

Eberhard Schoener

"Streets on Fire"

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[Police over radio]

5-King-15 to 15-Adam

1-1-4 to all units, be advised the verdicts have come in

Verdicts are not guilty, repeat not guilty

5-King 15-adam come in

15-Adam come in

[Kurupt]

Yeah, hit the spider

Ride out the rider

Get lit the fired up

Lit the fired up

It's me, rhyme-maker

Double eyed salt and pepper shaker

Semi-valley earthquaker for acres

Outlaw law breakers

Nigga

Its on on sight

Dark Blue black and white fight

Forever, I pulled the war lever .44s

And nickle plated Beretta

To pierce armor and leather is pure havoc

The streets is on pure fire

Get folded like envelopes

I suffocate hope

Equipped with shells, boxed with full scopes

One incident reshapes the globe

[Porno For Pyros]

A creep in the morning that becomes daylight

I walk to the beat, to the beat

So who was going out with me tonight?

We're running out into the street tonight

I love life

I mean well

I've been told I can't control myself

Hear me out

Something I wanna do

Hear me out

Something I want to say

Streets on fire

I wanna get higher

[Porno For Pyros]+(Kurupt)

A creep in the morning that becomes daylight

(Yeah, so don't say nothin

I want it all emptied or I'ma start bustin)

I walk to the beat, to the beat

(Higher, higher, burning fire

Making music like a choir)

I'm trusted by the people like the crust on an apple pie

(To start the riot grip the heat and start the firin)

I'm buffin up my badge and a lean mean to spit in your
eye

(Hot supplying, multiply through the fire riots)

I love life

(I'm twice as nice)

And I like to live it well

(The streets is a living hell)

I've been told I can't control myself

Hear me out

There's something I wanna do

Hear me out

Something I wanna say

Streets on fire

Everybody get higher

[Kurupt]

I'm gonna fight

Take off on sight

Picking off on the first thing in sight

Sayin like Bloods and Crips on sight

What I saw, scoping like Lee Harvey Oswald

Lit, totally and utterly subliminal

Police is as crooked as the criminals

Five-star generals

Premeditation

Bar flu world spark new generations

Oh, I've been hidin

Gotti, Bin laden

We out for the ridin

Roll like ten squadrons

Hit the national guard on the two way

Cause these nigga's gotta hear what I gotta say

I'ma roll till I can't roll no more

Say it!

I'ma fold till I can't fold no more

Say it!

I'ma split till I can't spit no more

Say it!

I'ma get up till I can't get no more

Say it!

[Porno For Pyros]+(Kurupt)
I love life
(Life, life, life)
And I like to live it well
(Well, the streets is a burning hell)
And I've been told I can't control myself
(Control myself, self, self)
Hear me out
There's something I wanna do
(Let's crack it with the streets)
Hear me out
Something I wanna say
(Yeah, check it out, check it out)
I want the streets on fire
(Higher, higher streets on fire)
Everybody get higher
(Making music like a choir)
Everybody get, everybody
(Higher, higher, streets on fire
Making music like a choir)
Everybody get higher
Higher, higher, streets on fire
Making music like a choir

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