

Kid Creole & The Coconutz

"Straight From the Streets"

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(*talking*)

Uh-oh, you boys thought we was out the game huh
S.L.A.B., Slow Loud And Bangin'
Lil B in this bitch, AKA By-Bo in here with the fam
Trae, Jay'Ton, Dougie D the S.L.A.B. fam
You feel me we putting it in your face
These tweety bird ass niggaz thought we was out the
game
We straight from the streets, get it right
Young underground punks

[Trae]

They don't wanna see me, that same cat
Draped up in black, with a black beanie
For the pretty penny, I'ma split a mic
In a competitor's face, niggaz trip they see me
See we be straight from the streets, on the block where
the thugs wreck beats
With Lil B and and Jay'Ton up in the booth, you know we
keep it street
Then I let you know we keep it gangsta, haters I thank
you for hating
Ain't no escaping the raping, while you be waiting I'm
skating
From beat to beat penetrating, but flying sharp like a
raven
Keeping my fans contemplating, on every flow I be
saying
And spraying loud, I'm Slow Loud And Bangin' dog
We S.U.C., Guerilla Maab until the day my casket fall
I'm straight out the gutter I don't love you, unless you
be repping my team
Or unless you repping my theme, we guerillas and
wolverines
With that P-O-K-E-Y, and that H-A-Dub-K
Z-Ro, Dougie D and B and Big Moe and I be that Trae
hey
What they say I gotta rep it, and spit it a major factor
Exclusively for the straights, if you want it we coming at
you

[Lil B]

These haters don't wanna see me, repping S-L-A to the
B

Keep it real we straight from the streets, and duck on
buck 24's on my feet

I'm Lil B you gon respect that, with Warren G squashing
the chit-chat

When you hear the flow request they play back, got
everybody saying who that

Wanna do that not a cool cat, when you see Jay'Ton and
L-I-L to the B

Slow Loud And Bangin' my family, with Guerilla Maab
Trae and Dougie D

Plus Z-Ro the ghetto hero you already know, that we
threwed so cold

Cause on the blocks we keep it locked, for the
underground we gon hold

[Hook - 2x]

Slow Loud And Bangin'

You know, we straight from the streets

We keep it gutter, and we never ever changing

You know, we straight from the streets

Guerilla M double A-B

You know, we straight from the streets

And for that S.U.C

You know, we straight from the streets

[Showtyme]

Ain't no love, in these motherfucking streets

Don't ever leave the castle, without your motherfucking
heat

You niggaz wanna play the game, then bring it on

We be bumping and grinding, until we buy the Astro
Dome

I'm protected by the colony, and my fo' pound

Everything confidential, you will never hear a sound

This is how it goes down, in the city where I stay

And niggaz come up missing, every motherfucking day
I don't play

Ain't no smile on my face, because it's real

If it comes down to you and me, you getting killed

Click-clack with the steel, squashing all chat

Put a quarter in your hat, face down kissing cracks

This the underworld nigga, we connected by the ghetto

We street survivors, jump the slab off of metros

Swang hard like Astros, niggaz bumping that Show

You don't wanna see the Showtyme, let the tech go

[Quizno]

I stay in the streets, just like the concrete

Like a soldier I'ma march, when you fucking with my
peeps
I'm grabbing the heat, ready to bust at any time
Two up in your head, and three up in your spine
I just sip the four, and it's five after nine
I stay on my grind, ain't no need for the lying
These niggaz caught with that plex, these niggaz gon
start dying
Ain't even much tripping, that's the way that we shine
It's H-Town Screw house, and them boys from S.L.A.B
When we see a yellow bone, and on the butt we gon
grab
H-Town represent, you hoes better get it right
Cause if you don't get it right, it ain't nothing nice
nigga

[Hook - 2x]

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