

Azucar Moreno

"Slobs Keep on Slippin'"

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[SIX PAC]

Now here I come with that B.K. four seven guns sit ??
right to me
Step with a Mac-11 rollin' too wise
'bout Tec-9's and double up buckshots
Type of shit that's real known for killin' a cop
Now what's the flex the F flag, true rag?
THE BLUE RAG!
Lookin' at the news
ANOTHER SLOB IN A BODY BAG
Crippin' like I crept in the cut
By caught - slippin'
Now he six feet deep
And a nigga with him
Fool it's Crip for life I thought you knew
I guess by night you know my heart pump blue
Now as I dip from the Duece to the Ace on the Evil Side
Niggas with them F's in the end chin Crip or Die
Ain't no escapin' when you enter the Franklin Square
You call it help fool we'll call it true or dare
So remember my name and my motherfuckin' face
I throw a raid on your house like Darryl Gates

Slobs keep on slippin'
Slobs keep on slippin'

[AWOL & TROUBLE LOC]

Awol got a down Crip bitch
Trouble Loc
Down for the Crip shit
I caught a few Slobs so I think it's enough
If you my bitch come and fuck these Slobs up
I only stay K's up
Cause my nigga's from the K
But this is West/Side motherfuckin' P.B.H.
Killin' Slob-ass bitches and crackers
Quick to kill Crip if that Crab try to jack us
Fuck the world
All niggas gotta watch their back
Cause nine times outta ten
I'm peelin' these niggas caps

Gotta strap cause I feel like slain
On the East/Side
M.S.B.K. fool
The 47 ain't just givin' it up
Fuck the Slob I'm a motherfuckin' Compton nut
Straight East/Side Kelly Park Crippin'
We stay set trippin'
On them Slobs that's slippin'

Slobs keep on slippin'
Slobs keep on slippin'

[TROLL]

Undercover Slob ain't shit, that's on Crip
I can't stand them, I line 'em up, back to back
And I'ma cap them at random
Lettin' the world C known, gettin' know for your hoe
Actin' like you a Snoop but runnin' high when in zone
You'se a bitch and that's real, you can feel me?
Diru's talk shit but can't get with it or killed it
Motherfuckin' Loc
You knows I packs a 44 so step
When I bail through your Slob-ass hood, brought a
nigga and doin' dirt
So I makes it my job to flag my rag
And pack a strap so I can kill a Slob
Cuz they should've told ya
About the young Trollster
Quick to start shit, run up bitch and I'ma smoke ya
Fuck ya, it's on and I'm reachin' for my chrome
Blowin' ?? and ?? with lead at your motherfuckin' dome
Kelly Crippin' always shippin' when I'm dippin'
Fingers itchy as fuck and catch this Slob slippin'

Slobs keep on slippin'
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[K-TONE]

You hard, you hang but you change
When you see the 44 chrome on your face, you don't
bang, nigga
You flag and sag like it's all good
You lil' bitch you only bang in your own hood
You see
Without a pause I'm willin' to die for the cause
Nuthin' to see this scar when I buck
Just watch this Slob fall
He shakin', he fakin', breakin' cause the job ain't done
Now I'm wanted for a murder and I hit-and-run
As I'm runnin'
I take a sip of the bottle

My name's K-Tone and fuck the world is the motto
As I'm tossin' my rag, they can't stand it
Because they comin' up short
In the land of the bandit
So fuck a ?? from the fame of the video
We can handle 'em when we get up out the studio
I got the gat cocked when I'm dippin'
Because I'm straight Crippin'
So you Slobs keep on...

Slobs keep on slippin'
Slobs keep on slippin'

[BIG FREEZE & BRONCO]

Let us up outta here, loadin', make the block on these
bustas
Goin' on out of my hood, it's all good, motherfucker
From the Gardens to the Courts through the Village
pass the Down
Set trip if you want to but you can't fuck with the Fudge
Town
Reppin' or scrappin' or ratta-tat-tattin'
Provoke you to smoke you, show you hoes what's
happenin'
My life style 'cause it's just gang related activity
Beanie, khaki suit, All Stars and a loaded .9 milli
If you caught in the zone a new ass hole is what I'm
tear'in ya
Hope you got insurance cause your people finna bury
ya
Bring the strap let the gats crack
I caught another Slob in the hood I'm a loc so I did that
A tiger shark in the dark, creep up the cut then I spray
I'm on that ass when you dash I chase you down with
the 'K
Cause he pisses me off when this Crip catches you ?
slippin?
Tryin' to play this game ??? playin' killers and hustlers
Leave this shit to these G's and leave this shit to us
Locs
Cause if I catch you punkin' and gamble you for sure
you get smoked
I got my .9 both cocked and my finger on the trigger
So all y'all Slob-ass bustas leave this shit to these real
niggas
See I'm the dust kicker, the set tripper
Ain't no one is tellin' fuck Slobs nigga
This is anybody killer

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