

## **Bizzy Bone**

### **"Tha Streets"**

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*[Bizzy Bone-Intro]*

Rest in peace, Karlos Shammar Davis. 7th Sign soldier.  
A.K.A. Low Down. Rest in peace, nigga. I love you. Yeah.  
It's just the dirty Seven in this  
motherfucker, killers incorporated motherfucker. Ha  
ha... Little Capo in this bitch. Rasu in this motherfucker.  
Mo! Thug Millenium, ThugLine. Nigga what?  
Bring yellow niggas back in style B

*[Bizzy Bone]*

The streets smothered me, crack smothered me and  
the brothers/ I want to move out of this country, get  
away from ya motherfuckers/ Momma was cheatin' and  
sleepin' with somebody elses nigga/ A bastard is born  
quick, Lil' B got half sisters/ Liquor ridiculous, watchin'  
my niggas die quickly/ Speak from the  
spirit, they comin' with me/ And that's for runnin' with  
me, dirty money, I'm still hungry/ Club niggas is  
yuppies, guppies fuckin' these little baby  
puppies/ Fresh outta prison, nigga rusty, but I'm  
mackin' none-the-less/ Bullet's is followin' but Bizzy is  
feelin' lucky/ So why you muggin' me thug, you  
really ain't buggin' me bitch/ And Little Capo keep  
lookin' that's cause he really love me/ The streets  
smothered me, crack smothered me and the brothers/  
I want to move out of this country, get away from  
motherfuckers/ Nine millimeter, it don't cover me, I'm  
caught up in this motherfuckin' fuckery/ 7th  
Sign, nigga

*[H.I.T.L.A.H. Capo-Confuscious-Chorus]*

Only God is us, homie roly, in God we trust/ God bless  
my niggas, thug luv (Hell yea)/ Only way that we gon'  
ever get to rise, togetherness as we ride  
till we meet out demise

*[H.I.T.L.A.H. Capo-Confuscious]*

Twenty Two years and still countin' clockin' collatoral,  
baffled while we really here up against obsticles/ I'm a  
radical, killer Capo-Confuscious, throw

up my fist if we compatible/ No love? Fuck it, then let's

battle/ Ammo explode, machine gun rattle/ Everybody scatter, hysterical/ Sirens, police patrol (Whoa!) But they keep on rollin' soon as they see that this O.G. to back controllin' the streets/ Probably some real niggas, got me heated, state your beef/ These bitches need to practice what they preach, capice? Rest in peace Martin Luther King, who truly was a bigger man than me, turned the other cheek/ Nigga, please! Generation X is more than the weak, just a little sneak peek preview of what I came to do/ Simply dominate, won't tolerate, dispute/ Nickel plated, aim to shoot 'em up/ Suggest you pussy's keep your lip shut or get fucked

*[Chorus]*

*[Prince Rasu]*

United we stand, divided we fall for the same bullshit like snipers on Whitehouse lawns/ In the same 'hood shit, got niggas from Compton to Africa on that thug shit/ Reginold Deny, any comment I lost my blood reppin' Karlos Davis/ I can't love shit unless the fullest extent is given/ I'm above this deception, I know they intentions/ Weapons of thug shit if ever they step out of line/ From ashes to dust, bitch! Ride, never been far from the grave, since the murder, never been afraid/ My cradle had a guage close by when my Father was stressed/ Momma asked him to leave as she departed to death/ And ever since, I've been convinced that it's kill or be killed/ Had the young mind of a scholar, but society failed/ Josiah Ben Rasu, they caged my brother back in '96 but now in Armageddon we ridin' forever

*[Chorus]*

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