

Keak Da Sneak, T-Shirt, Blue Jeans Nikes

(Keak Da Sneak)

My family roll thick like syrup and milkshakes
Transporting weight from the south to the golden state
Swingin' figure 8's, burnin rubber its hypo
In the middle of the intersection, tryin to start up a side-show
My mind go in other places cats dont speak on
Da Raw and uncut, for you niggaz to tweak on
I flip on suckas as they come out rappin
So imagine whats gon' happen when I catch you in traffic
Who sell the most records in the bay(You?)
Indepentent label(You?) No video and radio play? (You?)
Its been 86 murders since the start of 2002
When niggaz bang turfs for the work
Not that red and blue, and every single block is a street
When niggaz hold it down cause you know we gotta eat
They call me Keak Sneak, but my real name is Kunta-Kentay B-O-W-E-N

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

My nigga told me dont be scared, cause I'ma run the streets
Just like t-shirt, blue jeans, and Nikes
Coke white t-shirt, blue jeans, and Nikes
Stay strapped with the 45, I wish a nigga would try

(E-40)

Style so unique and Exquisite
Gift-ta-Gabbit, I spit it
I'm off this Gungie my ninja
I'm so damn twisted from smokin so much turtle I'm spliffed
Went to court the other day
So I wassa perkin early in the mornin, yawnin off
this HIGH SPEED CHASE SHIT! Damn near caught a case wit it
Hit the gas, Skeet Skirt, drivin fast, Skeet Skirt
In the slow lane, seein stars, goin against the grain
Slappin this shit, THAT'LL FUCK WIT YA BRAIN BOY!
This is ya brain on thug(on thug) mode I suppose
Plenty hoes, Panty hose, 5 times sittin on vogues
24 inch toes, robbers, lookin out for the hella-kizz-noppers
We ain't proper, I'm off the main
I represent heavy on the grizz 9, Intergame (Intergame)

(Chorus)

(Keak Da Sneak)

I'm in the dope-fiend rental, tryin to paint the town
Four speed honda civic and I'm breakin it down (Breakin it down)
One head light plus I'm ridin spare
Thermometer say a hundred, I'm takin him there
It was me and Bra Heff, Ridin and smokin
Side of the Oakland, livin it up, cause the 8 frame broken
Coke white t-shirt, blue jeans, and Air Max
Came up Highstreet, stopped on Fairfax
Hit the liquor store, gotta get me a Remy
Copped some light from Lil' O, forgot the tank on empty
So I hit E-1-4 gimmie 10 on fo'
A box of Philly titans, and a short box of dem 'Ports
More for me, if a nigga dont smoke
And I knock the baddest hoes when I ain't on hundred spokes
Gimme head, lemme poke, I know her nigga, but she ain't feelin him

(Chorus)