

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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