San Francisco Knights

People Under The Stairs

[Verse 1]
Knight Lord Radio, held back by the Bay Bridge faded,
Trying to find Smiley's house, thank G-d we made it
Yo, blunts, broads and beats, keepin' low through the streets
And niggas givin' us pounds cause of these dope-ass sounds
We run aground like ships, over these beats I flip
The bass is hittin' so hard that your CD skips
Well check it out, make sure it doesn't happen again
I got my grip on it, so turn it up to volume ten
Volume ten, word, like that brother from LA
Lord Radio and Hellbot be streakin' through the Bay
We all-citiy like the Mayor, you see my name
I'm more fresh shit, the creep tailor,
The G for international ladies like a sailor,
Like a sailor I get drunk and bust flows to the beat
Like my man J, I feel the Agony in Defeat
Cause sucka-chumps want to test, step like we don't know
We doin, we doin shows in San Francisco
That's right young writer, got a hit for all you biters
Time to bless another track we getting rid of the whack
We put em in the back with the other Tapenze shit
Beats hit hard, make the trolly do olly
Old folks grabs their talus and vacate the bay
See a name in Northern Lights, there's love in Double K
We getting wild for the night, we getting wild for the night
And it all weighs down, what, what

On A Warm San Francisco Night
Yo, rocking shows for you and your crew
On A Warm San Francisco Night
We rollin blunts and doin the do
On A Warm San Francisco Night
We doin shows wit a mic check a one two
On A Warm San Francisco Night
BUTS is on a bad cover crew
On A Warm San Francisco Night

[Verse 2]
We's drinkin, smoking, more smoking, more drinking

Didn't think about the morning hangover, just didn't want to be sober
Yo Radio, tell me how did you feel,
Like I'll never catch a DUI, get gas,
Peel, make a left, yo it's the Double K
Ay, ay what's up
Roll up the windows and spark the joint
Yo, you didn't have to ask twice
Smokin on top of the hill, so we can peep the city life
I'm on award tour, we got it locked like Alcatraz
Doin the San Francisco show I'm sure you realize
Ring the drums like Harvey Ray's son try it
Better look next time, try to step the beat
You in the Bay punk, I guess you ain't about LA
Yo Double K, tell ?em who's unique with the beats
BUTS shows and San Francisco treats
A San Francisco treat is like some Riceroni
Put it in your mouth and let it run down the middle just like Moni
Phony homey, can never rock the party
Your whack-ass crew gets called out
See I play the rod-roddy come on now
To the south punks have you feelin the concrete
Have you askin questions from your hands to your feet
You don't want to do the shit that I'm offering
Sayin that Pete can't rock your city, (what) who, you make a fool
Very often we win, yo very sudden we lose
Spice rockin' yo whole mother-fuckin city

On A Warm San Francisco Night
Yo, rollin blunts and doin the do (the do, the do)
On A Warm San Francisco Night
Chillin wit your girl and her crew (her crew, her crew)
On A Warm San Francisco Night
Scaring old people, still doin the do (we're doin the do)

Yeah, making collect calls to another area code, we mowed
We be the 310, we be the main extension I be the Double K
And we crowning, ounces, vodka, whatever, juice, ludes,
San Francisco here we come, we're coming back we gonna have some fun
Much love to the Bay Area
be-you-D-S
(On A Warm San Francisco Night)
Rockin' the discos, startin' the fights

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