

# 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)

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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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