

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)