

# Knightowl, We Do This For The Streets

(Knightowl (Talking))

Hey yo CG, why don't you  
Drop a gangsta btrack for that ass  
Some thing like all them other  
Bitch ass producers don't do  
You the man homie  
So give me some of that real  
G shit let it ride homie  
Let it mothafuckin ride

I spot some fools hangin at the corner  
I never saw them bitches before  
So I grabbed my 4-4  
Spot a couple of more  
Behind the liquor store  
One with a strap a fuckin ese with a bat  
But I ain't goin out I think I know why they came  
Last week I put a bullet in a rival fool's brain  
But now I got to face it like a man  
I gotta be ready I got a plan  
So they can take a nap  
They ain't bout to catch me  
They want to get me, but won't hit me  
I'm to fuckin slick G  
Never slippin when I be dippin  
I got the clip and fuck those that be trippin  
Knightowl be the one with the mind of a maniac  
Stright fuckin looney, them bitches wanna do me  
But they better be ready for what's next  
A slug to chest  
Cause them mothafuckin streets be my nest  
Fool

(Chours: Bookie Loc)

Being from the hood here's what you think  
Liquor stores, pimps hoes po-pos, and gangs  
Yo we do this for the streets  
But on the real we do it for the love and for peeps  
My family

Being from the hood ain't what it seems  
Cause you see a grip of colors make seperate teams  
Yeah wel all got heat to pull  
But on the real on the streets we don't need the bull  
Ya hear me

(Bokie Loc)

Confusion (confusion) I was just strollin  
To the hood store to get a couple of brews  
When them reconizables come rolling through  
They got on blue and I got on blue too  
Yet I don't know the passenger  
Who's askin me "What hood I threw up"  
I said I throw up the LAW  
I was like nah homie I'm true to  
When my adrenilain starts to pump  
And here the test comes  
"I know I can run fast"  
And I know I got my pocket rocket cocked  
Ready to blast  
And I wish I was back at the house bangin  
On them tracks  
Instead I'm readin these peice with my heat  
Before there's one more question asked

Balls flyin from fantasism from to much  
So I past him in his chucks  
I didn't give a fuck  
Any way I get stuck with my chuck taylor  
Skid marks hidin out til be dark  
Yellow tape had to vacate investigate  
The Ram Part

(Chorus)

(Knightowl)

Shots goin off but I ain't bout to fuckin run  
I'ma fire right back Yeah I own a gun  
I got a 3-5-7 a 38 that won't wait  
A finger that'll never hesitate  
Bring em all into my neighborhood  
I got a toy waitin for em  
Best believe my homies blastin  
With they don't know em  
I won't take a fuckin chance  
I'd rather see the Devil dance  
And taken a fuckin piss in my pants  
Cause now a day a lot of mothafuckas like to yap  
They also like to fuckin hide when bullets fly  
But who's to say "what the fuck you gonna do"  
If that gun that was shooting was aimin at you  
Would you duck, or would you not give a fuck  
About life pack a knife and fuck somebody elses wife  
I be the type of mothafucka that doesn't give a shit  
The advice I be given ese what who you fuck with

(Chorus)