

Carroll Bruce

"Fools From the Streets"

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(Verse 1: Numskull)

I'ma hustla to the heart, pardon me dolly
I mastered the dice large, and even three card molly
Slappin bozo nigga's for twenty bucks a rock
Plus I slang mad rocks on the spot, FUCK THE COPS
Now I'm on the ball, cause it's all good in the hood
I'm glad as fuck, dropped outta school because I hate
math and stuff
Lay low, runnin off my pager, can't press my luck
STINGY AS FUCK, wit my bucks like Scrooge McDuck
NOBODY COULD, stop the operation stackola
Get back roller, you can't fuck wit this crackola
Because I got the caribbean, plates just like a nubian
Happy so the five-0 won't jack me
Fuck the jail shit, it's corny
BITCHES KNOW I'm HORNY
The nigga's that I hang wit got crew cause life is corny
We precieve the gat to the end so that you know
Shit I pull more bitches then menaudo
Let me quit, the nigga's on the spot wanna take me out
DRIVE BY MS.DAISY, to raise me, and take me plot
I got ya duckem, don't slip for nobody(fuck em!)
Schemes gettin thought up, I'm never gettin caught up
Keepin my pockets so fat, swift on my feet
Sayin I'm out to the fools that's on my street

(Verse 2: Yukmouth)

Well it's the CRAP SHOOTER
Love to hit the fat buddah sack, and you know that
My crew comes together like ?????
Raised in the ghetto's of OAKLAND
Had dope in my pocket, servin knocks in the open
Walked close, and door close when I was on the night
shift
Got a few indictments, day to day excitements out my
life quift
Rollin in my cousins big K-5
Holy moly, I stay high by drinkin 40's
Had roly poly dice in my pocket for the school house
crap game
I had a DANGLE ROLL, sometimes I wanna STRANGLE

HO'S

But I scoop em like a spoon full of cereal
Never ate a trick cause that's for kids duke you hear
me though
But rigger though, never was rigor-mortis so face it
Pocket's on fat like a Jenny Craig patient, IT AIN'T SHIT
But a come up, when I roll up on they knock
Fuck pops, I gotta have my props
I'm runnin shit like FLO JO
Never fucked a HOBO
But I got my DICK SUCKED
Now she's got the HICCUPS
I wakes up, move a ???head if ya dangle
I'm down, you'll fuck around and get ya neck strangled
To swing a sell, and chop rocks to the whole dim
sprayer
Cause what I got will make ya sing a song like the Gap
band
Likes ta DANGLE MUTHAFUCKA'S OUT THEY CASH LIKE
A SHISTA

(Verse 3: Dru Down)

Well I'm the sickest, wickedst nigga you'd wanna be
A damn fool from the streets, killin enemies
And as I'm sleepin in my street I'm havin nightmares
I'm FULLY PREPARED, AND FULLY AWARED
And strapped wit the armorgauge
And as a nigga wakes up, I'm havin thoughts of a
murder scene
Robbery, OOHHH, I had to hit the streets
FEELIN, FEELIN, I like the fuckin smell of some flesh
KILLIN, KILLIN, I like to put a whole lot in yo chest
A maniac, runnin down the streets in the ghetto
I see a limo, a white man in tuxedo
Tryna be slick, BUT HE'S A TASK
Knowin damn well he wouldn't catch me, I'm too fast
Cause I will bust a gauge or two,
'Rupt the fuckin living rooms
And If I had to getway, I'll find another place to stay
Cause I'ma slick, quick nigga you can't fuck wit
A brotha from the gutter doin dirt, AND I LOVE IT
Afterwards, I'm chokin like a damn fool
Smokin on the blunt, a yabba, dabba, fuckin do
Cause I'm luni like the luni fuckin tunes
I need to go snatch a purse so I can rent a room
SOMEBODY JUMPIN OUT THE BUSHES WIT A STRAP
Y'ALL
Checkin everything except the shit in yo drawers, y'all
I know ???? is sweepin nigga's off they feet
A murderize killer, sick fool from the street, yeah

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