

Street Kings

The Game

Fuck it, yo, who the best MC on the west?
By far it's me and in my car is a continental tea
And my broad in that continental suite
With the armadillo rollin' up dutches like that motherfuckers

Beef with the kid, click clack, motherfuckers
Let them bullets burn your six pack, motherfuckers
Get jacked, motherfucker, when you come to Compton
Get a mack, motherfucker, when you come to Compton

I walk through Times Square holdin' my Johnson
A cross style Jada make a run threw Yonkers
I got D-blocks like the locks and these glocks like to pop
And nigga I like your watch, so roll over, you can die with the jury

First nigga, take the stand to testify he gonna die with the jury
And I might kidnap the judge or send a team
To lean on the prosecutors so the DA budge
I got niggas that'll ride for a grand

So handover my rock like Earl Manson
You can die where you stand
You got his back you can die with your man
I'll let you jog for about 30 seconds then you gunned down

You know this GL shit we got G's on the line
Or G's on the squad, all week on the grind
And if you doubt that step up, 'cuz we ain't hard to find
Street kings in our prime you want us then come and try us

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I'm a take it to the next, take it to a motherfuckin' neck
Pull up on a nigga holdin' triggers and techs
We droppin' square beads, you easy to read
This is the end of the road for whole ass MC's

Smoke grass by the pound, glock holds 17 rounds
And the flow'll knock any nigga down
Rap you like a burrito come threw and kill you and your people
Said them that I shitted on you nigga like I was a flock of seagulls

Infrared beam like a traffic jam at night
Handle any man in sight with his hands upon a mic
Wanna light, I got the torch, California up north
For any nigga puttin' flamed on a Porches and never drive on

Bitch, you're gonna die on
San Quinton for and five catch a live one
Bust shots at the clouds, so we can shine some
Get up off your ass and nigga and grind some

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Flash fuckers on the tip of the gat
You can put on flat but I'll kill that, I'll open you up like a mat
Even if you heard at I squirted and murdered a man
And these new school nigga talk like we heard of them plans

Seventy-two times 36 millimeters in your mini van
Gettin' off on you nigga and your mini-mans
Only thing runnin' is blood nigga so we gettin' grand
So we will bust your head, nigga, straight through your hand

Or get off in yo ass nigga like Jackie Chan
And when it's all said and done it's a one will stand
Gunnin' this motorbike, feelin' this power man
A 185 miles per hour, man, I stay co-relatin' with the Taliban
I show up, show up, show up, show up

Niggaz talk about money, they forgot the struggle
Playas paint a perfect picture, they forgot the hustle
Pieces of a puzzle, guzzlin' pints, watchin' the moonlight
Turn to sunlight, street more gun fights, penitentiary kites

Seen a man turn to mice than mice turn to man
See my nigga take the stand turn my other mans hand
Got me nauseous in my abdomen, got me servin' grams again
Grams rapped in rubber bands, 22's on them rubbers bands

Slow rollin, 'dro blowin', I'm gettin' rich you see my fro growin'
Ho's knowin' I pimp them to the fullest, respect a gangsta
You can shoot but I eat bullets, I shit missiles
And my eyeballs look like crystals, my shits official
It's more humaro Merofrista

Yo, yo, it's Luke and everything I sit on fat
Niggaz be like oh shit, how a nigga shit on that?
You wanna see me shit on and grit on tracks
Glock with the red paint, puttin' it on hat
Talk about the real thing not the 760

The reason that they took the fair team to get me
You don't want it with my dogs, you got teeni guys
I mean itsy bitsy little bitty weeni guys
I done seen them guys bought as big as my gats
And they ain't even got enough strength to squeeze on that

You want real hard core shit I be's on that
Cop the XLT you put threes on that, put cheese on hats
When luchu seeks squeeze on gats we even leave these on flat
G's messin' low they got g's on that and have
How your momma outside screamin' "Please don't clap"

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