

# 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