Street Nigguz

Onyx

Street niggaz
Gettin' high all the time
Street niggaz
Fuck beef and draw the nine
Street niggaz
Always yellin', "Fuck the cops"
Street niggaz
We, the niggaz that call the shots
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We, the niggaz that call the shots
Street niggaz love to flip, puttin' slugs in clips
WYLIN out with 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 of 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'd 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
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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 over proof
Roll dice, stick niggaz for ice, up all night
Everyday niggaz gamblin', pumpin' drugs scramblin'
My nigga got shot, that same spot you standin' in
Bitch nigga hate, rich nigga sniff a eight
Suffocate, jail nigga liftin' weight, fuck the Jake
We break laws, snuffin' motherfuckers breakin' jaws
Robbin' liquor stores, rubbin' ghetto niggaz dirty drawers
Never hesitate to bass, kick your fuckin' ass
Fuck work, nigga take cash, with the quick facts
Open cases with 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
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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 grazed
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I'm a street nigga; fuck wit me get 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 with my pants hangin' off my ass
I don't give a fuck, the nigga here's too 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 rear view, always runnin' my plates
I kept one poker face and a gun in my waist
Off safety cocked with one in the head
You, first nigga frontin' gettin' dropped with 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 nuttin' 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
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