

Kool G. Rap & DJ Polo, The Streets

(Chorus)

The streets, yo where it happen at
The streets, is where they clapping at
The streets, is where the action at
The streets, is where they packing at
The streets, is where its cracking at
The streets, bringing it back to that
The streets, banging ya gat to that
The streets, start hanging back in that

My niggas ride where they bust at
Die where they bust at, my murderous guys
Slinging them pies where they lust at, or corners where they hang most
Name boast and bank toast
drive with the thing close, slide where the dames most
Empty clips in them out, coke fiends are strung out, broke niggas bum out
Chicks holdin they gun out, when back streets are taped up
Bodies laying faced up, cats running with ace up
The spots get 'em paced up, the street lamps are broke now
Mad bitches to bone now, when niggas peep your home out
And flip when they zoned out, thugs bringing the street war
Bust shots let the heat roar, taking trips to be more
With bricks upping to fiend off, the towns where they spray shit
Bust rounds and lay shit, selling pounds' a great shit
And clowns get there face lift, spots where gats pop off
Shots clear the block off, slugs knock your block off
And have you licking hot sauce

(Chorus)

On the corners where the dice roll, and clubs where the ice glow
Dames get their life stole, and bleed from my life oh
Niggas laying they law down, some draw with a four pound
P J's are tore down, thoughts of laying hos down
(The streets) blocks where they lick shots, and rock what the fifth got
Kids cop the six drop, from brick box and zip locks
Towns where niggas kill at, posting where its real at
Keeping gats concealed at, see a fo' you peel at
Strip where you get ripped off, hot lead get licked off
Fronting and your clicks off all your jewels get stripped off
Sidewalks where they creep up, get locked up with a street bop
Kids running with heats up, lifting both of your feets up
Niggas they let their guns loose, they wild guns loose
Gather up under the chin, blow a niggas shit through the sun roof
Decide where they pack nines, the chrome glass shines
You try to clap mine, you outta line niggas get flat lined

(Chorus)

Now Chickens'll get your crew laced, for rocks and a blue face
Niggas giving they screwface, for the loot and the suitcase
Spots that blood spills on, and dealers clock a 'mil on
Murderers get their kill on, mad cats are still on
Beef turning to combat, for life so they punk at
Little kids they harm that, put bombs where your moms at
Niggas tied up and kidnapped, and smacked up with big gats
Get found with they wig cracked, leave 'em right where they live at
(The streets) running for red beams, blood flowing in red streets
Mad fellas with breast sceams running from the FED team
Little shorties are knocked up straight giving their crouch up
Juveniles decide to pee now with they ox up
Crack blocks and weed spots the fiends in the deep spots
Some rollin in three drops others aint gotta beep bop
Bitches that get their hoe on smoke dope on and so on

Spotted nigga with glow on with dick they could blow on

(Chorus) 2x

(Talking)

Don G Rap, G and Carter ,BGF, Igloo Entertainment

No doubt we coming through, ya know how we do

Keep it moving, ya better realize

Whoever don't, slugs do it for us

Niggas aint playing no games

Y'all know the routine, Y'all know the drill