

Bizzy Bone, Tha Streets

[Bizzy Bone-Intro]

Rest in peace, Karlos Shammar Davis. 7th Sign soldier. A.K.A. Low Down. Rest in peace, nigga. I motherfucker, killers incorporated motherfucker. Ha ha... Little Capo in this bitch. Rasu in this moth

Bring yellow niggas back in style B

[Bizzy Bone]

The streets smothered me, crack smothered me and the brothers/ I want to move out of this country sleepin' with somebody elses nigga/ A bastard is born quick, Lil' B got half sisters/ Liquor ridiculous spirit, they comin' with me/ And that's for runnin' with me, dirty money, I'm still hungry/ Club niggas puppies/ Fresh outta prison, nigga rusty, but I'm mackin' none-the-less/ Bullet's is followin' but Bizzy really ain't buggin' me bitch/ And Little Capo keep lookin' that's cause he really love me/ The streets I want to move out of this country, get away from motherfuckers/ Nine millimeter, it don't cover me, Sign, nigga

[H.I.T.L.A.H. Capo-Confuscious-Chorus]

Only God is us, homie roly, in God we trust/ God bless my niggas, thug luv (Hell yea)/ Only way th till we meet out demise

[H.I.T.L.A.H. Capo-Confuscious]

Twenty Two years and still countin' clockin' collatoral, baffled while we really here up against obstick up my fist if we compatible/ No love? Fuck it, then let's battle/ Ammo explode, machine gun rattle/ E (Whoa!) But they keep on rollin' soon as they see that this O.G. to back controllin' the streets/ Prob beef/ These bitches need to practice what they preach, capice? Rest in peace Martin Luther King, cheek/ Nigga, please! Generation X is more than the weak, just a little sneak peek preview of what Nickel plated, aim to shoot 'em up/ Suggest you pussy's keep your lip shut or get fucked

[Chorus]

[Prince Rasu]

United we stand, divided we fall for the same bullshit like snipers on Whitehouse lawns/ In the sam that thug shit/ Reginold Deny, any comment I lost my blood reppin' Karlos Davis/ I can't love shit un deception, I know they intentions/ Weapons of thug shit if ever they step out of line/ From ashes to since the murder, never been afraid/ My cradle had a guage close by when my Father was stressed ever since, I've been convinced that it's kill or be killed/ Had the young mind of a scholar, but societ back in '96 but now in Armageddon we ridin' forever

[Chorus]