

## **Keak Da Sneak**

### **"Town Shit"**

Visit "[Town Shit](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[BA]

AK's, Tec 9's, Mac 11's, 40 Cal's  
Got beef you can drop in it  
Funk all day and night wit it  
County lock up cell fight's I'll put a knife in it  
Can't stop I ain't right wit it  
Can they throw the 'zine shots and the price on that  
Man fitted  
It's a long walk in San Quentin  
In the Chev six shocka  
Wit knock in the back of it  
Walnut and I'm a factor bitch  
Throw yo hood in the air if yo block got crack in it  
Cutthroatish I ain't got no feelin's  
Heart colder than the first day of December  
Makin' 'em wimper  
Breakin' a hutch  
On her heels cuz my hands still shaped like cups  
From dawn to dusk, dusk to dawn  
Shootin' craps, smokin' weed like Cheech and Chong

[Chorus: Keak Da Sneak]

Sebrany, Walnut, 98th, Brookfield  
800 block, 70's, Seminary to the Ville  
Habeas Court, Dirty 30's, Murder Dubs, Foothill  
McArthur, Bancroft, E-1-4, the Hills  
How you like this town shit? (Now where my niggaz on  
The block?)  
How you like this town shit? (Where my bitches on the  
Track?)  
How you like this town shit? (We gon' bring this town  
Shit back)  
How you like this town shit? (Now where my niggaz on  
The block?)  
How you like this town shit? (Where my bitches on the  
Track?)  
How you like this town shit? (We gon' bring this town  
Shit back)

[Keak Da Sneak]

Came from Favor Street hit well

Cuz Big Hugh and Wendell got the purp-el  
Bitch in the car thick from Stockton

I told her? Turn the party out?  
Cuz me no cock blockin'  
Beat knockin' got my weed in seven tre  
Make the right on Bancroft  
The town crank everyday  
I'm in the east ridin' and smokin'  
I'm my scraper makin' paper  
There's no place like Oakland  
Just livin' in the city is a serious task  
So I gas, break, dip and gas [eeer]  
We like to swing 'em in the land of the sideshow  
Work and pistol in the car we don't ride slow  
We take the po-po on one  
Get away, hit the studio, another song done  
Don't stop man just don't quit  
I write my verses in the bathroom so I know they the  
Shit

[Chorus]

[BA]

I'm in that glass house candy green  
Zabco knockin' my 4 15's  
Blowin' on trees, strickin' a Pablo  
Wit H-O-E's man I don't wife 'em  
I smoke light wit 'em  
Remy in my cup  
Off a half a pill thizzin' man I ain't drunk  
What she feedin' that rump shaker? (excuse me miss)  
Just some ham, hogs, pork chops, rice, and grits  
And your lips poke out just right for dick  
Wit your legs open lookin' like TV antennas  
G-strings in her, Capri's cut low  
Tattoo's on the titties man you ain't knowin'  
Where they at in Oakland?  
Doin' it live  
Castlemont, Skyline, Fremont High  
Mack house, Tech doin' the big 'ol high  
East Bay stunnas man we ain't hidin'

[Chorus]

WE GON' BRING THIS TOWN SHIT BACK! [echoes off]

Visit [Keak Da Sneak](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

