

Tanya Chua

"Streets of Oakland"

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[Ant Banks]

Yeah, to the break of dawn, you know? Let's do this

Chorus:

Niggas in Oakland all day long
Be pimping these hoes from dusk til dawn
Making cash real fast and you know it's on
Hanging on the streets of Oakland

All we do is smoke that weed
And drink brew on the ave til we get keyed
And a little bit of head is all we need
Hanging on the streets of Oakland

[Ant Banks]

Welcome to the danger zone, where the niggas don't
play that
Every man for self, the rule is to stay strapped
Cause rat packers try to jack that ass
From the jealousy that's built in the streets when you
stack cash
And they'll blast, hoping they can get get it
Punk, so if you got it, you best to get with it
Or quit it, cause niggas be flipping over dope and
Your friends might get you if you're slipping in Oakland
Yeah, so don't play no punk-ass nigga close
Cause they'll mash on your cash and get ghost
And don't say Ant Banks didn't warn ya
About the loced-ass gangstas killing in California
That's where I'm from, nigga, rolling in my G-ride
Hey, you gonna see me slide when I'm on the Eastside
Making all my fucking gitnotes
Making sure my gat straight smitnokes, smobbing with
my fitnokes
That's all we doing is the town is seeing bitches
clowning
Kicking back getting high lounging
It really doesn't matter what you do, yo chilling with
your crew
You're sipping on a brew, you're pimping bitches too
And the shit don't bother me if that's how it's gotta be

Then macking these hoes should be equality
See, the game goes deep when you're rolling
Hanging on the streets of Oakland

Chorus

Nighttime falls and everybody's perking
No punks around so funks occurring
But the sideshow's back and everybody's flossing
In they ride trying to side and all the freaks are tossing
And brother with bump, trunk of funk is knocking
Candy paint on they ride keeps the bitches jocking
Knowing you's a balling-ass nigga everybody hates
Rolling in the town with a pound straight dropping
weight
Blowing up like dynamite
Selling weed, yey, angel dust, hop, and China white
Fuck it, you're making duckets, never riding buckets
Playing punk bitches like puppets
Yo, but there's a lot of fake counterfeit macks
Playa hating on they homies trying to dry cat
To look good for the hoes, man these niggas ain't
joking
Boy, you get that ass smoked in Oakland

Chorus

[Boots - spoken]

Aw yeah, The Coup is up in here, and we be talking
about the
real. Motherfuckas know that we know, that they know,
that we
know the deal. Now the originality of our principality is
that
we don't play the pimp. But the reality of our locality,
and
you'll learn this gradually, is that motherfuckas do this
shit
to pay their rent. But here's a hint: how we gonna get it
straight
when we bent? Shit, see I ain't never had shit but my
stripes
and my game and my life, and all them's just hand
downs from my
grandaddy. Yeah, I'm living large kidding with Ant
Banks, but I'm
still hustling food stamps for my candy apple red
Caddy. Alright...

