

# The Streets

WC

Yea, turn the music up a little bit  
Yea, a little bit louder, right there  
In the name of the streets Click, click, boo ya, Dub kicked the frame in  
Nigga, let the games begin, as I standin'  
Tossed the tall can on a campus, off the limit  
Scanners takin' penitentiary chances Sick wit it, off the ric wit it  
Blue beanie knitted, freshly acquitted  
Grind, grimey, the big body an' the big body  
Wit lyrics an' 'draulics hotter than the Majave Sellin', brubble bellin', career felon  
Escalade, 3 braid beer wearin'  
Fuck it, I thug for free an' thug to eat  
Niggas call me 'Home of Cake' 'cause I love the cheese  
Gangstas, hustlas, pimps, if ya follow me  
Let me see ya put them hands up like a robbery  
I solemnly swear to stay down an' slang the seed  
I spit in the name of the streets I'm gonna roll, I'm gon' stay fly  
I'm gonna bust, hold my hood up high  
In the name of the streets  
I'm gonna roll, I'm gon' rich ride  
I'm gonna ball, hold my hood up high  
In the name of the streets This the itty bitty nigga, from the city they call LB  
What you know about the D O G?  
I keep my peeps wit a bag o' treats  
On the streets, my nephews beat your beat an' keep that heat In the Cutt an' indiscrete  
Me an' Dub-C cripin' cousins in this industry  
A lotta' y'all pretend to be  
Wanna see, friends wit me an' then sleep wit the enemy?  
Want some, get some, bad enough, take some  
Suckas poppin' off, I'm 'bout to take one  
Braids on, make done, don't want none  
An' just 'cause we talkin', what you doin' C walkin'? It's not just a dance, it's a way o' livin'  
Now if ya C walkin', ya best to see Crippin'  
An' that goes for kids too an' R an' B singers  
Nigga, quit Crip walkin' if ya ain't a gang banger I'm gonna roll, I'm gon' stay fly  
I'm gonna bust, hold my hood up high  
In the name of the streets  
I'm gonna roll, I'm gon' rich ride  
I'm gonna ball, hold my hood up high  
In the name of the streets I told a woman I don't love her but she wants to go  
I told another that I want her but she wants to hoe  
I ain't a hater, I'm a player, so I fucked 'em both  
In the name of the streets This is for them geniuz

Da best is my East niazz, both sides street niazz  
This is for them DJs, coast to coast movin' this  
Spinnin' them turntables that bump the RuvianSmashous, best trap us for cash  
An' dump a blunt at ya's, outta the mix classes  
This is for them riders, ridin' for the mims  
Ghetto ass niazz on them big shiny rimsThrashin', you're back at ya, bring a debassa'  
Got droppin' on your drastic, another hood classic  
Dub the 'Ghetto Heisman' singin' 'More cabbage'  
A street niazz livin' on seek an' kill statusUnlock the racked, Def Jam cock ya' back  
Recess is over, I want my spot back  
Who's the next? I preceded to blow comin' at 'em  
I'm in a mink coat an' Spacey gat 'em, you're lookin' at 'emI'm gonna roll, I'm gon' stay fly  
I'm gonna bust, hold my hood up high  
In the name of the streets  
I'm gonna roll, I'm gon' rich ride  
I'm gonna ball, hold my hood up high  
In the name of the streetsDub C, The 'Ghetto Heisman'  
In the name of the streets  
Swangin' through a hood near you  
In the name of the streets

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>