

Groove Theory

"Street Nigguz"

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[Chorus: repeat 2X]

(Street niggaz!) Gettin high all the time
(Street niggaz!) Fuck beef and draw the nine
(Street niggaz!) Always yellin fuck the cops
(Street niggaz!) We the niggaz that call the shots

[X-1]

Street niggaz love to flip, puttin' slugs in clips
While in out with Bloods and Crips, on some shit
Leavin' you ripped is totally sick
I sue pricks on mysterious trips, makin' serious chips
You on a curious a trip way out of your whack
Blow you out of your back, the game of crack, how
'bout that?
Holdin' my aim, with ways to wreck
Never know what to expect
Respect a hole in you chest
My mind is set, it's time for death, rewind your steps
The way that I'm doin' you is everyday screwin' you
Off the top, make money off of rocks
On and off the block, bouncin' off on cops
Whose the next street star? Kid, you'd love to be next
But it's X-1, kid, in the luxury Lex'
Wit' a ghetto type style
Heat for beef that we can settle right now.. street
niggaz

[Chorus]

[Fredro Starr]

Street niggaz spend they last on weed, smoke to the
roach
Dead broke, some flip coke, sell soap
Bust fo' guns off the roof, drink overproof
Roll dice, stick niggaz for ice, up all night (ee-yah!!)
Everyday niggaz gamblin, pumpin drugs scramblin
My nigga got shot, that same spot you standin in
Bitch nigga hate, rich nigga sniff a eight
Suffocate, jail nigga liftin weight - fuck the Jake!
We break laws, snuffin motherfuckers breakin jaws
Robbin liquor stores, reppin ghetto niggaz dirty

drawers
Never hesitate to blast; kick your fuckin ass
Fuck work - nigga take cash, with the quick fast
Open cases, where razors, lay open faces
Paid niggaz got guns wit lasers, SkyPagers
Chrome rims and loud systems
So at the light you make the white people listen
You five days out the prison - WE

[Chorus]

[Sonsee]

Street niggaz have your shit pushed back, plush act
Bust jacks out the windowplex, and lust that
We back, we at the place, contact react
Call back, be on the concrete flat, we stomp cats
For violation of ???, whichever come first
Love for money could hurt, it's a thirst, we splurge
In Suburbans, to niggaz deep, want pissy early
Swervin', packin' big power, maxin' six hours
Up in the Expo, ?E bowel?
For beef, the heat, the vowel
Caught up in them street showers
Buckun' the same clips, fuckin' the same chicks
The game sticks, so remain slick or get slain quick
Street niggaz regulatin'
Doe and hoes and North states, and flip whips
High speed car chases
The inner belly beast dwellin'
Born and raised, extortin' for days
Leavin' motherfuckers more than grazed

[Chorus]

[Sticky Fingaz]

I'm a street nigga; fuck wit me get shot in the brains
They call me Sticky Fingaz, how you think I got my
name?!
This is not a game, kid I know my math
I walk around with my pants hangin off my ass
I DON'T GIVE A FUCK! This nigga here's too rugged
I pull out my dick and take a piss in public
Smokin weed, drinkin brew, that's all I do
Fuck bitches, get money, was all I knew!
Police in the rearview, always runnin my plates
I kept a, poker face and a gun in my waist
Off safety, cocked with, one in the head
The first nigga frontin gettin dropped with one in the
head
I got no respect for life; my mom's on drugs
You scared to look me in the eyes, I roll wit nuttin but

thugs

I'm so trife, hope I can live another night
And I fear no man, I swear on my mother's life
Cuz I'm a...

[All] Street nigga

[Chorus] (without first 'all' sentence)

[All] Street nigga!

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