

## Kurupt "Tha Streetz Iz A Mutha"

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*[kurupt]*

Daz and kurupt, kurupt and daz  
Nickels and pennies, and pounds of hash  
Double up the dough, double my money  
They can boil and bubble, get a grip ain't nothin' funny  
You can't survive, off no conversation wit words  
Betta get up off yo ass nigga, go flip some birds  
Hand me my cash, nobody moves and nobody get  
blast  
My first words are my last  
I got a platoon, mask, and armor suits  
First enfulltry of riders on a global pursuit  
Parachute and jump, held high on a stump  
Wit a pump, bout to dump, put a end to the hunt

*[chorus]*

The streets is a muthafucka  
Dope game, rock game, cocaine, packages sold, pick a  
row  
Riding vogues, switches up as high as they go  
Gotta let um know the game, muthafucka fo' sho  
In and out do's, chrome, rollin in sixty-fo's  
I ain't got time fo none of you bitches, so fuck off hoe  
Ever heard of a gangsta, well you must have heard of  
us  
Gangsta gang, full of jack artists are murderers

*[daz]*

Automatics rang out, you left dead nigga wit yo brains  
out  
Walk back to the porch, wit some salt to wash the stains  
out  
Murders my hobby, kidnapping, jacking, and robbery  
Wow daz a safari, in a p??  
Pay the cops off as i peel out and jet  
It ain't no thing when we connect, we posted up with  
tecks  
Nigga we bury you alive in cement, that's what we  
meant  
Now when the nine goes click, yo ass wasn't shit  
  
Get out your war tactics, get at you get the job done

One gun you hung, seven bullets in your lungs  
Struggle with heron and i'll tell you apart  
Through my veins and through my heart  
That's when the drama will start  
Nigga gimme what you got, let off some more shots  
Run through what you got, destroy yo block  
Got a dealings ever ever was your spot  
When the nine goes pop, that's when yo homeboys  
drop

*[chorus]*

*[kurupt]*

I seen it befo' 44's explode  
Nigga's fall on the flo', the hardest nigga on the flo'  
The hoes like, do what the fuck ever a nigga say  
It's like this everyday on the streets of l.a  
Gotta a lumberjack the size of a tank  
I'm a hammerhead with a hammer the size of a tank  
Every heard of a gangsta, well you must have heard of  
us  
The gangsta gang muthafucka, its on dawn to dust

Well nigga wonder what we doing, it ain't really nothing  
to us  
Plus you ain't nothin' to us, you can't do nothing to us  
(nooooo)

*[daz]*

I represented and presented the bloodbath  
Feel the wrath, we get what you had you get stabbed  
We grab for the oppurtunities that'll soon to be a  
chance  
At the eulogy, i knew you be dead, while in prison  
Making critical decisions, to the brain to his neck  
Goes 27 inches for tellin' the snitches

*[chorus]*

*[childs voice]*

Shut the fuck up, nigga (nigga)

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