

## **Sporty Thievz "Street Cinema"**

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Cousin cousin cousin, I'm pissy drunkin'  
How 'bout I smack you snuff him and buss him  
What then? Nothing, you gon' be shocked like stop  
Your man laying there dropped other laying there shot

Think not, what come the war burdens for certain  
You be laying with no shirt in the dirt with blood  
squirting  
Knocked out and stomped out with soles and timbs  
Piss in your face, wake you up, and do the whole shit  
again

Smack your men for jumping in, and get our rob on  
Rock on pop gone long gone with your watch on  
When cops swarm exit on some next shit  
You with the paramedics, we on poles doing  
calisthenics

So yo, get the fuck away from my car move back  
Ayyo dudes pop the hatch and get those two bats for  
these cats  
That get that plus I'm to' from the flo' up, know what?  
Dudes get off me chill let me go fuck that hold up

Street cinema, street cinematics, streets in it  
Street scenery, ballers in the street running  
Street cinema, street cinematics, streets in it  
Street scenery, ballers in the street running

Street cinema, street cinematics, streets in it  
Street scenery, ballers in the street winning

Getting rich off the street, feins in the street spinning  
Many moves spent bent chocola sent  
Moving more dimes a minute then sprint  
If I recall, fuck 'em all the best way to ball

Never stall with a hundred grand to break ya fall  
Leather glove face smacking  
Go gat waste packing, car burglars car jacking  
Me I'm safe cracking and I'm still in it for life man

But life's a gamble right?  
So everyday a niggas just rolling a dice man  
Credit go where credit due, yo niggas is nice man  
Know the game and they caught up in your "Where's  
my slice man?"  
Shouldn't have to say it twice man

Sign of the rhymes  
Money and marijuana if you ain't catch it the first time  
Me and mine live and shine every segment on the  
regent  
Coming hard until the jeans look pregnant

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Marlon Brando weep concealed with three best the bill  
Aiyo Kirk tell them chill each one wanna clench the bill,  
for real  
Don't safe cracking resort to face tracking  
Prints computer hacking, niggas skeet through the  
tracking

Rock a block packing, nigga stash yo ash  
Either act like you know or you best go ask  
See my Lex go past give niggas the whiplash  
Class smoking grass until the whip crashed

At last who prays to God for talents to rhyme Lord?  
Time is toured not poured like on the Concorde  
Sit back and laugh, we made it baby shake gravy  
Catch me on 180 with the Yankee Flip Avery

You sick baby 'cause niggas look different now  
With tighter rhymes written hell niggas is living now  
And we spitting like wow them kids is hot I need a dub  
Nigga we see the love rock a block beat a blood

We be in a club with girls V.I.P. smoking  
Scoping now she open posing holding Trojans  
This the life we got girls kissing the dice  
Two keys for one rice probably fixing it twice

Kicking down bikes they fall like dominos  
Fifty in a row  
Rock a block with that kinda dough  
What?

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Yeah, Y-O in the mother  
Sporty Thievz in the mother  
Rock a block, shot callers  
9-7 and beyond  
And you know what?  
That shit is trash

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