

Kid Capri, Soundtrack To The Streets

(kid) yeahhhhh!

(nas) uhh, qb

(kid) all the people in the place!

It's the one and only kid capri

(nas) uhh, tm nigga

(kid) along with my man nas escobar

(nas) ill will

(kid) we about to take this one all around the world

So y'all feel this one, come on!

Verse one: nas

My antidote to the dope add drugs in the party
Pistol-whippin your body lyrical oddessey
Y'all ain't smoke real shit less y'all smokin with me
And y'all ain't heard real shit, til you heard it from me
Escobar, I toasted with frank white, to this new era
Of gangster life, slangin words in the mic
Thanks to the life, I urge y'all to write pain
You a whore to the war, I remain a virgin that's tight
This game i'ma run til it's done, stack my funds
Packin guns, clean each gat, once a month
Hope ya toast carry heavy as the vest on your chest
Hope you squeeze it cause you're only safe from stomach to chest
Everything else, left open, I'm smokin
Next to your balls, police won't even question at all
It's the esc- to the -bar, connects in ? piar?
Overlord of rap, u.s. france to ecuodar

Chorus: nas

Have you ever met a qb gangsta, who would
Shake your hand and turn ya back he would shank ya?
Niggaz want the street you lookin for me
You want the hot shit you must cop the kid capri
Ladies dance to it, niggaz pound that in your jeep
Esco' and kid capri, with the motherf**kin soundtrack
To the street, thugs pop to it, sell rocks to it
Puffin I's poppin glocks to it

Verse two: nas

Me and the streets share the same vein, same pain
The whole game changed, niggaz with no brain could make dough
Off of cocaine, colombian neckties
Democrats to bill clinton gotta respect nas
Customized flow, words stitched into the seams

Tailor made lyrics words fit ya, spit scripture worship
Far from ali, niggaz can't spar with the kid
Regardless of your bid or who you partners with
Spit, cartridges at so-called hard ni-ggaz
You get, sparked and hit, held as hostages
You know how the mobsters is from the heart of the bridge
We just started gettin dough, yo pardon the kid
I ain't used to havin shit, my youth as bad as it get
Ghetto bound first lesson was to let off rounds
Shots, echo the town, new york, home of
The harlem mix tape, master as we all know him now

Chorus

Verse three: nas

Uhh, what? kid capri
Soundtrack to the street a theme for every hood
Every lockdown facility, get ? oxed? down for grillin me
Write down hostility, iced down with friends of ours
Respect money and power and them honies that swallow
But what's becomin apollo, nuttin but bigga bank
F**k you niggaz think I ride for?
Same thing niggaz die for, so we draw guns
The same time in this war, leave your mind on the floor
Niggaz doin thirty to life to survive in this world
Transportin keys that's inside of a door
Openin spots from little rock to baltimore
Smoked out, chillin on the kid capri world tour

Chorus

(kid capri)
Yeah
Word up, come on
We make it bump one time word up
My man nas make it bump one time come on
Come on, we make it bump one time word up
The kid capri make it bump one time come on

Chorus

(kid capri)
And I say party people, it's the kid capri
Nas escobar, soundtrack to the streets
Jumpin off, youknowhati'msayin?
You a part of history, stay tuned, uh!