

## The Cardigans

### "Streets of Oakland"

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[Ant Banks]

Yeah, to the break of dawn, you know? Let's do this

Chorus:

Niggas in Oakland all day long  
Be pimping these hoes from dusk til dawn  
Making cash real fast and you know it's on  
Hanging on the streets of Oakland

All we do is smoke that weed  
And drink brew on the ave til we get keyed  
And a little bit of head is all we need  
Hanging on the streets of Oakland

[Ant Banks]

Welcome to the danger zone, where the niggas don't  
play that  
Every man for self, the rule is to stay strapped  
Cause rat packers try to jack that ass  
From the jealousy that's built in the streets when you  
stack cash  
And they'll blast, hoping they can get get it  
Punk, so if you got it, you best to get with it  
Or quit it, cause niggas be flipping over dope and  
Your friends might get you if you're slipping in Oakland  
Yeah, so don't play no punk-ass nigga close  
Cause they'll mash on your cash and get ghost  
And don't say Ant Banks didn't warn ya  
About the loced-ass gangstas killing in California  
That's where I'm from, nigga, rolling in my G-ride  
Hey, you gonna see me slide when I'm on the Eastside  
Making all my fucking gitnotes  
Making sure my gat straight smitnokes, smobbing with  
my fitnokes  
That's all we doing is the town is seeing bitches  
clowning  
Kicking back getting high lounging  
It really doesn't matter what you do, yo chilling with  
your crew  
You're sipping on a brew, you're pimping bitches too  
And the shit don't bother me if that's how it's gotta be

Then macking these hoes should be equality  
See, the game goes deep when you're rolling  
Hanging on the streets of Oakland

Chorus

Nighttime falls and everybody's perking  
No punks around so funks occurring  
But the sideshow's back and everybody's flossing  
In they ride trying to side and all the freaks are tossing  
And brother with bump, trunk of funk is knocking  
Candy paint on they ride keeps the bitches jocking  
Knowing you's a balling-ass nigga everybody hates  
Rolling in the town with a pound straight dropping  
weight  
Blowing up like dynamite  
Selling weed, yey, angel dust, hop, and China white  
Fuck it, you're making duckets, never riding buckets  
Playing punk bitches like puppets  
Yo, but there's a lot of fake counterfeit macks  
Playa hating on they homies trying to dry cat  
To look good for the hoes, man these niggas ain't  
joking  
Boy, you get that ass smoked in Oakland

Chorus

[Boots - spoken]

Aw yeah, The Coup is up in here, and we be talking  
about the  
real. Motherfuckas know that we know, that they know,  
that we  
know the deal. Now the originality of our principality is  
that  
we don't play the pimp. But the reality of our locality,  
and  
you'll learn this gradually, is that motherfuckas do this  
shit  
to pay their rent. But here's a hint: how we gonna get it  
straight  
when we bent? Shit, see I ain't never had shit but my  
stripes  
and my game and my life, and all them's just hand  
downs from my  
grandaddy. Yeah, I'm living large kidding with Ant  
Banks, but I'm  
still hustling food stamps for my candy apple red  
Caddy. Alright...

