

Kool G Rap, The Streets

(Chorus)

The streets, yo where it happen at
The streets, is where they clapping at
The streets, is where the action at
The streets, is where they packing at
The streets, is where its cracking at
The streets, bringing it back to that
The streets, banging ya gat to that
The streets, start hanging back to that

[Kool G. Rap]

My niggas ride where they bust at
Die where they bust at my murderous guys
Slinging them pies where they lust at
Or corners where they hang most
Name boast and bank toast
Drive with the thing close
Slide with a James post
Empty clips is on now
Coke fiends are strung out
Broke niggas bum out
Jakes holdin they gun out
When back streets are taped up
Bodies laying faced up
Cats running with ace up
The spots get 'em paced up
The street lamps are broke now
Mad bitches to bone now
When niggas peep your home out
And flip when they zoned out
Thugs bringing the street war
Bust shots let the heat roar
Taking trips to be more
With bricks up in to fiend off
The towns where they spray shit
Bust rounds and lay shit
Selling pounds' a great shit
And clowns get their face-lift
Spots where gats pop off
Shots clear the block off
Slugs knock your block off
And have you licking hot sauce

(Chorus)

On the corners where the dice roll
And clubs where the ice glow
The lames get their life stole
And bleed from a knife fold
Niggas laying they law down
Some draw with a four-pound
PJ's are tore down
Thoughts of laying hos down (The streets)
Blocks where they lick shots
And rock what the fifth cocked
Kids cop the six drop
From brick box and zip locks
Towns where niggas kill at
Posting where it's real at
Keeping gats concealed at
See a foe you peel at
Strip where you get ripped off
Hot lead get licked off
Fronting and your clicks off

All your jewels get stripped off
Sidewalks where they creep up
Get locked up with a street bop
Kids running with heats up
Lifting both of your feets up
Niggas they let their guns loose
They wild guns loose
Gat up under the chin
Blow a niggas shit through the sunroof
Decide where they pack nines
The chrome gat shines
You try to clap mine
You outta line niggas get flat lined

(Chorus)

Now Chickens a get your crew laced
For rocks and a blue face
Niggas giving they screwface
For the loot and the suitcase
Spots that blood spills on
And dealers clock a 'mil on
Murderers get their kill on
Mad cash is ill-on
Beef turning to combat
For life so they pump gats
Little kids they harm that
Put bombs where your moms at
Niggas tied up and kidnapped
And smacked up with big gats
Get found with they wig cracked
Leave 'em right where they live at (The streets)
Running for red beams
Blood flowing in red streets
Mad fellas with bread schemes
Running from the FED team
Little shorties are knocked up
Straight giving their crouch up
Juveniles decide to pee now with they ox up
Crack blocks and weed spots
The fiends up in the Detox
Some rollin in three drops
Others aint gotta beep bop
Bitches that get their hoe on
Smoke dope on and so on
Spotted nigga with glow on
With dick they could blow on

(Chorus) 2x

(Talking)
(No doubt)
Don G Rap, Gianana
? (Blanked out) Igloo Entertainment
No doubt we coming through
ya know how we do
Keep it moving
ya better realize
Whoever don't
Guns do it for us
Niggas aint playing no games
Y'all know the routines
Y'all know the drill