

Magic

"Court in the Street"

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(*DJ Daryl cuts up*)
(Punk police)
(they can't get none)

[D-Loc]
D-Loc's the name, I got a thang against police
Nigga, I'm straight from the streets
Fuck a punk in a blue suit
Wanna get em up, let's go, but I just might blast you
In this game the rules is you lose
Duck to the side but you still get choosed
If I miss, shit, you ain't save
My homeboy Rich kicks up the backfire

[Richie Rich]
So on the first note I'm steppin off like this
A brother only gets through life if he's serious
Givin ain't shit, but see, takin is a method
Even if you use a weapon
You see, the law ain't straight, so why follow it
I'd rather have you give me some poison and say
'swallow it'
But now fuck that, I'm much sharper
I eat and shit too, but I'm much darker
So on the strenght of my color I get pushed and
harassed
Taken to jail with no questions asked
It's sort of like apartheid, there's no peace
We're holdin court in the streets

(*DJ Daryl cuts up*)
(Punk police)
(Better luck out suckers)

[Richie Rich]
As a positive gangster with the motive to move on the
Town
Uzis greased, ski masks pulled down
And when it's time to move I roll a bucket
So if I kill up shit, fuck it
I'm up outta there, it's time to hit me a fence

Ditch my gat and get a room at the SixPence
Shower and change to get up out of the black
And then I'm back
I'm in the streets again, I read a paper
That says: At large
A killer with a helluva charge
His name was Richie Rich
His motive - to start shit
You got a gat and badge, I'm not duckin
Fuck the Klans, the Kluin and the Kluckin
You see, I know that shit, I'm not a dummy
And when they get me down to the station and try to
run me
I cold got a alias that will never ever fail
You say that it does, then I will quickly post bail
Then back to the streets to get my money on and pop
Throw away the tickets and say 'fuck the cops'
Am I goin to court? Hell nah, you serious?
Man, I'm gettin furious
Cause the way things look we'll never have peace
I'm holdin court in the street

(*DJ Daryl cuts up*)
(Punk police)

[D-Loc]
It ain't easy in this time and age
See, those are rough days, locked away in a
muthafuckin cage
Never will they catch a young brother like me again
I'm gonna run until eternity ends
Fuck that, I'm not havin it
It don't make sense cause it's just dumb bullshit
Be in court on a certain date and certain time?
A nigga like me hits the borderline
I ain't goin out like a sucker
I strive too hard for mines, muthafucka
Think you can take what I built and break it down?
Suprize, you got a bullet in your crizzown
Cause I ain't the one to be played
Gettin paid is my prerogative
You think not? Well, then think again
Think about the shit that I talk
Because I don't take shorts I just dust a muthafucka off
Come up or run up on me
But when you step to the Locster, don't come weak
Be prepared for do or die, you lose your life
Cause when you're fuckin with Loc, it ain't nothin nice
So to the punk police I'm sayin this:
Drop the gat and let's get with it
I ain't trippin, we can't have peace

You wanna talk to me, let's hold court in the streets

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