

Azucar Moreno

"Set Trippin'"

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[BIG FREEZE]

Catch the beat for the Ace Duece Trey
Big Freeze is in effect for 94 and I'mma spray
Tec-9 hollow point tips on your Slob-ass killin snoops
In the street with me and he won't
Last a second, come to checkin' all you slobs with the
quickness
Dumpin' with the Tec you close you're eyes and try you
wish this
This was a dream and maybe one day you'll wake up
But you ran upon the wrong Franklin Crip and got
bucked
Right back in your muthafuckin' place
Big Freeze got the nine in your muthafuckin' face
And just to let you know I ain't no muthafuckin' ho
Hot feeling full of lead and leave your body on the floor
It's BK Crippin' all the time when I ride Nationwide
East Side Franklin Crippin' , so you Slobs better hide
And if you don't when I see you I'ma kill you
You can bet your bottom dollar fool I'll peel you

[BATMAN]

This ain't no poser but I be bang Crabs to pieces
Wonderful one to his head and deceased him
Point blank range it was strange the way it happened
East Side Swans pulled up and started cappin'
Crabs been runnin' and duckin' and try to get the fuck
away, but it's too late
Cause I popped hi'm with the H.K. pop
Miggety gun between the Crabs with me strap with me
Nine
Buck buck buck buck buck E-Ricket always die
Me kick the rasta shit hi'm make me mad I get with him
Me comin' from South Central ??? me say trick
Bickin it kickin it and stoppin it, pissin' and jackin' a
punkin' the Crab dude
Me love to smokin' chronic, drink O.E. and act a fool
Some Crab in me hood losin' life for ?? chip
Me happy to Glock and got and show 'em for no pity
Blood, me gangsta from me hood, me killin' never like
a slut

Or me can do the ?? because them snitch like a ??

[SIX PACC]

I got the feelin' there's anotha Slob killin' in my hood
Niggaz gettin' suited and booted up to no good
Shootin' up everything and Tec-9 bail ringin'
Showin' the punk-ass snoops how we gangbangin'
Psycho assassin I laugh when I stick 'em
Then I bury hi'm alive cause the fool wasn't Crippin'
I got a double barrel sawed-off, point it at the hostage
Had your mama ransom and still shock the bitch
You better ask somebody about Six Pacc
Original Gangsta well known to peel a cap
3 o' clock in the morning the "F" Gang creepin'
To see if we can catch another Slob slippin'
C-rag hangin' off the Gauge as I blast fool until you
know this is Crip
And you don't have to ask
Evil side never die, fool it's no mistery
Crabs runnin' the ocean I'm from the C

[GREEN EYES]

Now as I tight'n up my flags, my bhakis sag low
Banged up for Inglewood, yeah 104
'bout to pull a jack in my bucket, nigga Pumpkin
Saw the first rip, who slipped, put some' in his chest
Set trippin' I'mma bust on his ass quick
210 pounds lettin' of 50 rounds
Gunnin' 'em down for the homies that's B.I.P
It's called payback I stay strapped, I packs a Mac-1
Brazy like Rambo I'm lettin' of ammo with my 9, 16 shot
Fuck all these Crabs lies in the studio
Tryin' to act like they hard
But you done pushed me to my limit like a muthafuckin
credit card
??? fired up the motherfuckin' strap
Green eyes got something off his chest ready to be
expressed
Fuck all ya'll Crabs, ya'll niggaz ain't shit
And you will never catch Green Eyez mackin' to a Crab
bitch

[G-BONE]

Slob-ass niggaz C's up what that Crip like
Niggaz don't understand that I'm a C, a Crip 4 life
Slob-ass fools in my city nigga fear me
It's the A to the D.C. rip fuck the B
Atlantic Drive Crippin' is where I'm from
If you can tell
??? that Slob niggas know that they can't spell
Nigga this is Slob killa, I spell it out

For you S.L.O.B.K. I double L.A. Crip nigga
South Side Atlantic Drive makin' Slob panic
Dippin' in a G
With that muthafuckin' automatic strap out the window,
pop pop now it's on
A bitch made Slob nigga caught two in their dome
On the Crens with they burgundy pants caught slippin'
While I'm dippin' to the other side set trippin'
Crippin' to the fullest, fuck Slob nigga this is Crip
I kill a Slob nigga and I smoke a Slob bitch

[?]

Now bick back and relax as I kick the facts about you
Muthafuckin' scary-ass Crabs that just be Bangin On
Wax
True facts and not fiction
And if you wanna buy ?? gimme your money nigga
steady dippin'
You motherfuckin' right that's how the gangsta go and
do it
Sin Joke come to ?? you to stretch you, but that Ricket
blew it
Mark-ass Crabs droppin shit like a Sega
I called up G-Pops and told hI'm my nigga need the
Desert Eagle
Blood I think some shit finna jump
So tell Dogg to bring the nine millimeter and the pistol
grip pump
Yeah, that should handle this
A Bounty Hunter from Watts, so I'm forcin' niggas
scandelous
And I'm down for whatever
I got the extra long clip hangin' out my motherfuckin'
'Retta
Gettin' ready for a C.K
Here comes some ?? from that Ricket nigga with no
further delay

[TROLL LOC]

Load up the guns cause now you fuckin' with a killa
trigga cop
Bust some shots at you Slob-ass niggas talkin' shit
You's a bitch and I'll put that on my momma
If I catch you in these streets - I'ma leave your ass in
trauma
This shock well and don't bail on T.R.O. double L
Cause dead rag gettin' toe tagged from hot shells
Ride throught my hood in that motherfuckin' red
I put my gun to your head and leave you dead enough
said

[AWOL]

Now as I hear this on line if you really gon' blast
I got a flea on my dick, for puttin' in it their dogs ass
"Damn Blood that Ricket nigga was wild"
I call myself a dog say fuck hi'm doggystyle uh uh
Smooth sellin' on a gay-ass snoop
The main bitch at my house straight smokin' a loop
K.P. to the motherfuckin' H
Fuck all Slob this the muthafuckin' K

[DOGG & LI'L HAWK]

Gimme the strap goddamn so I can bust on this Crab
That bitch AWOL
Tryin' to bang with a ?shank?
Well, we'll rush you niggas on the count of 4
And all that Crab shit what is you bangin' for
Fuck talkin' with you niggas, fuck ?? with you niggas
Fuck rappin' with you niggas I don't believe you niggas
It don't stop, I slip in my clip and set trip
It's the Dogg and Hawksta, Weirdos and Mafias
Mafia/Weirdos it really don't matter
I grab my nine and make it rat-a-tat-tatter
Now we be rollin' in my muthafuckin' G- ride
It's me Lil' Hawk and the Dogg showin' these Crabs
what that "B" like
Weirdo gangsta's and the 10 and tha 4
Fuck all Crabs in the studio

Biiatch
Tricks in this basket
Busta-ass Crab-ass ??

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