

Martinez Angie

"Live From The Streets"

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(feat. Beanie Sigel, Brett, Kool G. Rap, The LOX)

[unknown singer]

Ohhhhh.. senorita.. when the evening sun go down
I come to.. serenade you.. from another part, of town
[car tires peeling out]

[Martinez Angie]

Let's get it on it's Angie Mar' reportin live from the streets

From Y.O. to Philly and Harlem to Q.B.

When it drops it's game over, you'll see

Introducing, Jadakiss and Styles P, where you at?

[The L.O.X.]

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo

You know we still in the hood dog, in front of the store

With the work across the street and the gun in the stall

Soon as somethin happen niggaz wanna run to the law

You know the code of the streets, never run to the law

That's why I can't even run 'less I run with a four

or I walk with a three, come and talk to 'em P

You can catch me down bottom with a bird and a glock

On the block makin money where they murder a lot

Or you can catch me up top shootin dice for a yard

I'm talkin six digits, niggaz bet the house or the car

You can catch me hittin the spliff, sick in the pit

On the fiend like I'm missin my shit, they think I'm crazy

Catch me hittin your lady in my Mercedes

Bird on your baby, fuck you I'm keepin it gravy

L.O.X. hold the hammers

like we waitin for screws

With Angie Mar' BLOWIN MOTHERFUCKERS OUT OF
THEY SHOES, WHAT?

[Martinez Angie]

Comin live from the streets where some died tryin to eat

From Y.O. to Philly, from Harlem to Q.B.

And when it drops, game over, you'll see

Introducin, Beanie Sigel, tell me how you livin?

[Beanie Sigel]

Aiyyo, I've been kickin murder - since Adidas with thick strings

T.I. sweatsuits, Pumas with thick chains

Four finger rings, black belts with brass names

I was spittin flames since niggaz was pitchin change

I'm a hard knock kiddo, always played the middle

Threw flacks in the crack game, getchu if I can getchu

Since a buck, played the highway, dodgin the troop boys

Jumpin in and out of Coupes, wavin for Duke boys

Always chased a penny, copped quarter waters

Tried to make a dollar chased my pop's boss daughters

Tryin to make my name, global, in all four corners

Philly baller, gamin in all four quarters

Never worked, never will - all my hoes buy my clothes

I can't go broke, never will - all my bros buy my O's

I'm the best thing that linked up with New York since Sprewell

I murder, nuttin further - fill in the details

[Brett]

I'm here, it's over, fuck how y'all feel

When I drop, y'all gon' realize it's all real

Bein left for dead, tied up, smoke 'til I was dried up

So high up, seem like the sky ducked, high what?

Life was rough, but now it's nothin to hide

Used to click and be quick to put this gun to yo' side

Be like, "That chain nice - I like that pal.

Matter fact { *click click* } I'd like that now."

You've got game? Call the name, just spell the name right

Brett, one of the best rappers ever to touch a mic

It's prophesized I'd write, spit scriptures mind blowin

'til my coffin top close and heaven skies open

Fear no man's my slogan, I hope y'all believe

I'm just like you, fear nuttin human that bleeds

My mind breed two movies, six ab-lums, a hundred poems

Thirty R&B joints, I'm beyond the norm, y'all just mad

I'm just glad, got my time to shine

Y'all the type to hit three hundred bars and run out of rhymes

[Martinez Angie]

Brett, from my ByStorm family, with Angie

Come live from the streets, from Harlem to Q.B.

And when it drops, game over, you'll see

Introducin, finally, the legendary Kool G.

[Kool G. Rap]

It's B.G.S. kid so what you facin? Caps racin
Decapitation twenty buck-fifties and lacerations
Guerilla fam' camouflaged out in the grass waitin
to blass your nation slash like Jason and bash your face
in
We ass lacin top bodies and half in the basement
Our style, cast you so bad you'll need plastic
replacement
When gats is raised in, fascination blastin and blazin
Evacuation for your whole staff there's gas in the tank
and
Gets back abrasions from cap grazin, defy gravitation
Pull my shit back squeeze bust it like masturbation
Hold fort, hold the blow torch, leave your soul scorched
with no remorse, the state of New York, get your shit
caught
When niggaz hawk, let the fifth talk
So tell me who's the next man to flip?
I stop the beef shit, with rubber handled grips
Your candle get lit, guerilla shit feed us banana clips
The hammers hit, anything in our range we dismantle it

[Martinez Angie]

Like to say thanks to my street correspondents, for
gettin on this
Comin live and direct with no nonsense
Sorry folks for hurtin y'all, the previous has been
brought to you
by "Up Close and Personal"

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