

Azucar Moreno

"Gangsta Shit"

Visit "[Gangsta Shit](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[BIG WY]

Yeah
That gangsta-ass shit
Y-G
Y muthafuckin' G's
WOOP! WOOP!
Let these niggas know man
That's right, nigga
Yo punk, what's up fool?
Lil' Dawg

[LIL' HAWK]

Now - I'm headed to the store, once again it's on
You call it Thunderbird I call that shit Jim Jones
I need a fifth
To start off my muthafuckin' day
I'm feeling good as fuck and I'm almost my way
Just C-K
These - punk-ass niggas this is C-M-G
Your number one Crab killas (that's right)
From the 4 to the Shaw even Century
On Figueroa we gotta sowed up
Rollin' with the D.O.B.
Fuck Crabs cause nigga I blast from the O.G. Inglewood
(to Denver and Nebraska)
And I ain't fuckin' with no bustas
Only them Damu Ridin' C.K'in' motherfuckers
And they ain't show no mercy when they hoo-ride
Leavin' no clues but a motherfuckin' homicide
Lil' Hawk Y-G quick to spree
And C-K you should've been a B-the-D-the-O-the-G'zee,
fool
Ahahaha...

[BRONCO]

Motherfuck' a handshake, hugs and a peace treaty
Cause I'll be damned if I'm caught slip 'n slidin' with my
fuckin' enemy
Now it's the time to leave the plan of the dot
Open your chest or your vest Slobs and see you later
bop

Paper this ass wax bangers the shit done hit the fan
locs
Squabble and shoot with any and all of you Snoop hoes
Nigga choose your muthafuckin' weapon
Brown this brass knuckles or the black Smith and
Wesson - I'm guessin'
That you would play the tough guy and think that you're
the shit
But I be comin' quick with hollow tips and extraclip
Fully and creep for the set trip cause I know this shit's
stompin'
Snatch your heart outta your chest
And we can watch you stop breathin'
Toe tag, body bags, homicides and hoo-ride
East Side Rip Ridaz it's ever Denver on mine
Fuck all Slobs Cuz, you die motherfucker

[BATMAN]

Six muthafuckas, 357 hollow point Magnum shells
Closed casket made this Crab mama yell
Pendleton, khakis, pig tails
And Stars on my feet
Me and Puff had to wreck
And my homie six ten his feet
I creep ??? specialty
Cause I'm a professional
Gangbang is gangsterism
I live my life in dangerous ways
I go days without eatin' I'm steady sippin' on Night
Train
C-K Rider killin' Crabs till I die
Gangsta Mr. Bat
Niggas wonder why why I put it down on a muthafuckin'
Crab nigga
East Side Swan Gangsta Back
Down to pull the trigga comin' through the alley with a
muthafuckin' A-K
Yeah, nigga - yellow tape
Fuck Crabs
Fuck Crabs fuck Crabs fuck Crabs!
Shots out to the Bloods and Pirus, what's up Blood?
Ninety Four - we out

[SIX PAC]

Crip or cry, Crip or cry, Crip, Crip, Crip or die
Snoops Rest In Peace, nigga you know why
Mobbin' down the 3rd, flamed up - like a fire truck
Face to face with death stuck shit outta luck
Nigga you just met a dark angel
You can say I walk my Satan cause I smoke a Slobs
handle

Kidnap a B-Dog then shoot him to the Franklin Squares
And let the homies take it for me
Nigga you like red so much
Now check this out
Time to a chin broke ass on his head and mouth
But if it's on then it's on stick a smash to him
And show the rest of his Slob homies how we do him
Fool I ain't playin' for this 9-4 season
East Side F.C.G. nigga you know the reason
Blue rag hangin' out the blue dickies
Mobbin' down the 3rd, got a Mausberg with me
It ain't no secret how I'm smokin' a Snoop
I take a trip to the 5th and give me a stick and let loose
shit
And now I figure like the king of the planet
You ain't Crippin', you slippin' about to meet my
automatic
Yeah nigga fuck all Slobs, this is F for death

[GREEN EYES]

Now it's a must that I bust on these Crabs quick
My muthafuckin' ??
Straight bustin' out of the station wagon, never
draggin'
I gots to kickin' in out
Down in a hole ??? and killin' every wearin' flue nap
What's next?
On my muthafuckin' menu I got to ?? some
muthafuckin' Crab
So put a fuckin' cap into
The hearse and stripes
Green Eyes ?? some mo'
And I bend I catch you slippin', bumpin', steady dippin'
on a '4
And let me show you fuckin' Crabs hollow I can get
I kill your whole family and your pregnant Crab bitch
about to get birth
To a baby Crab
Now that nigga shit outta luck
That's why I murder the lil' fuck
This Bangin' On Wax Deuce
Fuck a truce
Big Wy I'm high so pass the muthafuckin' gin and juice
While I slip the clip in it commence the set trippin'
And smoke all these muthafuckin' Crabs that I catch
slippin'
Yeah fuck the Crabs, I got to say what's up to the I-F-G
gang

[AWOL]

I went to church for years but I only learned one thang

goods
So you can't blame it on Jesus
Cause I said love for the neighborhood
I got a Cuzzin from Elm and one from the Mob
I put that on my daddy, I'm a killer niggas, fuck Slob
Where you from Loc you don't have to ask me
?? in my tag so my K-P it ain't shit
I served Snoops on Cherry Street
Asiatic central ?? where the Compton's meet fool
I gangbang, hoo-bang, war-bang
See my name struck up on the 91 freeway
So all Slobs better hide tonight
Hide tonight cause the K gang's hoo-ridin'
On my side - East Side - your side
Them Slobs from the other side get off for fight, right
You might run from a Kelly with heat
Cause the Slobs ain't dead got to rest in peace, nigga

Visit [Azucar Moreno](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.