

Blues Traveler

"Street Cinema"

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(King Kirk)

Cousin cousin cousin

Im pissy drunkin

How bout I smack you snuff him and buss him

What then? Nothing, you gon' be shocked like STOP

Your man laying there dropped other laying there shot

Think not, what come the war burdens for certain

You be laying with no shirt in the dirt with blood

squirting

Knocked out and stomped out with soles and timbs

Piss in your face, wake you up, and do the whole shit

again

Smack your men for jumping in, and get our rob on

Rock on pop gone long gone with your watch on

When cops swarm exit on some Next shit

You with the paramedics, we on poles doing

calisthetics

So yo get the fuck away from my car move back

Aiyyo dudes pop the hatch

And get those two bats for these cats that get that

Plus I'm to' from the flo' up, know what?

Dudes get off me chill let me go fuck that hold up

(Conversation)

(Chorus) x2

Street Cinema Street Cinematics Streets in it

Street Scenery Ballers in the street running

(Marlon Brando)

Street Cinema

Street Cinematics

Streets in it

Street Scenery

Ballers in the street winning

Getting rich off the street

Feins in the street spinning

Many moves spent bent choc-o-la sent

Moving more dimes a minute then sprint

If I recall fuck em all the best way to ball

Never stall with a hundred grand to break ya fall

Leather glove face smacking
Go gat waste packing
Car burglars car jacking
Me I'm safe cracking
And I'm still in it for life man
But lifes a gamble right?
So everyday a niggas just rolling a dice man
Credit go where credit due
Yo niggas is nice man
Know the game and they caught up in your "wheres my
slice man?"
Shouldnt have to say it twice man
Sign of the rhymes
Money and marijuana if you aint catch it the first time
Me and mine live and shine every segment on the
regbent
Coming hard until the jeans look pregnant

(Conversation)

(Chorus)

(Big Dubez)

Marlon Brando weap concealed with three best the bill
Aiyo Kirk tell them chill each one wanna clench the bill
For real
Dont safe cracking resort to face tracking
Prints computer hacking niggas skeet through the
tracking
Rock a block packing
Nigga stash yo ash
Either act like you know
Or you best go ask
See my Lex go past give niggas the whiplash
Class smoking grass until the whip crashed
At last who prays to god for talents to rhyme Lord?
Time is toured not poured like on the Concorde
Sit back and laugh
We made it baby shake gravy
Catch me on 180 with the yankee Flip Avery
You sick baby
Cause niggas look different now
With tighter rhymes written hell niggas is living now
And we spitting like WOW them kids is hot I need a dub
NIGGA we see the love rock a block beat a blood
We be in a club
With girls V.I.P. smoking
Scoping now she open posing holding trojans
This the life we got
Girls kissing the dice
Two keys for one rice

Probably fixing it twice
Kicking down bikes
They fall like dominos
Fifty in a row
Rock a block with that kinda dough
What?

(Chorus) x4

Yeah uhh uhh
Y-O in the mother
Sporty Thievz in the mother
Rock a block
Shot callers
9-7 and beyond

And you know what man?
That shit is trash

(Gunshots then car screeches off)

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