

Azucar Moreno

"Slob 187"

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[SCARFACE]

I woke up

One morning ran outside because I seen yellow tape

Another Slob lying down because he tried to escape

Another A-T-L-A-N-T-I-C B-D drive-by

As his mama, daddy screamin', cryin' ask me why

But they don't know that I don't give a fuck

I hope to meet wagon van man hurry up and clean this

Slob but

My mama told me stay away from the gang

But at the same time I keep my blue rag and my blue strings

I used to drag a Slob down the street, kick outta teeth

And bang his head against the concrete

And my neighbors ain't no muthafuckin' snitches

I jacked a Slob for his riches when I done in these ditches

You know last year a lotta Slobs made a mistake

They couldn't wait to join a gang so their lives to be take

By me - another down B-G

Scarface Atlantic Drive kind of Crip I can't stand R-E-D

But that's the main point in effects

So let me grab my gat - bust back

Cause this is Snoop attack

All Slobs should be dead by the 9-5

Cause in the muthafuckin' graves is where the Snoops lyin'

Y'all niggas keep the world a blue atmosphere

Two C's from Compton Crip Cuz and I'm outta here

[INCH]

Betta watch your back

This is Piru 187

Put a Slob on his back with the Mac-11

A Kelly with a gun won't run and hide

It's a nigga Crip Inch and comin' from the East Side

Watch these Slobs just run and duck

Cause I ain't givin' up nuthin' but bad luck

Gotta kill at will

So I pack my steel

Put a Slob on the ground and Cuz that's real
You might say that I'm too far gone
Mind lost and tossed
Of the age of the terrordome
Now I'm off to just makin' a brains hang
Runnin' the streets with the muthafuckin' K gang
One down but I still ain't hurt
Cause I'm killin' Slobs off from here to Gettesburg
The Mac-11 gon' pop pop pop
You get a hole in your head cause I just can't stop

[G-BONE]

Slobs can't getaway from this itchy trigga finger
Straight Slob killin' Cuz I'm a Crip
Fuck them niggas
Peel their caps cack with a muthafuckin' Tec-9
Slob-ass niggas better muthafuckin' recognize
This is the Slob killa A-D double C
Flee dog B-Dog
Kill a Cuz I'm a L-O-C
Sendin' Slob niggas on the stairway to hell
I can't inhale cause I can't stand that dead lobster
smell
So chunk that nigga in a dizitch
All Slob killa and that includes a Snoop
Bitch I always set the Crip up
And won't give a fuck
That's why I stick the Cripalettes cause I cock this bomb
as fuck
But you know you gotta watch their punk-ass ho's too
Cause some Cripalette got love for die-'Rus
A hoe ain't shit
Sure 'nuff by a Slob bitch
Cause they would fuck a Slob
And come suck a Crip dick
I can't trust the hoe well, I don't fuck with Slobs
I'm a Locsta and fuck all oo-lah
This is a muthafuckin' C-R-I-P
Ain't no love for an S-L-O-B

[AWOL]

I'm givin' up the K to some Slobs and all ??
Slobs wanna trip, Slob nigga bring it on
Shot a Slob's dome with this 30 ?? 6
Infra-red scope with the 30 round clip
A Compton Crip
Bad man, don't step too close
Cause you's a Slob-ass ex Crip nigga from East Coast
That nigga Dog better watch his dome
My dick still in his mouth so my nigga it's on
You ain't a dog, you's a M-U-T

On the nuts of a Compton B-G
Fuck Bangin' On Wax and fuck that True Blue tape
Fuck everybody hood if they dissin' the K
C, I get it strap and I'm ready for a 211
Catch a Slob and it's Slob 187

[TROLL]

S-N-O-O-P to the K
Make way when I spray Slobs just ain't safe
Cause it's on with them muthafuckin' off-brand niggas
servin' 'Rus like
Dinner with this itchy trigga finger
Puttin' brains to the side walk to end all talk
Bitch Slobs get choked when they slip and get caught
Fuck all die-'Rus and the families have made 'em
Let 'em all claimin' Snoops and now can't shit save 'em
When the set trip is on Slobs cover your dome
I catch a cap to the hat when I'm gettin' the chrome
Lettin' off in your muthafuckin' hood dead rags better
duck
Cause a Kelly is up to no good
See you wearing your colors and watch Troll unload
And leave you dead shirt camouflage to 16 holes
Glock 9 causin' doom like that muthafuckin'
Armageddon
When I step in Slob's turf
Bitch when they see my weapon
To the head cause there ain't no love
Ask you: where you from? and blast if your ass say
Blood
Cause it's a straight Compton Crip
Teachin' new lives left
Fuck all y'all
I'm claimin' Slob 187

[RIDER J]

Fuck a Slob, fuck a 'Ru
And anybody else too
See Cuz I gotta do for me
Makin' dollars, cluckin' ends for my A-D-C
A 'Ru or a Snoop ain't hard to do away
Grab my 9 if you miss to straight spray niggas
And it's Slob killa
You can't come kickin' in my hood muthafucka cause I
peel ya
I'm rollin' through your hood with much Crip
Disrespect
Blue'd up on Atlantic and it's time to set
Settle
The muthafuckin' score
Tec-9 bullets muthafuckas now open up the door

And to you Slob muthafuckas that don't know me
Fuck your sets and your dead homies
A-D-C up niggas!

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