

Kid Capri "Soundtrack To The Streets"

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Yeah, all the people in the place
It's the one and only Kid Capri
Along with my man Nas Escobar
We about to take this one all around the world
So y'all feel this one, come on

My antidote to the dope, add drugs in the party
Pistol whippin' your body lyrical odyssey
Y'all ain't smoke real shit 'less y'all smokin' with me
And y'all ain't heard real shit 'til you heard it from me

Escobar, I toasted with Frank White
To this new era of gangster life, slangin' words in the
mic
Thanks to the life, I urge y'all to write
Pain, you a whore to the war, I remain a virgin that's
tight

This game, I'ma run til it's done, stack my funds
Packin' guns, clean each gat once a month
Hope your toast carry heavy as the vest on your chest
Hope you squeeze it 'cause you're only safe from
stomach to chest

Everything else left open, I'm smokin' next to your balls
Police won't even question at all
It's the Esc to the bar, connects [Incomprehensible]
Overlord of rap, U.S., France to Ecuador

Have you ever met a QB gangsta
Who would shake your hand and turn ya back, he
would shank ya?
Niggaz wander street, you lookin' for me
You want the hot shit, you must cop the Kid Capri

Ladies dance to it, niggaz pound that in your jeep
Esco and Kid Capri with the motherfuckin' soundtrack
to the street
Thugs pop to it, sell rocks to it
Puffin L's, poppin' glocks to it

Me and the streets share the same vein, same pain

The whole game changed, niggaz with no brain
Could make dough off cocaine, Colombian neckties
Democrats to Bill Clinton gotta respect Nas

Customized flow, words stitched into the seams
Tailor made lyrics, words fit ya, spit scripture worship
Far from Ali, niggaz can't spar with the kid
Regardless of your bid or who you partners with

Spit cartridges at so called hard niggaz you get
Sparked and hit, held as hostages
You know how the mobsters is from the heart of the
'Bridge
We just started gettin' dough, yo, pardon the kid

I ain't used to havin' shit, my youth as bad as it get
Ghetto bound, first lesson was to let off rounds
Shots echo the town, New York
Home of the Harlem, 'Mixtape Master' as we all know
him now

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Soundtrack to the street, a theme for every hood
Every lock down facility get axed down for grillin' me
Write down hostility iced down with friends of ours
Respect money and power and them honies that
swallow

But what's becomin', Apollo, nothin' but bigga bank
Fuck you niggaz think I ride for? Same thing niggaz die
for
So we draw guns the same time in this war
Leave your mind on the floor

Niggaz doin' thirty to life to survive in this world
Transportin' ki's that's inside of a door
Openin' spots from Little Rock to Baltimore
Smoked out, chillin' on the Kid Capri World Tour

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Word up, come on, we make it bump one time, word up
My man, Nas, make it bump one time, come on
Come on, we make it bump one time, word up
The Kid Capri, make it bump one time, come on

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And I say, party people, it's the Kid Capri
Nas Escobar, soundtrack to the streets
Jumpin' off, you know what I'm sayin'?
You a part of history, stay tuned

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