

Cold World Hustlers

"Straight Doin' It"

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[Verse 1: Big Vic]

Straight doin' is the thing that I come by punk
No thoughts to the matter when I get drunk
Gettin' gerped is a way of life for me
Brown bag wid a forty straight to the party see
Always on the run but I did mix
So don't trip when ya see Vic hop a fence
Straight turn around in the cuts and lookin' for a nigga
to jack
In my lap my fuckin' strap and po po's on my fuckin'
back
(Whoop there it is!) This nigga wid the slow roll money
smoke and chiz
Trip through the sewer I'll be ya tour guide
Used to be young as fuck and now he pullin' homicides
After the death I'm headed towards the light
Get ready for the hit and stay outta sight
Straight done did it and we poppin' and it ain't no joke
Make the headlines my way, nigga smoked
New booty to the game of crack
Tried to sell and couldn't watch his back
To the cuts and have the nigga jacked
Nine double M to the dome and took his sack
Day after day it's the same shit, (same shit)
Year after year and it don't quit, (it don't quit)
Niggas on the Hill try to, ruin it but they can't
Cause I'm straight doin' it

[Verse 2: E-Sick]

There's a whole lotta shit I need to talk about
So you'll see what the Sucka Free is all about
The whole fuckin' city's turfed out
Everybody and they momma's in the drama no doubt
Two for one is how we do it in the city
Get ya ass fucked up niggas showin' no pity
Alotta motherfuckas gangbangin'
Other young brothers sell caine crack or dank
I know alotta hoes that, boost
Hit they ass wrong niggas gettin' juice
It's niggas that might rob ya
Put a pistol to ya face or don't bother

The point I'm tryin' to make is real clear G
That livin' in Frisco's crazy
4-1-5 is the code that we live by
Gotta get drunk stay pumped for the drive-by

[Verse 3]

Sucka busta gay faggot coward ass niggas
Better punk out when my finger's on the trigger
Causin' no delay I won'ta save to hesitate
To blast to the chest and put a bullet in ya brain
My friend my homie, my so called partna
Next time I see him I think I gotta pop him
Pack a gat up in my pants everytime that I'm steppin'
the forty-four mag is the motherfuckin' weapon
Straight doin' it I'm worst than a dope fiend
Or wid some dame I get psyche off the cheap green

[HOOK]

Niggas be doin' it straight be doin' it
Brothers ain't new to it and really don't give a shit
(2X)

[Verse 4: Big Vic]

Straight doin' is the thoughts that I'm thinkin'
To the niggas on the forties keep drinkin'
And to the niggas on the danked out tip
Frisco's in the house keep ya pistol on ya hip
Shit never gets better it gets worse
The niggas gettin' killed the bitches gettin' hurt
Now I'm tryna let you know the way it was
The niggas the bitches the killin' the drugs
Peep game, the G-A-M-E
If I don't get you, then you will get me
Ya so called nigga ain't shit from jump street
And I'll be damned if I let a nigga get me

[Verse 5]

Niggas don't understand and bitches don't
comprehend
About this attitude a nigga be havin'
Cause livin' in Frisco a nigga be tryna hang
Slangin' this caine while I part-time gangbang
My set Hunter's Point everybody's strapped down
Niggas be strapped down from Harbor to Deuce Town
Tech 9 twenty-five and my A.K.
Four forty Mac three eighty and a twelve guage

[Verse 6: E-Sick]

Well all playas grab a six-pack and listen
Fire up the biggie as I take you on a mission
As we roll through the streets through the hoods

through the cuts of San Francisco
YEAH, I'm hearin' that gangstas don't live long
So when I leave the house I gotta make it home
Perved and swerved yeh eyes kinda tight
Just came from all night on a motherfuckin' bike
Fuck it jumped in a motherfuckin' bucket
Up and down third, niggas straight gerpin'
Money's on I smoke blunts wid my folks
Touchin' on spots gettin' drunk tellin' jokes
As a nigga hoax we was all out the game
Like the old days it ain't a damn thang changed
I can't look back go back I gives a fuck
I work all week and get drunk at the clubs
Niggas be doin' it straight be doin' it
Nigga ain't new to it and really don't give a shit
Everyday thang wid enuff of you hoes
She the same old bitch in some brand new clothes
Playas, haters, niggas don't trip
You bobbin' yo head like you lovin' this shit
Niggas keep gone, gettin' straight fucked
You gotta keep on ya mind it's all about comin' up
That's the way it is cause niggas don't give a fuck
Gotta stay crunk like a motherfuckin' Mack truck
Goin' straight ahead never ever stop
Ya don't look back, you might get popped
And don't even trip cause the shit ain't gon' stop
in the streets of Frisco

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