

## Groove Minister

### "Purse Snatchaz"

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[Chorus: Greg Valentine]

There's no sunshine in the city  
That's the way it's going down  
People kill and people dyin  
Every time I turn around

There's no sunshine...

[Sticky Fingaz]

I roll wit purse snatchaz, the villains, and trespassers  
Criminalist, and parole violators  
I raidin wit regulators, invaded the instigators  
Passed the procrastinators, rolled on retaliators  
Roamin at home wit burglars, party wit murderers  
Scandal big reelers, I sell coke to dope dealers  
Ask the stash dealers, so rash the gat peelers  
The time behind bars, ridin in stolen cars  
Forty deuce six, posin hard, rollin large  
Big pockets that pay, pistol black is big smackers  
Back up the ally, attack us, waitin for the crackers  
Smugglers, muggers, in the gutters wit ruck cutters  
Runnin up on niggas for butter lovers, or whatever  
Can't take it for hoppers cockers, by watchin cops and robbers  
But kid it's, kinda fittest, quit this, money get this  
For beaters wit heaters to bleed us, and speed us, and 2 seaters  
Crime essence and crime confessions, yea pure precious  
My guess is good as yours, while niggas be takin draws  
Rapers and zipper rippers, take rappers and over actors  
Bottle throwers, the buddha rollers  
I roll wit cigar smoke flowers  
Boilers wit playas, slashes bashes Mercedes  
Always solicit, and pullin out on project business  
Schemin and scandalous, the dreamers and pan handlers  
Ready to run up in Rockefeller, put the glock in the teller  
And tell the bitch to give the money, and hurry up

[Chorus]

[Sonsee]

To me, USG livin, is one gigantic ring of concealin  
Double dealin, drug fiendin, sellin and schemin  
On the next beam, fleein from the cops, caught wit  
beings  
Illegal operatin, law violatin and death escalatin  
We all need our dollars straighten, bro we can't be  
toleratin  
Man that's frustratin, that's why we be demonstratin  
How we be law breakin, cash takin, drug jugglin  
Hand to hand, stand and lookout, money struck out to  
keep 'em strugglin  
Embezzlin, extortin, man slaughter and assaultin  
Mass shootin, slugs stabbin, gangs feudin and females  
boostin  
For child supportin, or self done abortion  
Everything costin, we all lustin for this fortune  
So we'll still be rowdy and riotin and lookin  
Every group and, until we see some more improvin  
It'll be mad human deliciously, can't completion  
Cuz every day is killin season

[Chorus]

[Sticky Fingaz]

I pledge allegiance to the street and blame God  
For the creation of this pitiful Earth, that's filled wit  
temptation  
Birth was my invitation, death will be initiation  
Now I just got a probation, so wish me congratulation  
But I'm under investigation, for psychic evaluation  
Facin incarceration, and isolation over the color  
discrimination  
So I need the participation the Caucasian assassination  
Time is wastin, it's a Sticky situation  
Tryin to stop a reproduction, to come off a population  
And there's no exaggeration, so whoever in an  
association  
Wit the nigga retaliation that needs a total cooperation  
When hours of desperation, on for ya information  
A confrontation will be fought by the younger  
generation  
Cuz we got determination, all we need is organization  
So I use my concentration wit a Jim Crow education  
Cuz history repeats itself, ya destination ya plantation  
All come as loud as nation, that builds upon a  
communication  
And then without a explanation, a hesitation, we have a

reservation  
To elite from a tree my decorations  
So because of these altercations, we need to make  
some me duration's  
That's being the manipulation of this God damn nation  
And witness how the warn indication, so it's the end of  
ya conversation

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