The Game, Street Kings

(Verse one)
f**k it
yo
who the best mc on the west? by far its me
and in my car is a continental tea
and my broad in that continental suite
with the armadell rollin up dutches like that motherf**kers
beef with the kid click-clack motherf**kers
let them bullets burn your six pack motherf**kers
get jacked motherf**ker when you come to compton
get a mack motherf**ker when you come to compton
i walk through times square holdin my johnson
a cross style make a jada make a run threw yonkers
i got d-blocks like the locks
and these glocks like to pop
and n**** i like your watch
so roll over you can die with the jury
first n**** take the stand to testify he gunna die with the jury
and i might kidnap the judge or send a team to lean on you so the D.A budge
i got n****** that'll ride for a grand so handover my rock
or like earl manson you can die where you stand or you can die with your man
i'll let you jog for about 30 seconds then you gunned down

(chorus 2x)
you know this gl shit we got g's on the line or g's on the squad all week on the grind
and if you doubt that step up 'cause we aint hard to find
street kings in our prime you want us then come and try us

(verse two)
ima take it to the next
take it to a motherf**kin neck
pull up on a n***** holdin triggers n tecks
we droppin square beads
you easy to read
this is the end of the road for whole ass mc's
smoke grass by the pound
glock holds 17 rounds
and the flow'll knock any n**** down
rap you like a burrito come threw and kill you and your people
tell them that i shitted on you n*****
like i was a flock a seagulls
infared beam like a traffic jam at night
handle any man in sight
with his hands upon a mic
wanna light i got the torch
im the best california a north
for any n***** puttin flamed on a porche
and never drive on
bitch your gunna die on
san quinn for and five catch a live one
bust shots at the clouds
so we can shine some
get up off ur ass
and n**** and grind some

(chorus)

flash f**kers on the tip of the gat
you can put on flat but ill kill that
ill open u up like a mat
even if u heard'at i squirted and murdered a man
and these new school n***** talk like we heard of them plans
two two millimeters got up up in your man
gettin off on you n***** and your mini-mans

only thing runnin is blood n***** so gimme a grand
so we will bust your head n**** straight through your hand
or get off in yo ass n**** like jackie chan
and when its all said and done it's a one will stand
gunnin this motorbike feelin this power man
185 miles per hour man
i stay cooralatin with the taliban
i show up (show up, show up, show up, show up)

n***** talk about money they forgot the struggle
try to paint a perfect picture they forgot the hustle
pieces of a puzzle
guzzlin pints watchin the moonlight
in the sun light
more gun fights
penetentary fly three kites
ive seen more pussys turn to mics than mices turn to man
so n***** take the stand get stomped by another mans hand
got me naughious in my abdomin
got me servin grams again
grams rapped in rubber bands
22's on them rubbers man
slow rollin dro blowin im gettin rich you see my fro growin ho's knowin i pimp them to the fullest
respect a gangsta you can shoot but i eat to the bullets
i shit missles
eyeballs look like crystals
my shits official
its your man motion man and merifrista

yo yo yo yo
its luke and everything i sit on fat
n***** be like oh shit how a n**** shit on that?
y'all see a n**** grit on tracks
f**k with the red beam
get a n**** hit on that
f**k with the real thing not the 760
the reason that they took the fair team to get me
you dont want it with my dogs
you got teeni guys
i mean itsy bitsy little tiny weeni guys
i done seen them guys
bought as big as my gats
and aint even got enough strength to pull on that
you want real hard core shit i be on that
cop the xlt u put threes on that
put cheese on hats
when luchi goes n squeeze on gats
and leave these on flats
g's messin low they got g's on that
and have your momma outside screamin please dont clap

(chorus)