

## People Under The Stairs "San Francisco Knights"

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(scratching) On a Warm San Francisco Night

[Verse 1]

Knight Lord Radio, hell bop by the Bay Bridge faded,  
Trying to find Smiley's house, thank G-d we made it  
Yo, blunts, broads and beats, keepin' low through the  
streets

And niggas givin' us pounds cause of these dope-ass  
sounds

We run aground like ships, over these beats I flip  
The bass is hittin' so hard that your CD skips  
Well check it out, make sure it doesn't happen again  
I got my grip on it, so turn it up to volume ten  
Volume ten, word, like that brother from LA  
Lord Radio and Hellbot be streakin' through the Bay  
We all-cityy like the Mayor, you see my name  
I'm more fresh shit, the creep tailor,  
The G for international ladies like a sailor,  
Like a sailor I get drunk and bust flows to the beat  
Like my man J, I feel the Agony in Defeat  
Cause sucka-chumps wanna test, step like we don't  
know

We doin, we doin shows in San Francisco  
That's right young writer, got a hit for all you biters  
Time to bless another track we getting rid of the whack  
We put em in the back with the other Topenze shit  
Beats hit hard, make the trolley do olly  
Old folks grabs their talus and vacate the bay  
See a name in Northern Lights, there's love in Double K  
We getting wild for the night, we getting wild for the  
night  
And it all weighs down, what, what

On A Warm San Francisco Night  
Yo, rocking shows for you and your crew  
On A Warm San Francisco Night  
We rollin blunts and doin the do  
On A Warm San Francisco Night  
We doin shows wit a mic check a one two  
On A Warm San Francisco Night  
PUTS is on a bad show comin threw

## On A Warm San Francisco Night

[Verse 2]

We's drinkin, smoking, more smoking, more drinking  
Didn't think about the morning hangover, just didn't  
want to be sober  
Yo Radio, tell me how did you feel,  
Like I'll never catch a DUI, get gas,  
Peel, make a left, yo it's the Double K  
Ay, ay what's up  
Roll up the windows and spark it (done deal)  
Yo, you didn't have to ask twice  
Smokin on top of the hill, so we can peep the city life  
I'm on award tour, we got it locked like Alcatraz  
Doin the San Francisco show I'm sure you realize  
Ring the drums like Harvey Ray's son try it  
Better look next time, try to step the beat  
You in the Bay punk, I guess you ain't about LA  
Yo Double K, tell 'em who's unique with the beats  
PUTS shows and San Francisco treats  
A San Francisco treat is like some Riceroni  
Put it in your mouth and let it run down the middle just  
like Moni  
Phony homey, can never rock the party  
Your whack-ass crew gets called out  
See I play the rod-roddey come on now  
To the south punks from the concrete  
Have you askin questions from your hands to your feet  
You don't want to do the shit that I'm offering  
Sayin that Pete can't rock your city, (what) who, you  
make a fool  
Very often we win, yo very sudden we lose  
twice rockin' yo whole motha-fuckin cold city

## On A Warm San Francisco Night

Yo, rollin blunts and doin the do (the do, the do)  
On A Warm San Francisco Night  
Chillin wit your girl and her crew (her crew, her crew)  
On A Warm San Francisco Night  
Scaring old people, still doin the do (we're doin the do)

Yeah, making collect calls to another area code, we  
mowed  
We be the 310, we be the main extension I be the  
Double K  
And we crowning, ounces, vodka, whatever, juice,  
ludes,  
San Francisco here we come, we're coming back we  
gonna have some fun  
Much love to the Bay Area  
P-U-T-S

(On A Warm San Francisco Night)  
Rockin' the discos, startin' the fights

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