

The Game "Street Kings"

Visit "[Street Kings](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse one]

Fuck it

Yo

Who the best mc on the west? by far it's me

And in my car is a continental tea

And my broad in that continental suite

With the armadell rollin up dutches like that
motherfuckers

Beef with the kid click-clack motherfuckers

Let them bullets burn your six pack motherfuckers

Get jacked motherfucker when you come to compton

Get a mack motherfucker when you come to compton

I walk through times square holdin my johnson

A cross style make a jada make a run threw yonkers

I got d-blocks like the locks

And these glocks like to pop

And n**** i like your watch

So roll over you can die with the jury

First n**** take the stand to testify he gunna die with
the jury

And i might kidnap the judge or send a team to lean on
you so the D.A budge

I got n***** that'll ride for a grand so handover my
rock

Or like earl manson you can die where you stand or you
can die with your man

I'll let you jog for about 30 seconds then you gunned
down

[chorus 2x]

You know this gl shit we got g's on the line or g's on the
squad all week on the grind

And if you doubt that step up 'cause we aint hard to
find

Street kings in our prime you want us then come and
try us

[verse two]

Ima take it to the next

Take it to a motherfuckin neck

Pull up on a n***** holdin triggers n tecks

We droppin square beads

You easy to read
This is the end of the road for whole ass mc's
Smoke grass by the pound
Glock holds 17 rounds
And the flow'll knock any n**** down
Rap you like a burrito come threw and kill you and your
people
Tell them that i shitted on you n*****
Like i was a flock a seagulls
Infared beam like a traffic jam at night
Handle any man in sight
With his hands upon a mic
Wanna light i got the torch
Im the best california a north
For any n***** puttin flamed on a porche
And never drive on
Bitch your gunna die on
San quinn for and five catch a live one
Bust shots at the clouds
So we can shine some
Get up off ur ass
And n**** and grind some

[chorus]

Flash fuckers on the tip of the gat
You can put on flat but I'll kill that
Ill open u up like a mat
Even if u heard'at i squirted and murdered a man
And these new school n***** talk like we heard of them
plans
Two two millimeters got up up in your man
Gettin off on you n***** and your mini-mans
Only thing runnin is blood n***** so gimme a grand
So we will bust your head n**** straight through your
hand
Or get off in yo ass n**** like jackie chan
And when it's all said and done it's a one will stand
Gunnin this motorbike feelin this power man
185 miles per hour man
I stay cooralatin with the taliban
I show up (show up, show up, show up, show up)

N***** talk about money they forgot the struggle
Try to paint a perfect picture they forgot the hustle
Pieces of a puzzle
Guzzlin pints watchin the moonlight
In the sun light
More gun fights
Penetentary fly three kites
Ive seen more pussys turn to mics than mices turn to

man
So n***** take the stand get stomped by another mans
hand
Got me naughious in my abdomin
Got me servin grams again
Grams rapped in rubber bands
22's on them rubbers man
Slow rollin dro blowin im gettin rich you see my fro
growin ho's knowin i pimp them to the fullest
Respect a gangsta you can shoot but i eat to the bullets
I shit missles
Eyeballs look like crystals
My shits official
Its your man motion man and merifrsta

Yo yo yo yo
Its luke and everything i sit on fat
N***** be like oh shit how a n***** shit on that?
Y'all see a n***** grit on tracks
Fuck with the red beam
Get a n***** hit on that
Fuck with the real thing not the 760
The reason that they took the fair team to get me
You don't want it with my dogs
You got teeni guys
I mean itsy bitsy little tiny weeni guys
I done seen them guys
Bought as big as my gats
And aint even got enough strength to pull on that
You want real hard core shit i be on that
Cop the xlt u put threes on that
Put cheese on hats
When luchi goes n squeeze on gats
And leave these on flats
G's messin low they got g's on that
And have your momma outside screamin please don't
clap

[chorus]

Visit [The Game](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.