

Coup, The "Streets of Oakland"

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Artist: Ant Banks w/ Boots (The Coup)

[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...

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