

Blackstreet F/ Sauce Money

"Ya Better Bring a Gun"

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[VERSE 1: King Tee]

They live on the street and they hustle for fame
Some kill for a livin, some sling cocaine
Because it's now a lifestyle and a full-time job
And if you live in Compton, it's like at McCobb
From block to block everybody's bad
And if you don't know where you're at, then your life's
been had
Cause they walk in the street with intentions to meet
Some sappy lookin punk with Fila on his feet
And if you try to act tough, well Mr. Tough, you're
through
Cause everybody's a family, if not, they're a crew
I'm here to give some advice advice (Run!)
Cause if you're ever in Compton, you better bring a gun

Yo, here come my homeboy Mixmaster Spade
Man, what's up, man?
Hey man, ain't you from Compton, man?
(Ah yeah)
Alright man, tell em what's up, man
What you used to do

[VERSE 2: Mixmaster Spade]

I used to cut up the beat on the two turntables
Now I'm rappin on the mic, cause I'm willin and able
When I'm on the mic I take no slack
And everytime that you see me I'm tearin a gat
I got .380s and .22s
You messs with me, I'm gonna bust on you
I got a .357 and a M-16
They call me Master Spade, and Tee's the King
Now Compton is the city where the homeboys stay
Rollin in a different car everyday
Can't roll too hard, gotta watch my back
Cause if I don't, I just might get jacked
Now Compton is a city of a lotta fun
(Can't walk down the street
(Can't walk down the street
Can't walk down the stree without my gun)

[female voice]

Now you know this just don't make no kinda sense

[VERSE 3: King Tee]

Now the next place is kinda risky if you're walkin with
your mother

Y'all can get shot if she wears the wrong color

They're all from the old school, nobody's modern

The place I'm talkin 'bout is the Nickerson Gardens

You can get away with murder, cause they murdered
the cops

Cause they said they tried to run a bumrush on Watts

But they took control, slingers walk real tall

While real down gangbangers write their set on the wall

If I was you I wouldn't visit here, it's like hell

And if you get robbed, who you gonna tell?

I'm only here for advice advice (run!)

And if you're ever in Watts, you better bring a gun

[VERSE 4: King Tee]

Now you got a nice car with a brand-new paintin

Rag top convertible with all-gold Dayton's

You decide to take a ride down the Crenshaw strip

You stop at the Fat Burgers to feed your lip

You got your sounds bumpin, playin Zapp and Vibe

A skeezer comes your way, you say, "Let's take a ride"

So you're cruisin Crenshaw with her, you're goin to bail

A brown Cutlass pulls up, they put a gauge to your
head

They say, "(Get out your car) if you value your life

(And leave your money) if you love your wife"

Now you're standin in the street lookin like you're on
crack

And you say to yourself: I can't believe I got jacked

You call the police because your car they stole

But when you get in touch with them, they put you on
hold

Your car is gone, nothin could be done

So next time you cruise Crenshaw, YOU BETTER BRING
A GUN!

Alright, I wanna thank Mixmaster Spade for comin out
to rock with me

(And Greg Mack) the Mack Attack

And I also wanna thank J-Ro and Sweet Tooth for comin
out rockin

(And DJ [Name])

And I wanna thank Scotty D, Cold-Crush Chris

And DJ Pooh, the Hip-Hop Gangster

(When he say beat em up he don't be bluffin)

Word

And oh yeah, I forgot somebody
Unknown!

(Yo man
Who blew up that McDonald's on Central and
Rosecrans, du?)

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