

## DJ KaySlay & Greg Street f/ Jae Millz, Mike Beck & Smitty

### "Streetniggaz"

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[Intro: DJ KaySlay]

It's that street nigga shit!!!

Smitty!!! Jae Millz!!! Mike Beck!!! Kayslay!!! Greg  
Street!!!

Y'all know what the fuck it is!!! Let's! Go!

[Verse 1: Smitty]

This is nothin new to me, life ain't what it used to be  
Now it's all gun cocked, scared a nigga truthfully  
Cock, black, assault, fast  
Got, cash, cop, crash  
And y'all full of shit keep the heart full of clips  
Yo' pot his pot keep the spot full of bricks  
No fame no game I pull a bitch  
New whip blue six same color crip  
And y'all lame niggaz hear we on some other shit  
Off white soft white as long as it's butter shit  
Burn, yay, you earn, you straight  
You earn, we take, you hungry, we ate  
No stress one sack already done that  
Call my weight Jordan (Why) because it come back  
Five five for the ounce spit one stack  
Cock that drop that nigga that's a comeback  
Need a new hustle already done rap  
Tired of the same cash so I called Dame Dash  
My CD, is real, it's Smitty and Millz  
Live from the ghetto why I never let go

[Verse 2: Jae Millz] (DJ KaySlay)

Papa wasn't never here O.G.'s made me grown  
Mama let her baby roam and now baby holdin chrome  
It don't matter who you name he can't flow like me  
I petty might be aight yeah but he ain't dope as me  
If you been around fam I know you notice me  
Yes! One hand in the air one on the chest  
It's Mr. wanna what some call me one of the best  
And if they don't, it must be cause they want it to deaf  
Everybody talk bullets to you give it one of them fresh  
One wrong punchline will get you one through ya vest  
And you ain't gotta be Hines Ward to catch  
Somethin from thirty yards out fuck what ya bars 'bout

We shootin niggaz like Reggie Miller did  
Nah I ain't Scarface homey I'm worst, I'll kill your kids  
Who doubtin me I'll do your newborn like Mike did his  
lil' ass from the balcony  
Corny industry niggaz hatin and reroutin me  
But I'm a wolverine I was raised where the moutains be  
Slept in the dungeon the trainin be the same  
Sylvestor Stallone did before he fought Dolph Lundred  
Nigga yous a pumpkin Smitty spark the lama  
And nigga fuck the frontin till the cats believe that I'm a  
be the (Street nigga!!!)

[Verse 3: Mike Beck] (DJ KaySlay)  
The hood is full of roaches the crib is so full of roaches  
My livin was so atrocious so flippin we came devoted  
Ask about the wrist game whip game  
How I flip change make it to diamonds that glisten  
I'm the shit man manuer street polluter  
Peeps is beast just to eat they'll shoot ya  
Politics as usual it's usual crucial  
Shoot through your Red Monkey's let the shells seduce  
ya  
I'm a, predicate cutter, better be butter  
If I touch it I must get cash in a bundance  
Stacks, for the hundred, pass smell the blunt scent  
Get you in the car in your pockets it's your months rent  
In the front big head on the horn  
By the time they come check your pulse presume your  
dead I'm gone  
Were probably on another coast new clothes another  
toast  
New hoes with new dough move low right through  
those  
Death points, from the hood to borderline  
Take money from the hood and bought the borderline  
So much more than rhyme his thoughts borderline  
His brawl with this boar listen to 'em tell 'em I'm a  
(Street nigga!!!)

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