

# Front Street

Mark Montijo

Woah  
Woah, woah, woah, woah  
Woah, woah, woah, woah  
Bankhead, we ain't never scared  
You heard what Lil' Mark said  
D4L put it down, radio gotta play it  
Still on that front street  
Fuckin'? with them young G's  
Cicero, Martin Luther King  
Bankhead boys all down with me  
Harris home still my home  
County boys got them toys for y'all haters  
[Incomprehensible]Can't pull my card, I'm Mookie B, the dope E mate  
Paper chasin', weildin' it, grab the mike  
And keep that motherfucker, stay crunk  
Front street, woah, front street, woah  
Front street, woah, front street, woah  
Front street, woah, front street, woah  
Woah, woah, woah, woah  
Big trucks, big bucks, stunt man stay flexed up  
Ice on my wrist to my motherfuckin' neck up  
Y'all niggas ain't never heard of me  
Like that song called Shit Me  
Ain't too fly for a ki, lemme get that price to me  
Hit me on my cell phone 44368  
Posted on that front street  
Get there check and don't be late  
Label me the bad guy, cash flow it multiply  
Never seen so much money in my bank  
It stacked so high  
Front street, woah, front street, woah  
Front street, woah, front street, woah  
Front street, woah, front street, woah  
Woah, woah, woah, woah  
That's front street, woah get geeked like O  
Like Stunt ain't got no rap give 'em 2 dollars Fabo  
I can pop like lo, make you bend your knees till your hips go  
Next time you think first before you run your lip, hoe  
I was born Evangelist, see Bankhead ain't havin' it

E for real, got the trap locked down  
They front street rappin? it  
245's on that new Rov, oh  
Sucker you will die when that front street, woah  
I pop, I roll, won?t beat at the trap door  
And a hundred D4L fans runnin' through that back door  
Woah, woah, he'll do it now  
Woah, woah , she'll do it now  
Front street, woah, front street, woah  
Front street, woah, front street, woah  
Front street, woah, front street, woah  
Woah, woah, woah, woah  
Swerve like this through that front street woah  
Range Rov, 24's with a pocket full of dough  
I'm lo, get ?em lo, let 'em know, shoot a bow  
Oh no, D4L done walked through the door  
And we high off dro, knockin' haters to the flo?  
Make a way to the bar for tha Cris and the Mo?  
Fabo geeked up, do your dance on a hoe  
He done popped another Sprewell spinnin' like O  
Like woah, nigga, spinnin' like woah  
Like woah, nigga, spinnin' like woah  
Front street, woah, front street, woah  
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