

## Poison

### "Street"

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[Intro: A.G.]

Straight dirty you heard, Diggin'  
Team '81 you heard  
We get dirty son  
Straight dirty son

D-Flow: A.G. puffed the dutchy once  
Party Arty: Dirty dirty  
A.G.: Chicken's mad cause they fucked me once  
Party Arty: Yeah they know niggaz holdin

[Verse 1: A.G.]

Besides she probably put a hole in the scrotum  
Off in the lights to the Show that I'm flowin  
Leadin to all type of drama unfoldin  
Instead I blow smoke like locomotion  
Thoughts leave ya brain overloadin  
Talk about legends don't leave my name unspoken  
It's Show & A.G. for life dog  
And I'ma ride for that  
I said, the beef don't stop til you get fried with the  
mack  
The weed don't stop til my eyes is black  
I said, the heat don't stop cause my rhymes is fat  
So take that, you shady son  
It's me and Team '81 blazin a crazy one  
Hit the baby, three-eighty have crazy fun  
I ain't a killer you can make me one \*echo\*

[Chorus]

We represent the S-T-R double E-T  
D.I.T.C. Showbiz and A.G.  
This goes out to all the dope emcees  
From Manhattan and the Staten, Bucktown to front  
Queens  
The Boogie Down Bronx and the Westcoast East  
From Puerto Rico to the West-Indies  
London U.K. from the Washington  
See Team '81 blazin, and the Show & A.G.

[Verse 2: A.G.]

I'm in control when I'm down one, with one shot left  
Shouts to L...my gun cocks and son got left  
Keep beefin papi, speak to the bottom of the beefin  
problies  
Hit ya papi, not even he can stop me  
Never speak to the cops, they creep when it's hot  
Bite mine and reach for the top you'll be meetin the  
glock  
And my girl better empty hers  
Diggin, Back On the Block like Quincy was  
Layin 'em like Cynthy cause  
Shouts to Meshawn and the Grand Imperial  
It's A dash and y'all trash, it's single material  
And if you don't want it than I'm gon' provoke ya  
A fenomenon like Geboter my moms will smoke ya  
And my lungs is black cause I'm a ganja smoker  
If the club ain't packed I'ma stomp the promoter  
If niggaz talk shit I'ma bang the competitor  
Words ain't accurate I'ma strangle the editor  
Then I blow up the studio if the reels is missin  
And if my records don't sell I'ma still be spittin \*echo\*

[Chorus]

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