

## **Mobb Deep F/ Lil' Kim**

### **"Street Nigga"**

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\*censored on all versions EXCEPT the promo\*

(Samples from The Ohio Players "What's Goin' On")

"Why do you hurt me..."

"I Don't Wanna..."

Verse 1: Kenny Austin

Straight uptown from money earnin' Mow-Vee  
I carry my tech nine, and troop with the YG'z  
So when beef comes, I'm ready for war  
I put a slug in my nigga and I settle the score  
Like a tic for a tac, my gat bust the most caps  
Killin' muthafuckaz, Leave 'em dead with the alley cats  
You feel brave digga, Grave nigga, That's where you  
goin' fagat  
Your bodies bein' smothered with magats  
Pump nigga shouldn't act up, Don't even floss ruff  
I'll beat you till you black as a cocoa puff  
Muthafucka I'm as real as they come  
Buckin' muthafuckaz is a game we play for fun  
Gettin' wreck wit a tech, Shakin' niggaz knecks  
Blood drippin' so bad from a cold kneck  
What you figure when you livin' by the trigger  
That's how it is when your fuckin' wit a Street Nigga

Hook: Pete Rock and DJ Premier

Do or Die Nigga, Do or Die  
Do or Die Nigga, Do or Die  
Do or Die Nigga, Do or Die  
Do or Die Nigga, Do or Die  
(Repeat)

Verse 2: Tommy Guest

I'm a street nigga, You wanna know why  
Cause I could give a fuck whether you or me die  
Bitch ass niggaz better back up wit da quickness  
Play me the wrong way, I'll kill you like a sickness  
Street Nigga to the baddest, My pants is saggin'

I'm down to catch a midnight Dragon  
Jus coolin' on the block so my glock'll pop  
More niggaz in the head, Even fuckin' \*cops\*  
I got soldiers, .45 pistol holders  
Stick up kids, and some doin' state biz  
But fuck that, back to the subject  
34th street, The whole fuckin' YGz  
Get fast doe, Fuckin' wit mud hoes  
Damn the Principle of my school, And his honor roles  
I'ma street kid, So I got street smarts  
Gettin' my A's and B's while troopin' on the sidewalk

Hook

Verse 3: Kenny Austin

Seperated on one side, So we can just smoke each  
other  
Fuck a brother love for one another  
I gotta survive, Playin' the street game  
Splatter some fuckin' brains, And sellin' some cocaine  
A savage rate, Indeed harsh  
Hustle to get far, The devil got our minds all brain  
washed  
So for Bates, Listen to the crackers and turf snakes  
And all there are is coffee and cupcakes  
He's no longer a street nigga, But a confined nigga  
Sittin' in a cell doin' time nigga  
Rich fucks don't realize, Packed and civilized  
I'd love to see the tears in Trump's eyes  
When his mother was mugged, Shit was bugged  
And he thought it would be me speakin' to the judge  
But he was wrong it was one of his own kind  
A street nigga ain't hard to find

Hook

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