

The Streets

"Three"

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[Prodigy and Cormega]

For my G-pack niggas

Right, right

Shooting at cops nigga what

For my G-pack niggas

Fuck the police

N.Y.P.D. - New York Pricks and Dicks

They can't stop our floss

Straight up (for you crackheaded bitches)

For my A.M. niggas (for you crackheaded bitches)

My Ante Meridian niggaz; what up dunn?

Liquor store closed

Hit the bootlegger, let's hit the bootlegger

Straight up, yo

[Prodigy]

Yo dunn, we got guns in the grass, it's three at night

I'm about to take the last swallow of the Eases Jesus

Who got fifty on the next tree, we gotta stop at the store

We need D batteries for the theme music

Snatch the biscuits from out the lawn

Fuck a cab, lets take cracked-out Yolanda's Saab

We gave that bitch two wibbles

And skated off with her vehicle for that pillow

All outside the borough, dunn what happened to

Queens

Like Supton(?) and 1-2-1, Farmers and 116th

The got us on the B-Q-E, just to get a taste of that greenery

We took our smoke out to Coney Island, posted up by the Himalaya

Pina Colada champales mixed with Dani'

That's St. Ide's in dunn lingo

Spillin it on the floor for our dead people

While I spark the sequel shit; my niggaz got lungs

When we smoke, that shit only go around once

Dogs, we just killin time

Somebody just got they shit twisted on the block fuckin up the grind

So, 'til it pipe down

We just going at these sluts - bitch, we wanna fuck right
now
{*overlapped my Cormega's first line*}

[Cormega]

Son I'm on a bench high eatin chicken wings and french
fries

A crackhead fuck spent his last bucks on six dimes
I'm one gram from big time, a spliff away from
overdosin

My heart is broken, my man started smokin again
P, I heard the tunnel open again

I spoke to Flex he said he's gonna let both of us in
Its time to load up the autos and semis

I wish my niggas bank was in a physical form unlike

I got my uptown nikes thugged out and icy

Mad deep, jumpin out the Cocaine white Jeep

Through was strugglin, so I resume hustlin

Rap game or crack game my crew is still bubblin

Yo, three in the morning and the D's on the corna still

Seems we were born to kill, yo P meet me on the hill

So we can jet through Queens in SUV's

Show these motherfuckers how we rep this thang, ya
know?

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