

Street Nigguz

Onyx & X-1

Chorus(x2):

[All] Street niggaz

[Sticky Fingaz] Gettin' high all the time

[All] Street niggaz

[Sticky Fingaz] Fuck beef and draw the nine

[All] Street niggaz

[Sticky Fingaz] Always yellin' fuck the cops

[All] Street niggaz

[Sticky Fingaz] We the niggaz that call the shots

[X-1]

Street niggaz love to flip, puttin' slugs in clips

WYLIN out wit Bloods and Crips, on some shit

Leavin' you ripped is totally sick

I sue pricks on mysterious trips, makin' serious chips

You on a curious a trip way out of your whack

Blow you out of your back, the game of crack, how 'bout that?

Holdin' my aim, with ways to wreck

Never know what to expect

Respect a hole in you chest

My mind is set, it's time for death, rewind your steps

The way that I'm doin' you is everyday screwin' you

Off the top

Make money off of rocks

On and off the block, bouncin' off on cops

Whose the next street star? Kid, you love to be next

But it's X-1, kid, in the LUXURY LEX

Wit' a ghetto type style

Heat for beef that we can settle right now

Street Niggaz

Chorus(x2)[Fredro Starr]

Street niggaz spend they lasts on weed

Smoke to the ROACH

Dead broke, some flip coke, sell soap

Bust four guns, off the roof, trick

Overproof, roll dice, stick niggaz for ice, up all night

Everyday niggaz gambalin', pumpin' drugs, scrambalin'

My nigga got shot, that same spot you standin' in

Bitch nigga hate, rich nigga sniff for Eight, suffocate

Jail nigga liftin' weights, fuck the Jake

We brake laws, snuffin' motherfuckas, breakin' drawers
Robbin' liquor stores
? Rubbin'? ghetto niggaz dirty drawers
Never hesitate to bass, kick your fuckin' ass
Fuck work, nigga take cash
Wit' the quick FACTS
Open cases, wit' razors
They open faces
Paid niggaz got guns wit' lasers, Sky pagers
Chrome rims and loud systems
So what the light? You make the white
People listen you five days out the prison
We...Chorus(x2)[Sonsee]
Street niggaz have your shit pushed back, plush act
Bust jacks out the windowplex, and lust that
We back, we at the place, contact react
Call back, be on the concrete flat, we stomp cats
For violation of FUN, whichever come first
Love for money could hurt, it's a thirst, we splurge
In Suburbans, to niggaz deep, want pissy early
Swervin', packin' big power, maxin' six hours
Up in the Expo, E BAUR
For beef, the heat, the vowel
Caught up in them street showers
Buckun' the same clips, fuckin' the same chicks
The game sticks, so remain slick or get slain quick
Street niggaz regulatin'
Doe and hoes and North states, and flip whips
High speed car chases
The inner belly beast dwellin'
Born and raised, extortin' for days
Leavin' motherfuckers more than grazedChorus(x2)[Sticky Fingaz]
I'm a street nigga
Fuck wit' me, ya shot in the brains
They call me Sticky Fingaz, how you think I got my name?
This is not a game, kid I know my math
I walk around wit' my pants hangin' off my ass
I DON'T GIVE A FUCK!
The nigga here's to rugged
I pull out my dick and take a piss in public
Smokin' weed, drinkin' brew, that's all I do
Fuck bitches, get money, was all I knew
Police in the rearview, always runnin' my plates
I kept one poker face and a gun in my waist
Off safety, cock, wit' one in the head

You first nigga frontin' gettin' dropped wit' one in the head
I got no respect for life
My mom's on drugs
You scared to look me in the eyes, I roll wit' nothin' but thugs
I'm so trife
Hope I can live another night
And I fear no man, I swear on my mother's life
'Cuz I'm a...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>