

# Street Kings

## The Game

Fuck it, yo, who the best MC on the west?  
By far it's me and in my car is a continental tea  
And my broad in that continental suite  
With the armadillo rollin' up dutches like that motherfuckers

Beef with the kid, click clack, motherfuckers  
Let them bullets burn your six pack, motherfuckers  
Get jacked, motherfucker, when you come to Compton  
Get a mack, motherfucker, when you come to Compton

I walk through Times Square holdin' my Johnson  
A cross style Jada make a run threw Yonkers  
I got D-blocks like the locks and these glocks like to pop  
And nigga I like your watch, so roll over, you can die with the jury

First nigga, take the stand to testify he gonna die with the jury  
And I might kidnap the judge or send a team  
To lean on the prosecutors so the DA budge  
I got niggas that'll ride for a grand

So handover my rock like Earl Manson  
You can die where you stand  
You got his back you can die with your man  
I'll let you jog for about 30 seconds then you gunned down

You know this GL shit we got G's on the line  
Or G's on the squad, all week on the grind  
And if you doubt that step up, 'cuz we ain't hard to find  
Street kings in our prime you want us then come and try us

You know this GL shit we got G's on the line  
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Street kings in our prime, you want us then come and try us

I'm a take it to the next, take it to a motherfuckin' neck  
Pull up on a nigga holdin' triggers and techs  
We droppin' square beads, you easy to read  
This is the end of the road for whole ass MC's

Smoke grass by the pound, glock holds 17 rounds  
And the flow'll knock any nigga down  
Rap you like a burrito come threw and kill you and your people  
Said them that I shitted on you nigga like I was a flock of seagulls

Infrared beam like a traffic jam at night  
Handle any man in sight with his hands upon a mic  
Wanna light, I got the torch, California up north  
For any nigga puttin' flamed on a Porches and never drive on

Bitch, you're gonna die on  
San Quinton for and five catch a live one  
Bust shots at the clouds, so we can shine some  
Get up off your ass and nigga and grind some

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Flash fuckers on the tip of the gat  
You can put on flat but I'll kill that, I'll open you up like a mat  
Even if you heard at I squirted and murdered a man  
And these new school nigga talk like we heard of them plans

Seventy-two times 36 millimeters in your mini van  
Gettin' off on you nigga and your mini-mans  
Only thing runnin' is blood nigga so we gettin' grand  
So we will bust your head, nigga, straight through your hand

Or get off in yo ass nigga like Jackie Chan  
And when it's all said and done it's a one will stand  
Gunnin' this motorbike, feelin' this power man  
A 185 miles per hour, man, I stay co-relatin' with the Taliban  
I show up, show up, show up, show up

Niggaz talk about money, they forgot the struggle  
Playas paint a perfect picture, they forgot the hustle  
Pieces of a puzzle, guzzlin' pints, watchin' the moonlight  
Turn to sunlight, street more gun fights, penitentiary kites

Seen a man turn to mice than mice turn to man  
See my nigga take the stand turn my other mans hand  
Got me nauseous in my abdomen, got me servin' grams again  
Grams rapped in rubber bands, 22's on them rubbers bands

Slow rollin, 'dro blowin', I'm gettin' rich you see my fro growin'  
Ho's knowin' I pimp them to the fullest, respect a gangsta  
You can shoot but I eat bullets, I shit missiles  
And my eyeballs look like crystals, my shits official  
It's more humaro Merofrista

Yo, yo, it's Luke and everything I sit on fat  
Niggaz be like oh shit, how a nigga shit on that?  
You wanna see me shit on and grit on tracks  
Glock with the red paint, puttin' it on hat  
Talk about the real thing not the 760

The reason that they took the fair team to get me  
You don't want it with my dogs, you got teeni guys  
I mean itsy bitsy little bitty weeni guys  
I done seen them guys bought as big as my gats  
And they ain't even got enough strength to squeeze on that

You want real hard core shit I be's on that  
Cop the XLT you put threes on that, put cheese on hats  
When luchu seeks squeeze on gats we even leave these on flat  
G's messin' low they got g's on that and have  
How your momma outside screamin' "Please don't clap"

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