

Kris Kross

"Da Streets Ain't Right"

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It's the ones that smoke blunts wit cha, see ya picture
Now they wanna grab the guns and come and get cha
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Now they wanna grab the guns and come and get cha

Niggas in da street ain't right
Every other day I keep strugglin' to keep my life
And I never know when I gotta go so I stay strapped
'Cause niggas they don't know how to act

It's Monday night and I'm out
Chillin' with my girl, top down
500 SL pumpin' some sounds

Now me I'm in Versace from my head to toe
Lookin' for a place to go, so I can spend my dough
I found a spot, jumped out, my girl was hot, no doubt
And that was all I heard these bustas talkin' about

Now I ain't payin' no attention to this high school skit
And I ain't even tryin' to fight over this here dip
I kept walkin', but all they did was follow
Tryin' to flex, talkin' about 'em girls titties

And the jewels around my neck
Now I can feel a confrontation 'bout to jump on off
And I can see these little bustas tryin' to play me for
soft
I heard, "Stick up, stick up, get down and don't look up
Nigga give me all your money and your jewels 'cause
you're stuck"
I said, "What?" fightin' back hit my mind
But it's a waste of time 'cause I ain't got my nine and
these

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Now I done did all this work, so I can be the man
Fresh to Def, twenty grand in a black Sedan
Not knowin' I done had some homies watchin'
Steady clockin', plottin' to put da drop on me

'Cause I'm flossin', hit the streets left and right
Sittin' swoll, lookin' for me a party that's tight
I heard somebody yell, "112" that's the spot
So I hit the parking lot, not thinkin' of gettin' got

'Cause it's mack, players, pimps, and dips everywhere
But niggas don't know how to act and they don't care
I heard, "Freeze" from these four niggas
That I knew, that I knew from back in grade school

I said, "What's up?"
He said, "What's up?" It's on
Give it all up and then he showed me his chrome
I said, "Homes, you ain't even gots to trip
'Cause I ain't even tryin' to die over materialistics"

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