

Streets of LBC

Warren G

I saw people dancing in the streets
Streets of a lonely city
Listen to the beats
The people strike their feet on the lonely concrete streets of
Streets of a lonely city

Some niggaz quick to get it confused
This is where its cracking at (wassup?)
Big city of music
We're only half of that
What happens after midnight
Goes up spoke of
'Cause broke niggaz where I'm at they don't show no love
I done witness the concrete jungle in
Watch the niggaz turn soft and leave humble-in
Since I been young I hung out, hard knock
Played my hand when they dealt my cards
Now check it out what's real is what's happening
Now this is where I deal with and where I live at
Not to many of us make (make it) it to see the day we able to make a statement (statement)
The ways of the world has gone crazy
Two things never change, that's the music and what the rules of the game is
Now everybody knows you're name
It ain't no other place to turn
But I better get a hold on this street shit I learnt it (learnt it)

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Take it back when I never had much
A little bad nigga scrappin' over mad stuff (gimme that fool)
But I was born with a hunch for this shit
My nigga dead beats, still I hustle a bit
Help my mother make ends meet
It's hard is god watchin'?
Non stop while the cops roll by on my block
I see paper dancing in the street
So what's the chance I can make the money work for me?
But it hurts to see yo niggaz doing dirt
For a livin' so I put in work with this gift I was given
Now might I mention that I was blessed by god
And I'm down for anything that makes life less hard
No matter where you are it can happen to anybody
It's how it was when I came up
And now I talk about it
L-B-C city of music
G-funk you tell me
We do's it