

# **Kurupt, R.O.C. , Phats Bossi, RZA, Dr. Dre, Warren G**

## **"City Streets"**

Visit "[City Streets](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Yeah  
Spice muthafuckin One  
Coolin in Cali  
Kickin that gangsta shit  
You get with it?

[ VERSE 1 ]

Hopped in my Blazer, mashed off and left a boy in his  
car, then  
Tagged him with the skull and bones, cause he be  
soften  
Hollow like a head without no brains inside  
And his girl was so damn small, you had to strain your  
eyes  
Got to the corner, hit a left, seen the HPD  
That's when I knew that they were after S-p-i-c-e  
Turned up my music and dashed, goin 90, I mashed  
Bullet holes all in my window from a 12-gauge blast  
He was all on my ass, I had to think real fast  
Hooked a left, all of a sudden heard a boom and a  
crash  
Tried to catch the cold, sold the devil his soul  
Had his car and his face wrapped around a pole  
With my vogues still smokin hit 580 to Oakland  
Still upset with the police because my window was  
broken  
But my beat was still bumpin and my amp was still  
pumpin  
And my nine was in my lap if any funk was jumpin  
Got the 20th and Nice as I kicked my tune  
Hooked a left on 23rd and seen my homeboy June  
Jumped straight out like an arrow, had more gold than  
the pharaoh  
Had my Nikey sweat suit on and it was read like a  
sparrow  
I told him what had happened and he already knew  
He said, "You got a little funky with a fake-ass crew  
The bass went boom and your gun went bang  
And all you could see was flames"  
At that very moment Coke and Ray started laughin  
And slapped each other's hands and said, "It's all

about blatin"  
In the city streets

City streets

[ VERSE 2 ]

Kickin it at the park shootin craps with some homies  
My first roll was a 7, so niggas can't get on me  
So since my point is 4, I left a Little Joe  
I'm kissin on the dice and I'm pimpin em like my hoe  
So then I roll again, I'm fuckin with Big Ben  
Now I ain't fade jack because I'm knockin with that ten  
I picked up the dice, shook em up and rolled once mo'  
What came out the do'? Whaddaya know, I hit that 4  
Fuckin with the dank I'm hearin Marvin Gaye's oldies  
Fadin another 20, took a sip of my 40  
There go my homie G-Nut with the gin and the juice  
My nigga's always fuckin with that 187 proof  
I took a big-ass gulp and feelin quite tipsy  
Knowin I'm like this these niggas try to cheat me  
Huh, they can't get with me, I put em in his place  
Then G-Nut threw the gin and busted a nigga in his  
face  
I thought it was quite funny, and I began to smirk  
The fat-ass niggas face was grounded lyin in the dirt  
So I picked up my mail, and I'm about to go  
Cause I'm about that mo' money, mo' money, mo'  
Now homie on his face, he rolled over just like that  
And said, "This is a jack, gimme all my fuckin money  
back"  
I act like I was scared, gave his money back fast  
And when he tried to leave, I busted a cap up in his ass  
These niggas out the kitchen if you can't take the heat  
Cause muthafuckas gank ya, shank ya, sank ya in the  
city streets

The city streets

[ VERSE 3 ]

A few weeks back I robbed a nigga for a ki  
Kickin it on the block, slingin d to o-p-e  
Yo, runnin from the five-o, you think this shit is funny  
By any means necessary I must make my money  
If niggas try to fade me, I pull out my nine  
And pop-pop-pop-pop a nigga from behind  
In this world of madness muthafuckas die  
Niggas sling and bang, and bitches always lie  
So I choose to be murderous and chop up niggas'  
bodies  
And set like an example, a villain like John Gotti  
The muthafuckin gangsta S-p-i-c-e

They ring my mobile phone, now who the fuck could  
that be?  
Bitch, I said don't call me, I'm busy clockin g's  
I thought it was the fuzz, but some niggas told me  
'freeze!'  
The barrel was my back, it's a muthafuckin jack  
I knew I shoulda packed, I ain't goin out like that  
These niggas caught me slippin, and fuck a yellow  
sack  
Niggas must be trippin cause they Daytons touch my  
back  
I hopped out of my shit and told him go ahead  
And when he tried to leave I busted a cap up in his  
head  
With blood all over his face is how the homie fled  
I dragged him out the car and filled his corpse full of  
lead  
These niggas out the kitchen if you can't take the heat  
Cause bitch, I'm a gangsta, shank ya, sank ya in the  
city streets  
  
Aight, Banks  
Let's pack the shit up, mayn

Visit [Kurupt, R.O.C. , Phats Bossi, RZA, Dr. Dre, Warren G](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and  
videos.