

Street Smartz

"F It Less"

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Verse 1:

Yo yo you can let the magnum bust

Or puff bags of dust

If you mad at us

Watch that ass get crushed

Now you screamin why did the blood have to rush

There's a buncha thugs after us

Slugs blast at us

Son roll this dutch master up

The nigga with the live weapons

Yo who got shorties runnin

They comin in 5 seconds

Givin back shots attack spots

Fat knots

I rap hop like clack glocks

Disrespect this and get disconnect

This spray like disinfected

I paractice safe sex so my dick's protected

F hold the cap well

Puffin fat I's bonin a chicks listenin to Maxwell

On a maxell my man call me on the black cell

Told me he got bagged for a crack-sell

"How you feelin son?"

"Not that well"

Niggas is bustin teacs and shit

And no matter what sexe you is

Behind your back niggas will sex yo' whip

Make you wonder where the exit is

Fuc That cuttin no slack

I'm bustin fat nuts on yo' back

Chorus x3:

Yo, what it look like

You got crack what it cook like

You got a track what the hook like

F is off the hook, right?

We stole cars while you took bikes

And on a good night I get your whole hood sniped

Verse 2:

You's a halfthug

Meetin ya dick in the bathtub

I get mad love

Do a crime woke ya backup?

Roll in the set

Put a hole in ya chest

Open ya flesh

Knowin the best

No one can test

I'm blowin ya vest

Untill I die I be high of drugs

Money bought me everything but couldn't buy me love

My niggas blast and shoot shit

From here to Massachussets

The cash be ruthless

That's why your ass is toothless

You ain't half as ill as the admirill

You a crab for real nigga, grab your shield

Rappers wanna kill me and blast me

Cause my rhymes is Filthy McNasty

While other niggas is silky and sassy

Upset your squad I never wet you God

Y'all niggas ain't worth a \$1.50 on the metrocar

Fuc That

I bust caps

Chill on the side like hop cats

Never leave home without the rough raps

Paper I got to touch that

You want bitches I want track

Chores x2

Verse 3:

Yo, I role this hoe that will set you up to take your check

Them niggas that make you pet, to break your neck

Her mind was the dirtiest

Ever since her pops died on the 30st

She was livin the life of unworthiness

Her name was Karin

She drove a black LeBaron

And by the way, she used to sell packs of tracks with
Aaron and Tyrone

Doin anything to be in the live zone

Like smoke five bones or rob the jewelery store for nine
stones

Attack your town pack a cab

Smack a clown

Back 'em down like Jackie Brown

You never had skill

I'm mad ill like a overdose of Adville

Kill at will

Chorus x2

Noreaga "The invincible, untouchable"

OC "Fuc That, abbreviated F.T."

Nas "Streets disciple, I rock beats that's make 'em trifle

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