

The Other Day Ago (feat. Spice 1 & Celly Cel)

E-40

Ugh, street nigga man (steet nigga)
Street nigga man
You a street nigga bra
Street nigga man (steet nigga)
HelloStreet nigga, all my life i've been thuging heavily influenced by niggas that ain't got nothin
And these hoes don't want no squares
They want a nigga that's hustlin
Even though squares be having
Just as much paper than niggas husslin
But it's me she loving cause i'm hecka known
And i'll hella famous on my soil
You kind find me around my mama's house with a bottle of Crown Royal
With my car parked in the grass
Smokin a cross blunt light it up on 3 ends and it burns down to one
Nigga-rich everybody know my name
Yeah I'm havin a little bit a change
Known for serving blow see more snow than the X-Games
Trained to go, dreads braided like Lil Wayne
Keep a hammer in my Fruit of the Looms or should I say Hanes
I'm a street outta here street nigga
These hoes love me but I ain't a sweet nigga
I'm a street nigga neva been a weak nigga
Solid as they come I'm concrete nigga
I'm a street nigga I'm a street nigga
Bring it to ya front door when i beef with you
I'm a street nigga I'm a street nigga
If you ain't out here in these streets i can't eat with yaWhen me and the dope game first walked
down the aisle
One thing I vowed to do was to keep Ann Hill bail-spot and my lawyer on speed dial
Some these police be trigga happy light you up like a lamp
Just like they did with DJ Henry and Oscar Grant
I fucks with elegant broads and i fucks with tramps
Video vixens and hood hoes from different camps
Went from seed to a weed plant to a elbow
Kid on my way back from the little sto'
They seeing hot issue, hypodermic needles between they toes
Functional coke fiends keep a job and powder they nose
Selling chicken and turkey wings, quarters, halves and wholes
Plotting on jewelry, hanging out at the rap shows
I'm try'nna make more money on an accident than a lot of y'all do on purpose
Your squad is a couple of clowns short of a circus
My squad we golden and polished just like a turkish robe

30 odd 6 with kaleidoscope vision precision no competition
Fuck with OGs and those youngsters that don't listen
Position them keys and I'm droppin em intermission
Go any soil i want any hood don't need permission
Street nigga not a rap nigga this is the soundtrack of my life
Hood figure not a bitch nigga a fixture roll the dice
Trunk full a kid niggas in my whip and Harley bikes
Play a fixture for false and my folks will cut off ya lights

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>