

## **Kool Kats**

### **"The Streets"**

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(Chorus)

The streets, yo where it happen at  
The streets, is where they clapping at  
The streets, is where the action at  
The streets, is where they packing at  
The streets, is where its cracking at  
The streets, bringing it back to that  
The streets, banging ya gat to that  
The streets, start hanging back to that

[Kool G. Rap]

My niggas ride where they bust at  
Die where they bust at my murderous guys  
Slinging them pies where they lust at  
Or corners where they hang most  
Name boast and bank toast  
Drive with the thing close  
Slide with a James post  
Empty clips is on now  
Coke fiends are strung out  
Broke niggas bum out  
Jakes holdin they gun out  
When back streets are taped up  
Bodies laying faced up  
Cats running with ace up  
The spots get 'em paced up  
The street lamps are broke now  
Mad bitches to bone now  
When niggas peep your home out  
And flip when they zoned out  
Thugs bringing the street war  
Bust shots let the heat roar  
Taking trips to be more  
With bricks up in to fiend off  
The towns where they spray shit  
Bust rounds and lay shit  
Selling pounds' a great shit  
And clowns get their face-lift  
Spots where gats pop off  
Shots clear the block off  
Slugs knock your block off

And have you licking hot sauce

(Chorus)

On the corners where the dice roll  
And clubs where the ice glow  
The lames get their life stole  
And bleed from a knife fold  
Niggas laying they law down  
Some draw with a four-pound  
PJ's are tore down  
Thoughts of laying hos down (The streets)  
Blocks where they lick shots  
And rock what the fifth cocked  
Kids cop the six drop  
From brick box and zip locks  
Towns where niggas kill at  
Posting where it's real at  
Keeping gats concealed at  
See a foe you peel at  
Strip where you get ripped off  
Hot lead get licked off  
Fronting and your clicks off  
All your jewels get stripped off  
Sidewalks where they creep up  
Get locked up with a street bop  
Kids running with heats up  
Lifting both of your feets up  
Niggas they let their guns loose  
They wild guns loose  
Gat up under the chin  
Blow a niggas shit through the sunroof  
Decide where they pack nines  
The chrome gat shines  
You try to clap mine  
You outta line niggas get flat lined

(Chorus)

Now Chickens a get your crew laced  
For rocks and a blue face  
Niggas giving they screwface  
For the loot and the suitcase  
Spots that blood spills on  
And dealers clock a 'mil on  
Murderers get their kill on  
Mad cash is ill-on  
Beef turning to combat  
For life so they pump gats  
Little kids they harm that  
Put bombs where your moms at

Niggas tied up and kidnapped  
And smacked up with big gats  
Get found with they wig cracked  
Leave 'em right where they live at (The streets)  
Running for red beams  
Blood flowing in red streets  
Mad fellas with bread schemes  
Running from the FED team  
Little shorties are knocked up  
Straight giving their crouch up  
Juveniles decide to pee now with they ox up  
Crack blocks and weed spots  
The fiends up in the Detox  
Some rollin in three drops  
Others aint gotta beep bop  
Bitches that get their hoe on  
Smoke dope on and so on  
Spotted nigga with glow on  
With dick they could blow on

(Chorus) 2x

(Talking)  
(No doubt)  
Don G Rap, Gianana  
? (Blanked out) Igloo Entertainment  
No doubt we coming through  
ya know how we do  
Keep it moving  
ya better realize  
Whoever don't  
Guns do it for us  
Niggas aint playing no games  
Y'all know the routines  
Y'all know the drill

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