas they'll change on ya  
These streets cold so u gotta keep that heater close  
Might be ur boy thats tryin burn u, dog u never know  
Man look these hoes aint no better they be vulchers too  
I crossed one of those niggas and now they crossing u  
Just keep it G and handle business like the bosses do  
Know u the shit but homie keep em flies off of you  
Keep ur mouth all open shut when people talk to you  
U dont know shit no matter how much time they offer you  
Dont stop until u got enough to a vault or 2  
And know one thing its a slight chance ull take a loss or 2  
Keep ur eyes open and ya ear all the way to the streets  
Its money over everything till u rest in peace  
Keep ur eyes open and ya ear all the way to the streets  
Its money over everything till u rest in peace-chorus-

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>