

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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