

## **Burnett T-bone**

### **"Street Niggas"**

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#### Verse 1:

As I roll down the block with my gun hammer cocked  
My tags aint right  
My attitude is fuck the cops  
My rocks got my pants saggin  
As i lean to the side in my G ride  
I got that ass draggin  
Flaggin me down is some hoes that wanna fuck my  
daytons  
Get them out they clothes, had them bitches waitin  
For the dick  
Told them biancas to follow  
Me and the click, get them naked  
And have them bitches model  
I bet they swallow every drop of the nut  
Wanted respect with some pimps  
Everytime I watched them fuck  
100 spokes got them hot  
A playa hater turn Mitch Blade  
Becasue his bitch got laid  
At the same time he got played  
So learn the game  
Remember young nigga, all bitches are the same  
Lame and blind to the fact we countin major figures  
Plenty of weed and 151 liquar

#### Chorus: 2x

Bitches that come around, we dont love them hoes  
Commited another murder and nobody knows  
Partying all night  
We got the weed and liquar  
Cuzz money aint shit to a street nigga

#### Verse 2

My lifestyle is on the trip side  
Feelin like im in the sky  
In the clouds  
Kinda hot on the flipside  
Gone off the 40 ounce  
Watch me bounce  
And serve these cluckers that fiend for large

ammounts  
Every dollor counts daily  
You wanna see a nigga get crazy  
Nigga dont play me  
Watch me grab my 380  
And watch me blast  
Like Charles Braunson  
Meet your death wish  
Cuzz im finna start dumpin  
Always into something  
Homies jumpin on 56  
Another house pasty, Kid and Play aint got shit  
Hoes that wanna strip  
Ready to get freaky  
Dim the lights baby, an let me get a quicky  
Drop to your kneese and gimmie a hickey  
Mid West Side givin out the dickey  
I thought i told ya  
The game is risky when you rollin on D's  
Hittin skis, making G's, plus shippin out keys

Chorus 2x

Verse 3:

Mid West Side  
Gangstas collide  
Dangers when we scheme, fedachinie and triple beams  
Rob the mother fucker, got him for his yayo  
Took about 9 ounces, gave him baking soda, now its  
plado  
A G like me  
See these bitches gotta have it  
See me rollin my Acura, tryin to catch me up in traffic  
yall know how it go when bitches think you got no ends  
But wanna fuck you and your partnas  
When she see you rollin in a Benz  
Devedents, I gotte'm, fake niggaz, i shott'em  
Pop'em, pump that shit with my fist as i drop'em  
Bustas, I gotta stop'em  
Cuzz these haters out to get me  
Police on my ass  
These bitches wanna trick me  
Set me up for a dulo  
Wet me up you know  
That I aint lettin up on my cash  
Cuzz if I go, you gotta go  
I make a dash to get some gas  
So I can roll to the cess spot  
Caught me slippin at a red light  
Comin out Amaco, the jack spot

Chorus 2x

Outro: (Mis Rock)

Say what, Don Juan go off

Kansas City

Say what, Techn9ne go off

Missouri

Say what, Triple Life go off

Kansas City

Say what, Mis.Rock will go off

Missouri

I want a street nigga, counting major figures

Give me the weed, and the 151 liquar

I want a street nigga, counting major figures

Give me the weed, and the 151 liquar

I want a street nigga, counting major figures

Give me the weed, and the 151 liquar

Say what, Don Juan go off

Say what, techn9ne go off

say what, Triple Life go off

Say waht, Mis. Rock will go off

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