

Camilla

"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

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