

W.C. "The Streets"

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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 limital
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 bomp the Ruvian

Smashous, 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 rims

Thrashin', 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 status

Unlock 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
'em

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

Dub C, The 'Ghetto Heisman'
In the name of the streets
Swangin' through a hood near you
In the name of the streets

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