

K-Rino

"On My Side"

Visit "[On My Side](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*talking*)

Listen, tell y'all bout my side of town

Just like, your side of town

My side of town

Where haters jackers, and police ride around

Watch where you find yourself boy

Watch where you find yourself, my side of town

Where haters jackers, and police ride around listen

Yeah, watch where you find yourself

My side of town

Where haters jackers, and police ride around yeah

Watch where you find yourself boy, listen

[K-Rino]

I'm on the cut, focused in on my mission

I spot laws from the corner, like perifferal vision

I stay humble, but if ever we rumble

You get swung on like baseballs, or trees in the jungle

We lie we still, smoke weed we rob we kill

Put diamonds in our grill, and pop X pills

Have sex for scrill, move weight for big faced bills

Fornicate daily, and sip drank and emcees chase deals

We pushing cocaine, with no containment

And it's a dead homie's mama, making funeral
arrangements

We talk slow, but our game is faster

And it's a lady church member, getting smashed by the
Pastor

It's a playa, bout to get caught slipping

And 18 year old girls, is prostitute and stripping

(on my side), and boys is always lying

And police harassing folks, that's why they always
dying

[Hook]

(on my side), my side of town

Where haters jackers, and police ride around

(on my side), my side of town

Where we make paper, and lil' boppers is always down

[K-Rino]

(on my side), laws pull you over for nothing
People get murdered for crumbs, and po' people are
suffering
Take a picture, a stray bullet could possibly hit ya
And it's a killer at the red light, that's plotting to get ya
After ten, it's a crackhead that's smoking again
And somebody's husband or wife, is laying up with they
friend
And it's a couple of young gangstas, bout to blast they
heat
And it's a snitch talking to the FED's, as we speak
(on my side), ninety degrees is cool
And elementary kids, bring guns and weed to school
If somebody saying they do, that mean they probably
don't
And a clean ride, will get you any gal that you want
(on my side) we po' drank, for every playa that sunk
It's enough liquor on the ground, to get the cement
drunk
And if you walk through, you better have a ghetto pass
Cause a 60 year old lady, might jack your ass

[Hook]

(on my side), my side of town
Where haters jackers, and police ride around
(on my side), my side of town
Where we make paper, and lil' boppers is always down
(on my side), my side of town
Where if you come around here capping, you will get
clowned
(on my side), my side of town
Where you regret, to see a young body laying on the
ground

[K-Rino]

(on my side), a baby mama is plotting
And boys is dropping mo' underground tapes, than Bin
Laden
And down the street, it's a dude that's grinding
With a trunk full of work, and the laws is behind him
And cats blaze, see his T smoke hays
Half the females either dyking, or they go both ways
And everybody, want drugs and sex
Some got new cars, and living in the damn projects
(on my side), you better learn to fight
Bullets burn and bite, it might be your turn tonight
If it's plex between me and you, might witness division
It's competition in the G-code, it's like a religion
We buy and sell, the females are fine as hell
And on the cool, half of them done did time in jail
(on my side), you might a seven year old cuss

And every race got a business, in our hood but us

[Hook]

Visit [K-Rino](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.