

## Onyx "Street Nigguz"

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Street niggaz  
Gettin' high all the time  
Street niggaz  
Fuck beef and draw the nine  
Street niggaz  
Always yellin', "Fuck the cops"  
Street niggaz  
We, the niggaz that call the shots

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Street niggaz love to flip, puttin' slugs in clips  
WYLIN out with Bloods and Crips, on some shit  
Leavin' you ripped is totally sick  
I sue pricks on mysterious trips, makin' serious chips  
You on a curious a trip way out of your whack  
Blow you out of your back, the game of crack, how  
'bout that?  
Holdin' my aim, with ways of wreck  
Never know what to expect, respect a hole in you chest

My mind is set, it's time for death, rewind your steps  
The way that I'm doin' you is everyday screwin' you  
Off the top, make money off of rocks  
On and off the block, bouncin' off on cops  
Whose the next street star? Kid, you'd love to be next  
But it's X-1, kid, in the Luxury Lex  
Wit' a ghetto type style  
Heat for beef that we can settle right now, street  
niggaz

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Street niggaz spend they lasts on weed, smoke to the  
roach  
Dead broke, some flip coke, sell soap  
Bust four guns off the roof, trick over proof  
Roll dice, stick niggaz for ice, up all night  
Everyday niggaz gamblin', pumpin' drugs scramblin'  
My nigga got shot, that same spot you standin' in  
Bitch nigga hate, rich nigga sniff a eight  
Suffocate, jail nigga liftin' weight, fuck the Jake

We break laws, snuffin' motherfuckers breakin' jaws  
Robbin' liquor stores, rubbin' ghetto niggaz dirty  
drawers  
Never hesitate to bass, kick your fuckin' ass  
Fuck work, nigga take cash, with the quick facts  
Open cases with razors, they open faces  
Paid niggaz got guns wit' lasers, Sky pagers  
Chrome rims and loud systems  
So what the light you make the white people listen  
You five days out the prison, we

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Street niggaz have your shit pushed back, plush act  
Bust jacks out the windowplex, and lust that  
We back, we at the place, contact react  
Call back, be on the concrete flat, we stomp cats  
For violation of fun, whichever come first  
Love for money could hurt, it's a thirst, we splurge  
In Suburbans, to niggaz deep, want pissy early  
Swervin', packin' big power, maxin' six hours

Up in the Expo, E Baur  
For beef, the heat, the vowel, caught up in them street  
showers  
Buckun' the same clips, fuckin' the same chicks  
The game sticks, so remain slick or get slain quick  
Street niggaz regulatin', doe and hoes and North  
states, and flip whips  
High speed car chases, the inner belly beast dwellin'  
Born and raised, extortin' for days  
Leavin' motherfuckers more than grazed

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I'm a street nigga; fuck wit me get shot in the brains  
They call me Sticky Fingaz, how you think I got my  
name?  
This is not a game, kid I know my math  
I walk around with my pants hangin' off my ass  
I don't give a fuck, the nigga here's too rugged  
I pull out my dick and take a piss in public  
Smokin' weed, drinkin' brew, that's all I do  
Fuck bitches, get money, was all I knew

Police in the rear view, always runnin' my plates

I kept one poker face and a gun in my waist  
Off safety cocked with one in the head  
You, first nigga frontin' gettin' dropped with one in the  
head  
I got no respect for life, my mom's on drugs  
You scared to look me in the eyes, I roll wit nuttin' but  
thugs  
I'm so trife, hope I can live another night  
And I fear no man, I swear on my mother's life, 'cuz I'm  
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