Kill Street Blues

Spice 1

Cookin' up yae in the pure form of a rock
This is how we clock, stroll up on my block
(3 in the morning popo at my door)
This is kill street bluesCookin' up yae in the pure form of a rock
This is how we clock, stroll up on my block
(I'm wonderin' if really popo with y'all)
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This is kill street bluesSit your 5 dollar ass down
Nigga 'fore a chief baller make change
Cookin' up yae, yo at 3 in the mornin'
Choppin' up game sackin' up caineFetty was layin' all over the floor
I guess you cold say that I was slippin'
As the door kick in
I stick in my clip and begin the dippin'Up on these so called popo
But I know it can't be nuthin' but some niggas
Runnin' up in ski masks
So I continue to curse and blast that asses outTryin' to gaffle the scratch my gat consumes
Just then my killa partner steps outta the bathroom
Uzi's and Mack thangs start lettin' off
Niggas catchin' slugs to the faceBaking soda some niggas brains cocaine all over the place
Took a dive behind the coach
Heard a nigga say, "We gonn' kill you"
My 2 twin gats start talkin' to me said, "Fuck them niggas I feel you"So I bail up outta the cut, tryin' ta take lives with no remorse
Lookin' like a scene with Laurence Fishborne in "The King of New York"
Now it's 3 o'clock in the mornin' and I still don't snooze
'Cuz all my life niggas be given me all these kill street bluesCookin' up yae in the pure form of a rock
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This is kill street blues1 nigga died high
Face down in uncut yae
I stuck my finger up in the hole in his body
Told him have a nice dayMy homie said, "The real feds is comin'", said he was hit
I pull the bloody corpse off his body, he told me get the shit
Ran to the kitchen, hopin' over the deceased
Gotta get the rocks money and powder, and evade the policePut the fetty up in my hand, gotta be quick, gotta be nimble
Look to my left seen 3 federalles cars in the window
Now it's time for me and my homie to mob the fuck on out
As we mob up outta there 3 federalles mob in the houseCan't say nuthin' about them other niggas them haters is out there dead
Couple a slugs up in they head, with a house full of feds
And ain't no time to be stickin' around
I'm hearin' them ambulances and homocidesI'm ready to bail outta the scene and flee up in this "G" ride
I'm thinkin' my homie heart stopped nigga dyin' on me
Partner dropped down to the ground
That's when them popo started firin' on meCookin' up yae in the pure form of a rock
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This is kill street bluesThrew the caine down got to mobbin' off
As the popo yelled out freeze
Lost a down ass homie and the yae, yo man
But fuck it I'ma keep the cheeseMy partners eyes wide open
Nigga layin' there one breath too short
But each time ya nigga Spice 1 hit the corner
In a big white cloud of smokeFederalles on my bumper baby
Fittin' ta show 'em I ain't no punk
Use the right hand to do the drivin' thang
And the left hand ready to dumpLed 'em on a high speed chase
For about 30 minutes or a little bit more
Got a triple thang murder up under my belt

'Bout 60 thousand ta doe, doeOh, no
Heard a slg hit my back tire
Then I spun around
Runnin' into the side while tearin' all shit downBitches was screamin' niggas was cussin'
Po Po bustin' at me, punk ass nigga
Run into the liquor store
Knowin' they'll never catch meBut soon as I'm thinkin' of makin' my getaway
Ain't this a bitch some fedy with a 12 gauge
Put the barrel fight up to my shit, "Stay right there nigga"
Pull out the money and all of a sudden I hit the floor
Looked up and see the barrel of Sgt Kickass' 4, 4Cookin' up yae in the pure form of a rock
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