

Ant Banks, Streets of Oakland

Yeah, to the break of dawn, you know?
let's do this
Niggas in Oakland all day long
Be pimpin' these hoes from dusk til' dawn
Makin' cash real fast and you know it's on
Hangin' on the streets of Oakland
All we do is smoke that weed
And drink brew on the ave til' we get keyed
And a little bit of head is all we need
Hangin' on the streets of Oakland
Welcome to the danger zone, where the niggas don't play that
Every man for self, the rule is to stay strapped
'Cause rat packers try to jack that ass
From the jealousy that's built in the streets when you stack cash
And they'll blast, hopin' they can get it
Punk, so if you got it, you best to get with it
Or quit it, 'cause niggas be flippin' over dope and
Your friends might get you if you're slippin' in Oakland
Yeah, so don't play no punk-ass nigga close
'Cause they'll mash on your cash and get ghost
And don't say, "Ant Banks" didn't warn ya
About the loxed-ass gangstas killin' in California
That's where I'm from, nigga, rollin' in my G-ride
Hey, you gonna see me slide when I'm on the eastside
Makin' all my fuckin' gitnotes
Makin' sure my gat straight smitnokes, smobbin' with my fitnokes
That's all we doin' is the town is seein' bitches clownin'
Kickin' back gettin' high loungin'
It really doesn't matter what you do, you chillin' with your crew
You're sippin' on a brew, you're pimpin' bitches too
And the shit don't bother me if that's how it's gotta be
Then mackin' these hoes should be equality
See, the game goes deep when you're rollin'
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Nighttime falls and everybody's perkin'
No punks around so no funks occurrin'
But the sideshow's back and everybody's flossin'
In they ride tryin' to side and all the freaks are tossin'
And brother with bump, trunk of funk is knockin'
Candy paint on they ride keeps the bitches jockin'
Knowin' you's a ballin'-ass nigga everybody hates
Rollin' in the town with a pound straight droppin' weight
Blowin' up like dynamite
Sellin' weed, yey, angel dust, hop, and China white
Fuck it, you're makin' duckets, never ridin' buckets
Playin' punk bitches like puppets
Yo, but there's a lot of fake counterfeit macks
Playa hatin' on they homies tryin' to dry cat
To look good for the hoes, man these niggas ain't jokin'
Boy, you get that ass smoked in Oakland
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Auh yeah, the coup is up in here and we be talkin' about the real Motherfuckas know that we know
Now the originality of our principality is that we don't play the pimp
But the reality of our locality and you'll learn this gradually
Is that motherfuckas do this shit to pay their rent
But here's a hint, how we gonna get it straight when we bent, shit?
See I ain' t never had shit but my stripes and my game and my life
And all them's just hand downs from my granddaddy
Yeah, I'm livin' large kiddin' with, "Ant Banks"
But I'm still hustlin' food stamps for my candy apple red caddy, alright