

Front Street (Amended Version)

D4L

Woah
Woah, woah, woah, woah
Woah, woah, woah, woah Bankhead, we ain't never scared
You heard what Lil' Mark said
D4L put it down, radio gotta play it
Still on that front street
Fuckin with them young G's Cicero, Martin Luther King
Bankhead boys all down with me
Harris home still my home
County boys got them toys for y'all haters [Incomprehensible]
Can't pull my card, I'm Mookie B, the dope E mate
Paper chasin', weildin' it, grab the mike
And keep that motherfucker, stay crunk Front street, woah, front street, woah
Front street, woah, front street, woah
Front street, woah, front street, woah
Woah, woah, woah, woah Big trucks, big bucks, stunt man stay flexed up
Ice on my wrist to my motherfuckin' neck up
Y'all niggas ain't never heard of me
Like that song called Shit Me
Ain't too fly for a ki, lemme get that price to me Hit me on my cell phone 44368
Posted on that front street
Get there check and don't be late
Label me the bad guy, cash flow it multiply
Never seen so much money in my bank
It stacked so high Front street, woah, front street, woah
Front street, woah, front street, woah
Front street, woah, front street, woah
Woah, woah, woah, woah That's front street, woah get geeked like O
Like Stunt ain't got no rap give 'em 2 dollars Fabo
I can pop like lo, make you bend your knees till your hips go
Next time you think first before you run your lip, hoe I was born Evangelist, see Bankhead ain't havin' it
E for real, got the trap locked down
They front street rappin it
245's on that new Rov, oh
Sucker you will die when that front street, woah I pop, I roll, wont beat at the trap door
And a hundred D4L fans runnin' through that back door
Woah, woah, he'll do it now
Woah, woah, she'll do it now Front street, woah, front street, woah
Front street, woah, front street, woah

Front street, woah, front street, woah
Woah, woah, woah, woahSwerve like this through that front street woah
Range Rov, 24's with a pocket full of dough
I'm lo, get em lo, let 'em know, shoot a bow
Oh no, D4L done walked through the doorAnd we high off dro, knockin' haters to the flo
Make a way to the bar for tha Cris and the Mo
Fabo geeked up, do your dance on a hoe
He done popped another Sprewell spinnin' like O
Like woah, nigga, spinnin' like woah
Like woah, nigga, spinnin' like woahFront street, woah, front street, woah
Front street, woah, front street, woah
Front street, woah, front street, woah
Woah, woah, woah, woahFront street, woah, front street, woah
Front street, woah, front street, woah
Front street, woah, front street, woah
Woah, woah, woah, woahWoah, woah, woah, woah
Woah, woah, woah, woah, woah
Woah, woah, woah, woah
Woah, woah, woah, woah, woah
Woah, woah, woah, woah
Woah, woah, woah, woah

Songwriters

WILLIAMS, LEFABIAN/BUTLER, DENNIS RAMON/PARKS, ADRIAN BERNARD/WALKER,
CARLOSPublished by

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>