

## **Jack Blanchard % Misty Morgan**

### **"Soundtrack to the Streets"**

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[Kid] Yeahhhhh!  
[Nas] Uhh, QB  
[Kid] All the people in the place!  
It's the one and only Kid Capri  
[Nas] Uhh, TM nigga  
[Kid] Along with my man Nas Escobar  
[Nas] Ill Will  
[Kid] We about to take this one all around the world  
So y'all feel this one, come on!

Verse One: Nas

My antidote to the dope add drugs in the party  
Pistol-whippin your body lyrical odyssey  
Y'all ain't smoke real shit less y'all smokin with me  
And y'all ain't heard real shit, til you heard it from me  
Escobar, I toasted with Frank White, to this new era  
of gangster life, slangin words in the mic  
Thanks to the life, I urge y'all to write pain  
You a whore to the war, I remain a virgin that's tight  
This game I'ma run til it's done, stack my funds  
Packin guns, clean each gat, once a month  
Hope ya toast carry heavy as the vest on your chest  
Hope you squeeze it cause you're only safe from  
stomach to chest  
Everything else, left open, I'm smokin  
Next to your balls, police won't even question at all  
It's the Esc- to the -bar, connects in ?Piar?  
Overlord of rap, U.S. France to Ecuodar

Chorus: Nas

Have you ever met a QB gangsta, who would  
shake your hand and turn ya back he would shank ya?  
Niggaz want the street you lookin for me  
You want the hot shit you must cop the Kid Capri  
Ladies dance to it, niggaz pound that in your Jeep  
Esco' and Kid Capri, with the motherfuckin Soundtrack  
to the Street, thugs pop to it, sell rocks to it  
Puffin L's poppin glocks to it

## Verse Two: Nas

Me and the streets share the same vein, same pain  
The whole game changed, niggaz with no brain could  
make dough  
off of cocaine, Colombian neckties  
Democrats to Bill Clinton gotta respect Nas  
Customized flow, words stitched into the seams  
Tailor made lyrics words fit ya, spit scripture worship  
Far from Ali, niggaz can't spar with the kid  
Regardless of your bid or who you partners with  
Spit, cartridges at so-called hard ni-ggaz  
You get, sparked and hit, held as hostages  
You know how the mobsters is from the heart of the  
Bridge  
We just started gettin dough, yo pardon the kid  
I ain't used to havin shit, my youth as bad as it get  
Ghetto bound first lesson was to let off rounds  
Shots, echo the town, New York, home of  
the Harlem mix tape, master as we all know him now

## Chorus

## Verse Three: Nas

Uhh, what? Kid Capri  
Soundtrack to the Street a theme for every hood  
Every lockdown facility, get ?oxed? down for grillin me  
Write down hostility, iced down with friends of ours  
Respect money and power and them honies that  
swallow  
But what's becomin Apollo, nuttin but bigga bank  
Fuck you niggaz think I ride for?  
Same thing niggaz die for, so we draw guns  
the same time in this war, leave your mind on the floor  
Niggaz doin thirty to life to survive in this world  
Transportin keys that's inside of a door  
Openin spots from Little Rock to Baltimore  
Smoked out, chillin on the Kid Capri world tour

## Chorus

[Kid Capri]

Yeah

Word up, come on

We make it bump one time word up

My man Nas make it bump one time come on

Come on, we make it bump one time word up

The Kid Capri make it bump one time come on

## Chorus

[Kid Capri]

And I say party people, it's the Kid Capri

Nas Escobar, Soundtrack to the Streets

Jumpin off, youknowwhatl'msayin?

You a part of history, stay tuned, uh!

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