

# Street Nigguz

## Onyx

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Gettin' high all the time  
Street niggaz  
Fuck beef and draw the nine  
Street niggaz  
Always yellin', "Fuck the cops"  
Street niggaz  
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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 chestMy 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 niggazStreet niggaz  
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 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 Street niggaz  
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 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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