

## **Dru Down**

# **"Fools From The Streets"**

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F/ The Luniz

\* send corrections to the typist

(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 getaway, 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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