

Black Knights, Urban Street Wars

Artist: Black Knights

Album: n/a

Song: Urban Street Wars

Typed by: Davida.b., X-Calibur, Tha Masta

[Crisis]

Wet ya mothafuckin' throat with this shit

Yo, yo, you better play what I say

I know about you niggas..

Yo, yo, I roll with realest thug niggas, plus villains and drug dealers
Poverty made killers who blaze niggas and drink liquor
In the struggle, since this hustle to juggle, niggas'll bust you
to oppress you they dont slapbox or wrestle, we pullin' pistols
In Killa Cal, where niggas is foul and killers prowl
we leave you ya bagged and nasty, darkened, in a mackin' mafia style
Flippin' hoods for miles, bitches is wild, snitches exiled
from the blocks where teenagers hold glocks, puttin' it down
Young niggas is live, wildin' out like wild Indian Tribes
Known to ride, let 'em fly, cause homicide when they collide
Peace to niggas from the Rock called lime o' lime
on the grinds with nines, at Crunch Time, fuck one time
We bustin' lunch-lines, there's no remorse
All the North of course could never touch mine
Move as one, stay in one mind could make the sun shine

[Monk]

Sun shine.. the sun stay shinin', nigga..

Ayo, I strike fast, throw 'em a bloodbath off a Dutch bag

A street path, what I live, since a young kid

Yo, let me find out, they're trippin on the squad

Frontin' on the God, house niggas, bitch made marks with no heart

For the God-U, quick to pop shit, they never bust it

Just a sidekick, bustas from the ho ass click

Oh yeah, I seen your ho ass when you roll past

Tryin' to front like you didn't see me fit up your dash

Dash in the past, still ain't forgot when ya'll blast

but I'ma keep it movin', fuck that, we gotta get a fair one

I smash fleets, my niggas live the street life

Stay out past the street lights, pack heats to smash mic's

Slash these last nights, the Black Knights..

[Chorus: Doc Doom]

Yo we hold heat for these urban street wars, stuck in the ghettos

Where more souls get washed away than sea shells up on the sea shore

So before, you step to your door, you best look both ways

cuz gun play could leave ya physical faster than sun rays

[Holocaust (Doc Doom)]

You have now entered a parallel realm, can't let ya gun rest

You might catch two and three slugs, wait for the sun sets

Went unslept, rudely awakened by rounds of shots

Here there's death around the corner, and Hell, just down the block

In the form of a small white rock, we fight cops

Empty glocks non-stop from Compton, L.A. to Watts

Niggas drop, in these tragic gun battles live short lives (yeah)

Black Knights on a deadly horse ride straight out the North Side

of Long Beach, ain't shit sweet, we keep straps

Scared to go home, the roaches so big they eat rats (they eat rats)

Streets packed..

[Doc Doom]

These ghetto streets is packed, gotta keep yo' gat.. yo..

Up in L.A., where its Kill or Be Killed, urban street killin' fields

Where weak niggas get caught and squealed for deals
Babies be packin' steel actin' like they real as fuck
Set you up to wet you up for minor bucks
That's why when I'm rollin' I keep my heater tucked
It's real here, bitch niggas get smacked for showin' fear here
The wild west, renowned for bustin' straps, makin' all blocks clear
Gun play is what my niggas do from avenue to new day
I turn around, it seems like yo, I done lost a few homies to this gang shit
and I don't even know why all of my niggas get trapped up in the same shit
Are we really the lost angels from Los Angeles:
The land of the rough, tough, low down and scandalous
or are we peaceful people that just live up in these medieval times?
Which to survive we gotta grind and keep nines
This shit is fucked up, where I come from
These rough and gritty streets of Compton
Got me on the verge to murder somethin'

[Chorus x2 w/ ad-libs and some overlapping]

[Outro: Doc Doom]

This shit is real hot on these streets
Get smacked up for showin' fear
I'm tellin' you, it's real, nigga!
You know? Knock up, guard ya grill, tight shit
Doc Doom, Holocaust, the Rugged Monk, Crisis the Sharpshooter
Black Knights, deadly four horsemen
The Fantastic Four at ya door
Keep watchin' out, yaknowlmean? (gun play)
Fuckin' like wild boars out in these ghetto streets
Ghetto fleece catch heat from the gun play
Keep heat.. yeah.. niggas dyin'
Knowlmean? Tote ya iron, tote ya iron
Gunshots firin, sirens, all that
In the ghetto streets of L.A., that's where I come from (I know)