

Azucar Moreno

"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' Rickets 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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