

Streets On Beats

South Park Mexican

Yepa Yepa homeboys.
It's the nigga Low-G.
Puttin' it down for the nina 8.
We givin' prop, what we did this week.
So don't trip, if we forgot your click.

I move 100 pounds in my Hustle Town
Come around fuck 'em down with my underground
Puffin' pow-wow clouds in my T.P.
But my hina' hollerin' release me
Prime time like shines on the high mimes
Hellafied rhymes, huh, you rewind 25 times
Another fool puttin' down the truth
You can't fuck with the Riddla' On Da' Roof
Mista' go get her, kick the mo' better
If she wanna go, fuck the hoe, let her
The wanderer, Hillwood Hustla
Turn your back on your gail & I... uh... straight clown in my H-Town.
Is you hoes really ready for the take down?
Break down, stay ground, my niggas don't play round, pop pop,
Make your whole click catch the grayhound.

Ghetto Boys, Master P. DJ Screw, Kid Rock, Mobb Deep,
Ese Fools, Ice-T, Fat Pat, Public Enemy,
We put the Streets On Beats.

Makaveli, Rakim, Hillwood Hustlaz, Most Hated,
Too \$hort, Bone Thugs, Dogg Pound, Nas, The Fugees,
We put the Streets On Beats.

Stick & move, hittin' lics, sweep 'em left to right
Act a fool when I 1 2 check the mic
Come trip with the pimp in the smoke gray lac
I jump in this shit & there's no way back
Creep the 7 7 seville convertible
My cadillac got a 3-foot verticle jump in the front
Bump in the trunk, weed turn to smoke, skun in my blunt
I'm the cool homeboy, I'm a fool with no patience
Got a Dope House in 7 locations
Professional, but don't test my testicles

On the pedestal I'm colder than an eskimo
Gotta have it, causin' panic with an automatic
& leavin' myself, no one else saw my magic
Gifted child, raised in the wicked wild
Put the Streets On Beats. Who trippin' now?

Run DMC, KRS-One, Mass 187, Spice 1,
Herschelwood Hardheadz, Tolo G.
We put the Streets On Beats.

D.J. Quik, Big 50 Snipe, Criminal Rage,
20-2-Life, N.W.A., Lil Kim, Rasheed,
We put the Streets On Beats.

I be the actual, factual, rap supernatural, blowin' up national
It's understandable, not to mention
What I'm stressin' leave you second guessin'

- sell itself, saw my CD steady pressin'
It can't see me, I flow so freely, you muthafuckers more slimier than seaweed
Jus' to pe we, son you watchin' too much TV, I'm on CD
See mo' pussy cat than tweety!
On the underground nation, layin' foundation
The biggest problem that H-Town's facin'
Did alot of wrong, but mom, stay calm 'cause now I drop bombs on CD-ROM's
Your raps get pimpslapped, you kickin' bubblegum
Only real niggas know where I'm comin' from, under confusion
Run up on Houston & bow down to the styles I am usin'.

Trinity Garden, ESG, Street Military, Bam, Al D
K Rino, Point Blank, Klondyke, Botany,
We put the Streets On Beats.

Wicked cricket troublemaker, A.C. chill,
Biggie Smalls, Outkast, Cypress Hill
Lighter shade of brown, Malascho, W.C.
We put the Streets On Beats.

Lyrics submitted by Mike.

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