

The Streets

WC

Yea, turn the music up a little bit
Yea, a little bit louder, right there
In the name of the streets Click, click, boo ya, Dub kicked the frame in
Nigga, let the games begin, as I standin'
Tossed the tall can on a campus, off the limit
Scanners takin' penitentiary chances Sick wit it, off the ric wit it
Blue beanie knitted, freshly acquitted
Grind, grimey, the big body an' the big body
Wit lyrics an' 'draulics hotter than the Majave Sellin', brubble bellin', career felon
Escalade, 3 braid beer wearin'
Fuck it, I thug for free an' thug to eat
Niggas call me 'Home of Cake' 'cause I love the cheese
Gangstas, hustlas, pimps, if ya follow me
Let me see ya put them hands up like a robbery
I solemnly swear to stay down an' slang the seed
I spit in the name of the streets I'm gonna roll, I'm gon' stay fly
I'm gonna bust, hold my hood up high
In the name of the streets
I'm gonna roll, I'm gon' rich ride
I'm gonna ball, hold my hood up high
In the name of the streets This the itty bitty nigga, from the city they call LB
What you know about the D O G?
I keep my peeps wit a bag o' treats
On the streets, my nephews beat your beat an' keep that heat In the Cutt an' indiscrete
Me an' Dub-C crippin' cousins in this industry
A lotta' y'all pretend to be
Wanna see, friends wit me an' then sleep wit the enemy?
Want some, get some, bad enough, take some
Suckas poppin' off, I'm 'bout to take one
Braids on, make done, don't want none
An' just 'cause we talkin', what you doin' C walkin'? It's not just a dance, it's a way o' livin'
Now if ya C walkin', ya best to see Crippin'
An' that goes for kids too an' R an' B singers
Nigga, quit Crip walkin' if ya ain't a gang banger I'm gonna roll, I'm gon' stay fly
I'm gonna bust, hold my hood up high
In the name of the streets
I'm gonna roll, I'm gon' rich ride
I'm gonna ball, hold my hood up high
In the name of the streets I told a woman I don't love her but she wants to go
I told another that I want her but she wants to hoe
I ain't a hater, I'm a player, so I fucked 'em both
In the name of the streets This is for them geniuz

Da best is my East niazz, both sides street niazz
This is for them DJs, coast to coast movin' this
Spinnin' them turntables that bump the RuvianSmashous, best trap us for cash
An' dump a blunt at ya's, outta the mix classes
This is for them riders, ridin' for the mims
Ghetto ass niazz on them big shiny rimsThrashin', you're back at ya, bring a debassa'
Got droppin' on your drastic, another hood classic
Dub the 'Ghetto Heisman' singin' 'More cabbage'
A street niazz livin' on seek an' kill statusUnlock the racked, Def Jam cock ya' back
Recess is over, I want my spot back
Who's the next? I preceded to blow comin' at 'em
I'm in a mink coat an' Spacey gat 'em, you're lookin' at 'emI'm gonna roll, I'm gon' stay fly
I'm gonna bust, hold my hood up high
In the name of the streets
I'm gonna roll, I'm gon' rich ride
I'm gonna ball, hold my hood up high
In the name of the streetsDub C, The 'Ghetto Heisman'
In the name of the streets
Swangin' through a hood near you
In the name of the streets
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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