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The Game f/ Techniec ''G-Unit Crip''

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[The Game]

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Aye 50, get them niggaz some iced out badges to go with them used cars you bought 'em nigga I am the West Coast nigga, and ain't shit that can change that, hahahaha

[Chorus - The Game] Here come the G-Unit Crips, call the cops Here come the G-Unit Crips, call the cops Here come the G-Unit Crips, call the cops Nigga's runnin with a motherfuckin snitch so its g-g-gunot Here come the G-Unit Crips, call the cops Here come the G-Unit Crips, call the cops Here come the G-Unit Crips, call the cops Nigga's runnin with a motherfuckin snitch so its g-g-gunot You niggaz ain't crips, you niggaz ain't bloods You just little G-Unit run around thugs You niggaz ain't crips, you niggaz ain't bloods You just little G-Unit run around thugs [Verse 1 - The Game] Yeah nigga I'm loco but not like loco Red rag in my pocket, got gangbanging in the chokehold Red spokes on my low low, oh no Nigga call the po po, Game got a fo fo Guns by the boatload, niggaz rappin so so Def like Jermaine, talking bout they gangbang Whats a West Coast nigga from a East Coast gang A free 300 C, and a G-Unit chain Now he running with the po po, nigga even BO know

50 starts singing like KC and JoJo

Catch me slippin nigga I hope so

You wanna go to war, we can do it on both coasts

What's up cuz, what's up blood What's up cuz, what's up wankstas What's up cuz, what's up blood What's up cuz, what's up wankstas [Chorus]

[Verse 1 - Techniec] We loadin up clips, handin out slugs Out the 645 sittin on dubs With some real crips, and some real bloods I ain't with the bullshit, nigga easy up I ain't with the bullshit, nigga easy up High in the air, got the wrist freeze up Same nigga that don't bang But you could back ya ass up nigga, cause the 5th gon flame While you at it, move ya eyes off my wall street chain They say we movin like an organized street gang All hues of blue, all shades of flame New west coast we doin the damn thang This year we make power moves With O.G.'s that been home, niggaz still bathe in their shower shoes Grown full, I never move how a coward move Never heard of defeat bitch, I don't know how to lose Thought it would end, but it seems we ain't done Boy wagin war on the coast he ain't from Tryin to pit niggaz against us, cancel Christmas It'll be a lot of sense ????

(Chorus - The Game)

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[Verse 3 - The Game] See Game in the streets, see Game with his chain hangin Hood tatted on his neck, nigga I'm gangbangin Blood, this is Piru, nigga I told y'all *Menace to Society*, never met O-Dog Time for the roll call, homies come in handy Taeda and Row from Mafia, Big-Y from the Family

BIG T from Grape Street, 60's that's Titta-Rock Mob got Tammy-Ru, Face run Cedar Block Don't fuck with me homies, I know Jova from T-Flats Downa from the 18th Streets let the heat clap Tre-D from Insane, Bg Woody from Nutty Block Main Streets got Dell-Dogg, Wood, and Stutter Box Got this motherfucker locked, try to move how I do Might run into Wacko from West Side Piru K-Dog, and T-Money, Mansfield Thugs 2-Ts and Du-Dog from Bounty Hunter Bloods Magic from Avalon, Twin from Santana Bird from Hoover know for the Orange Bandana Rick James from Fruit Town, Bam in the Denver Lanes Big-T, East Coast Crip Gang Big Fish from 1-9, DUB C from 1-11 Big Sharp from Playboy, J-Box from 9-7 Candy Man from Swans, Steve from PJ Watts you call 'em G-Unit Crips, I call 'em cops

What's up cuz, what's up blood What's up cuz, what's up wankstas What's up cuz, what's up blood What's up cuz, what's up wankstas

[Chorus]

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