

Dre Dr

"Str 8 Gone featuring King Tee"

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Haa

Woo

Dedicated to the up city

Straight West Coast nigga, ain't no pity

Put holes in niggas, real pretty

Real shitty like a black Frank Nitty

I give drugs to the thugs price-free

Handed down the game by that nigga Ice-T

No doubt players like me

recognise the great King Tee, about twenty grand a ki

Ah, that's that G shit, no doubt about that

Statutory lyrics is how I rape the rap

And get your niggas off my back

and no, GOD, ya don't pull a strap, cos (*gun shot*)
FUCK THAT!

I'm very precise when I shoot

straight out the roof of my Lexus coupe

Ya wanna blame Tha Alkaholik group

but, naw, that nigga Tela must've hit the loot

Cos he's actin real loonie

and I don't give a fuck cause I'm drunk and I'm a G like
Spoonie

The hoodrats wanna do me

So if you've got'cha county cheque give it to me

Chorus:

Now baby, don't trip, it's King Tee with the gangsta shit

Ain't fuckin with nothin but them platinum hits

And the two dog groan, a 50 gat to your dome

That nigga on the mic str-8 gone

repeat

Huh, so I guess I earned the title 'OG'

Been down for ten years, this my fifth Lp

I'ma get this one easy

A real motherfuckin G, R-rock Tee

Now all these fools talkin 'bout they some killers

car stealers, big time drug dealers

Bitch ass niggas keep it real, don't lie

You ain't killin shit and they gon' let shit die

You ask "Who the hell am I?"

They call me 'Big Bone' and on my worst night I fades
em all

And I come thru ya hood like a locc ass G

Rip any fool that calls hisself an MC

It's only one way, let's have gun play

I make it play, nigga, fuck what you got to say

I got a mad crew of murderers, ex-burglars

Puttin soft niggas outta service

Chorus:

Now baby, don't trip, it's King Tee with the gangsta shit

Ain't fuckin with nothin but them platinum hits

And the two dog groan, all the fuckin chips blown

That nigga on the mic str-8 gone

Baby, don't trip, it's King Tee with the gangsta shit

Ain't fuckin with nothin but them platinum hits

And the two dog groan, sittin on chrome

That nigga on the mic str-8 gone

My whole crew lives illegal

Strapped with the bulletproof vest in the front and back
Regal

Smokin that sticky green grass

Hittin switches, bumpin on cuts from the past

We smoke leaf cos we live like G's

Super-soft niggas become enemies

I hit a lick on the East for ten ki's

now everything I drive is on Deez

I'ma make you believe, I gotta put it down like a real
nigga should

My dope spot in every nigga's hood

I don't waste time, I need to get what's mine

Fourteen shells from behind

Leave you in the blind, str-8 paralysed from ya spine

A partner of organised crime

Ya hear it all the time but now ya gotta hear it from the
truth

til my nigga Karl Phat's respect due

Chorus:

Now baby, don't trip, it's King Tee with the gangsta shit

Ain't fuckin with nothin but them platinum hits

And the two dog groan, 50 gat to the dome

That nigga on the mic str-8 gone

(repeat 4X)

And I'm gone

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