

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

## **"Kill Street Blues"**

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Chorus:

Cookin' up yae in the pure form of a rock  
This is how we clock, stroll up on my block  
3 in the morning po-po at my door  
I'm wonderin' if really po-po at my door  
This is kill street blues  
(Alternate 3 & 4) repeat 4X

Verse 1:

Sit your 5 dollar ass down  
Nigga 'fore a chief baller make change  
Cookin' up yae-yo at 3 in the mornin'  
Choppin' up game sackin' up caine  
Fetty was layin' all over the floor  
I guess you cold say that I was slippin'  
As the door kick in  
I stick in my clip and begin the dippin'  
Up on these so called po-po  
But I know it can't be nuthin' but some niggas  
Runnin' up in ski masks  
So I continue to curse and blast that asses out  
Tryin' to gaffle the scratch my gat consumes  
Just then my killa partner steps outta the bathroom  
Uzi's and Mack thangs start lettin' off  
Niggas catchin' slugs to the face  
Baking soda some niggas brains cocaine all over the  
place  
Took a dive behind the coach  
Heard a nigga say "We gonn' kill you"  
My 2 twin gats start talkin' to me said "Fuck them  
niggas I feel you"  
So I bail up outta the cut  
Tryin' ta take lives with no remorse  
Lookin' like a scene with Laurence Fishborne in "The  
King of New York"  
Now it's 3 o'clock in the morning  
And I still don't snooze  
'Cause through my life niggas be given me all these kill  
street blues

Chorus:

Verse 2:

1 nigga died high  
Face down in uncut yae  
I stuck my finger up in the hole in his body, told him  
have a nice day  
My homie said "the real feds is comin'"  
Said he was hit  
I pull the bloody corpse off his body, he told me get the  
shit  
Ran to the kitchen  
Hopin' over the deceased  
Gotta get the rocks money and powder, and evade the  
police  
Put the fetty up in my hand  
Gotta be quick, gotta be nimble  
Look to my left seen 3 federalles' cars in the window  
Now it's time for me and my homie  
To mob the fuck on out  
As we mob up outta there 3 federalles mob in the  
house  
Can't say nuthin' about them other niggas  
Them haters is out there dead  
Couple a slugs up in they head, with a house full of  
feds  
And ain't no time to be stickin' around  
I'm hearin' them ambulances and homocides  
I'm ready to bail outta the scene and flee up in this "G"  
ride  
I'm thinkin' my homie heart stopped nigga dyin' on me  
Partner dropped down to the ground  
That's when them po-po started firing on me

Chorus:

Threw the caine down got to mobbin' off  
As the po-po yelled out freeze (freeze)  
Lost a down ass homie and the yae-yo man  
But fuck it I'ma keep the cheese (cheese)  
My partners eyes wide open  
Nigga layin' there one breath too short (short)  
But each time ya nigga Spice 1 hit the corner  
In a big white cloud of smoke (smoke)  
Federalles on my bumper baby  
Fittin' ta show 'em I ain't no punk (punk)  
Use the right hand to do the drivin' thang  
And the left hand ready to dump (dump)  
Led 'em on a high speed chase  
For about 30 minutes or a little bit more  
Got a triple thang murder up under my belt  
'Bout 60 thousand ta doe (doe)

Ohhh nooo  
Heard a slg hit my back tire  
Then I spun around  
Runnin' into the side while tearin' all shit down  
Bitches was screamin' niggas was cussin'  
Po-Po bustin' at me (punk ass nigga)  
Run into the liquor store  
Knowin' they'll never catch me  
But soon as I'm thinkin' of makin' my getaway  
Ain't this a bitch  
Some fedy with a 12 gauge  
Put the barrel fight up to my shit (stay right there  
nigger)  
Pull out the money and all of a sudden I hit the floor  
Looked up and see the barrel of Sgt. Kickass' 4-4

Chorus: 2X

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