

Angie Martinez

"Live From The Streets"

Visit "[Live From The Streets](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[unknown singer]

Ohhhhh.. senorita.. when the evening sun go down
I come to.. serenade you.. from another part, of town
[car tires peeling out]

[Angie Martinez]

Let's get it on it's Angie Mar' reportin live from the streets
From Y.O. to Philly and Harlem to Q.B.
When it drops it's game over, you'll see
Introducing, Jadakiss and Styles P, where you at?

[The L.O.X.]

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo
You know we still in the hood dog, in front of the store
With the work across the street and the gun in the stall
Soon as somethin happen niggaz wanna run to the law
You know the code of the streets, never run to the law
That's why I can't even run 'less I run with a four
or I walk with a three, come and talk to 'em P
You can catch me down bottom with a bird and a glock
On the block makin money where they murder a lot
Or you can catch me up top shootin dice for a yard
I'm talkin six digits, niggaz bet the house or the car
You can catch me hittin the spliff, sick in the pit
On the fiend like I'm missin my shit, they think I'm crazy
Catch me hittin your lady in my Mercedes
Bird on your baby, fuck you I'm keepin it gravy
L.O.X. hold the hammers
like we waitin for screws
With Angie Mar' BLOWIN MOTHERFUCKERS OUT OF
THEY SHOES, WHAT?

[Angie Martinez]

Comin live from the streets where some died tryin to eat
From Y.O. to Philly, from Harlem to Q.B.
And when it drops, game over, you'll see
Introducin, Beanie Sigel, tell me how you livin?

[Beanie Sigel]

Aiyyo, I've been kickin murder - since Adidas with thick

strings
T.I. sweatsuits, Pumas with thick chains
Four finger rings, black belts with brass names
I was spittin flames since niggaz was pitchin change
I'm a hard knock kiddo, always played the middle
Threw flacks in the crack game, getchu if I can getchu
Since a buck, played the highway, dodgin the troop
boys
Jumpin in and out of Coupes, wavin for Duke boys
Always chased a penny, copped quarter waters
Tried to make a dollar chased my pop's boss
daughters
Tryin to make my name, global, in all four corners
Philly baller, gamin in all four quarters
Never worked, never will - all my hoes buy my clothes
I can't go broke, never will - all my bros buy my O's
I'm the best thing that linked up with New York since
Sprewell
I murder, nuttin further - fill in the details

[Brett]

I'm here, it's over, fuck how y'all feel
When I drop, y'all gon' realize it's all real
Bein left for dead, tied up, smoke 'til I was dried up
So high up, seem like the sky ducked, high what?
Life was rough, but now it's nothin to hide
Used to click and be quick to put this gun to yo' side
Be like, "That chain nice - I like that pal.
Matter fact { *click click* } I'd like that now."
You've got game? Call the name, just spell the name
right
Brett, one of the best rappers ever to touch a mic
It's prophesized I'd write, spit scriptures mind blowin
'til my coffin top close and heaven skies open
Fear no man's my slogan, I hope y'all believe
I'm just like you, fear nuttin human that bleeds
My mind breed two movies, six ab-lums, a hundred
poems
Thirty R&B joints, I'm beyond the norm, y'all just mad
I'm just glad, got my time to shine
Y'all the type to hit three hundred bars and run out of
rhymes

[Angie Martinez]

Brett, from my ByStorm family, with Angie
Come live from the streets, from Harlem to Q.B.
And when it drops, game over, you'll see
Introducin, finally, the legendary Kool G.

[Kool G. Rap]

It's B.G.S. kid so what you facin? Caps racin
Decapitation twenty buck-fifties and lacerations

Guerilla fam' camouflaged out in the grass waitin
to bless your nation slash like Jason and bash your face
in
We ass lacin top bodies and half in the basement
Our style, cast you so bad you'll need plastic
replacement
When gats is raised in, fascination blastin and blazin
Evacuation for your whole staff there's gas in the tank
and
Gets back abrasions from cap grazin, defy gravitation
Pull my shit back squeeze bust it like masturbation
Hold fort, hold the blow torch, leave your soul scorched
with no remorse, the state of New York, get your shit
caught
When niggaz hawk, let the fifth talk
So tell me who's the next man to flip?
I stop the beef shit, with rubber handled grips
Your candle get lit, guerilla shit feed us banana clips
The hammers hit, anything in our range we dismantle it

[Angie Martinez]

Like to say thanks to my street correspondents, for
gettin on this
Comin live and direct with no nonsense
Sorry folks for hurtin y'all, the previous has been
brought to you
by "Up Close and Personal"

Visit [Angie Martinez](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.