

## Asphyx

### "Shit Ain't Over"

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[GREEN EYES]

I'm wearin' my colors: red shirt, red Stars and red flags  
Throwin' up Inglewood  
As my bhakis sag  
Green Eyes the Y-G  
Gangsta thug  
And I fill your ass up with tramp 8 slugs  
On Bloods I gives a fuck about the Crab in the 9-4  
And fuck his moms, I smoke that hoe  
1-0-4 the hood that I grew up in  
Born in red and Blood all I be was red  
And I chose to be a Blood cause I'm a Dog  
A muthafuckin' rock waller  
Checkin' out Crab baller  
So now you know when you roll thru the '4  
I place a knife to your throat  
And blow your life outta window  
And your ass will never catch Green Eyes, please  
Captain save a Crab  
I smoke his ass, laugh  
And then I stab  
Back to Inglewood on Crabs I'm straight dumpin'  
Rest In Peace to A-Bay and Pumpkin'  
The shit ain't over and nigga that's for real  
And I gotta lotta more muthafuckin' Crabs to kill

[YANK]

It's the capital N, capital G, capital B, capital H  
Littlest C but the biggest K  
It's them niggas B khakin' G red steady slidin'  
Fuckin' major bitches in C-K ridin'  
Glidin' as we roll through the Projects  
Over 10 years in bitches so a nigga gets a gang of  
respect  
So respect the words  
From the niggas that's in red and black  
Two Five Line Hustlers straight gangsta macks  
I get popped from my niggas from the Ace to '4  
They'll be fucked - that been tryed to have a gang truce  
You better hope you have your four leaf clover  
Blood, the C-K ain't over

[LANIAK]

Hoo-ridin' on the Westside, a flame Yak again  
Ridin' with the homies killin' hoes and friends  
Plus a - flashback  
To the heart right connected that  
It's ride back to the 9 block you be  
You niggas don't realize I'm from the street  
Hit around the corner with the elementary  
With the homie from the 'hood  
So it's all good, we bickin'  
Got word  
From travel tickets fadin' bitches, killin' Ricketts street  
slippin'  
You jacked - oh, you're a snitch  
Because the bitch smoke crack and I got the next hit  
Extra clip 32 hollow points to the head  
Nigga smokin' joints, nigga smokin' Crab  
Flamed up in the cut, in the house full of lead  
With the strap in my hand  
Now my lap or in the stash  
You know how we do it  
On the West Side we prove it  
Hoo-ridin' I'm shootin'  
Hoo-dyin' not confused them  
Won't say no names of gang just fuck any Crab thang  
Is just - Cowards Run In Pack I bust a cap in their brain  
With the 9 Glock it don't stop, the 9  
Blood Y-G B-Dogs killin' Ricks' take the flees  
Crossin' out the C's

[LIL' HAWK & DOGG]

It's 4 o'clock on the dot now it's to swoop  
I hopped in the Boupe finna bust a WOOP WOOP!  
But no sooner as I hit C-K Century  
A car full of Crabs tryin' to get with me  
So I pulls my ride, straight to the side  
Since I'm strapped - I'm peelin' niggas' caps  
Punk fools caught the ?? that I stick a Deuce-Deuce  
Can't fuck wit' a Mac-10, bitch  
Handle your business, serve 'em proper  
Crabs can't fuck wit the Crenshaw Mafia  
I'm the Hawkster, nigga - how did you figure?  
Red Riding Hood, M and the L is killas niggas  
That's the muthafuckin' C-M-G's/D-L-B  
West Side Y-G's, and I'm out for a minute to the soldier  
And fuck all Crabs nigga, the shit ain't over  
Well it's me tha nigga Dogg finna take the fuck off  
With the Caddy red Coupe with the gold knock off  
I got the 4-5 Glock, Crab drop on the spot  
Cut-off bhakis with the red ?? socks

I finna take you Crab niggas to the old days  
When me ?? go fast and ?? bay  
As I daze your ass with this Damu shit  
I'm the hardest though, the C-K hardest

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