

Street Cinema

Sporty Thievs

Cousin cousin cousin, I'm pissy drunkin'
How 'bout I smack you snuff him and buss him
What then? Nothing, you gon' be shocked like stop
Your man laying there dropped other laying there shot
Think not, what come the war burdens for certain
You be laying with no shirt in the dirt with blood squirting
Knocked out and stomped out with soles and timbs
Piss in your face, wake you up, and do the whole shit again
Smack your men for jumping in, and get our rob on
Rock on pop gone long gone with your watch on
When cops swarm exit on some next shit
You with the paramedics, we on poles doing calisthenics
So yo, get the fuck away from my car move back
Aiyyo dudes pop the hatch and get those two bats for these cats
That get that plus I'm to' from the flo' up, know what?
Dudes get off me chill let me go fuck that hold up
Street cinema, street cinematics, streets in it
Street scenery, ballers in the street running
Street cinema, street cinematics, streets in it
Street scenery, ballers in the street running
Street cinema, street cinematics, streets in it
Street scenery, ballers in the street winning
Getting rich off the street, feins in the street spinning
Many moves spent bent chocola sent
Moving more dimes a minute then sprint
If I recall, fuck 'em all the best way to ball
Never stall with a hundred grand to break ya fall
Leather glove face smacking
Go gat waste packing, car burglars car jacking
Me I'm safe cracking and I'm still in it for life man
But life's a gamble right?
So everyday a niggas just rolling a dice man
Credit go where credit due, yo niggas is nice man
Know the game and they caught up in your "Where's my slice man?"
Shouldn't have to say it twice man
Sign of the rhymes
Money and marijuana if you ain't catch it the first time
Me and mine live and shine every segment on the regent
Coming hard until the jeans look pregnant
Street cinema, street cinematics, streets in it
Street scenery, ballers in the street running
Street cinema, street cinematics, streets in it
Street scenery, ballers in the street running
Marlon Brando weep concealed with three best the bill
Aiyo Kirk tell them chill each one wanna clench the bill, for real
Don't safe cracking resort to face tracking
Prints computer hacking, niggas skeet through the tracking
Rock a block packing, nigga stash yo ash
Either act like you know or you best go ask
See my Lex go past give niggas the whiplash
Class smoking grass until the whip crashed
At last who prays to God for talents to rhyme Lord?

Time is toured not poured like on the Concorde
Sit back and laugh, we made it baby shake gravy
Catch me on 180 with the Yankee Flip Avery You sick baby 'cause niggas look different now
With tighter rhymes written hell niggas is living now
And we spitting like wow them kids is hot I need a dub
Nigga we see the love rock a block beat a blood We be in a club with girls V.I.P. smoking
Scoping now she open posing holding Trojans
This the life we got girls kissing the dice
Two keys for one rice probably fixing it twice Kicking down bikes they fall like dominos
Fifty in a row
Rock a block with that kinda dough
What? Street cinema, street cinematics, streets in it
Street scenery, ballers in the street running
Street cinema, street cinematics, streets in it
Street scenery, ballers in the street running Street cinema, street cinematics, streets in it
Street scenery, ballers in the street running
Street cinema, street cinematics, streets in it
Street scenery, ballers in the street running Yeah, Y-O in the mother
Sporty Thievez in the mother
Rock a block, shot callers
9-7 and beyond
And you know what?
That shit is trash

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>