Str-8 Gone

Dr Dre

Haa
Woo
Dedicated to the up city
Straight West Coast nigga, ain't no pity
Put holes in niggas, real pretty
Real shitty like a black Frank Nitty
I give drugs to the thugs price-free
Handed down the game by that nigga Ice-T
No doubt players like me
recognise the great King Tee, about twenty grand a ki
Ah, that's that G shit, no doubt about that
Statutory lyrics is how I rape the rap
And get your niggas off my back
and no, GOD, ya don't pull a strap, cos (*gun shot*) FUCK THAT!
I'm very precise when I shoot
straight out the roof of my Lexus coupe
Ya wanna blame Tha Alkaholik group
but, naw, that nigga Tela must've hit the loot
Cos he's actin real loonie
and I don't give a fuck cause I'm drunk and I'm a G like Spoonie
The hoodrats wanna do me
So if you've got'cha county cheque give it to me
Chorus:
Now baby, don't trip, it's King Tee with the gangsta shit
Ain't fuckin with nothin but them platinum hits
And the two dog groan, a 50 gat to your dome
That nigga on the mic str-8 gone
repeat
Huh, so I guess I earned the title 'OG'
Been down for ten years, this my fifth Lp
I'ma get this one easy
A real motherfuckin G, R-rock Tee
Now all these fools talkin 'bout they some killers
car stealers, big time drug dealers
Bitch ass niggas keep it real, don't lie
You ain't killin shit and they gon' let shit die
You ask "Who the hell am I?"
They call me 'Big Bone' and on my worst night I fades em all

And I come thru ya hood like a locc ass G

Rip any fool that calls hisself an MC
It's only one way, let's have gun play
I make it play, nigga, fuck what you got to say
I got a mad crew of murderers, ex-burglars
Puttin soft niggas outta service
Chorus:
Now baby, don't trip, it's King Tee with the gangsta shit
Ain't fuckin with nothin but them platinum hits
And the two dog groan, all the fuckin chips blown
That nigga on the mic str-8 gone
Baby, don't trip, it's King Tee with the gangsta shit
Ain't fuckin with nothin but them platinum hits
And the two dog groan, sittin on chrome
That nigga on the mic str-8 gone
My whole crew lives illegal
Strapped with the bulletproof vest in the front and back Regal
Smokin that sticky green grass
Hittin switches, bumpin on cuts from the past
We smoke leaf cos we live like G's
Super-soft niggas become enemies
I hit a lick on the East for ten ki's
now everything I drive is on Deez
I'ma make you believe, I gotta put it down like a real nigga should
My dope spot in every nigga's hood
I don't waste time, I need to get what's mine
Fourteen shells from behind
Leave you in the blind, str-8 paralysed from ya spine
A partner of organised crime
Ya hear it all the time but now ya gotta hear it from the truth
til my nigga Karl Phat's respect due
Chorus:
Now baby, don't trip, it's King Tee with the gangsta shit
Ain't fuckin with nothin but them platinum hits
And the two dog groan, 50 gat to the dome
That nigga on the mic str-8 gone
(repeat 4X)
And I'm gone

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