

Bleach

"C's in the Air"

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Muthafucka bring it on
Muthafucka bring it on
Mutha-Mutha-Muthafucka bring it on
Mutha-Muthafucka bring it on

[TWIN LOC]

Loc'd out in the brain from that muthafuckin' A gang
I bang with the down and remain for that money man
Blast me a slug pull the trigger blow his brains out
A tisket a tasket closed casket is what I'm talkin about
To blast a Slob leave him wealin' in a wheelchair
I really don't give a fuck
I really don't fuck or care
It's the Crip in me
I take Slobs like cats
Givin' up Avalon beat them down with bats
Check my tats on my backarms forearms and neck
40 A.G.C. is what you get
It's the shit
I bust on Slobs on the regular
Fuck penicillin 'cause they need to get rid of that
Period collar busta I put that on the land
My homies beat down your homies with they barehead
A.G.C. enemies catch the blues
And I wouldn't wanna walk in no Slob shoes

[chorus]

East/Side Avalon niggas simply don't care
So if your ass straight crippin throw them C's in the air
If you really wanna ride on that gangsta tip
Recognize that it's Avalon Crip

[TWIN LOC]

Chitty-chitty-gangbang Avalon Crip Gang
Do this to the fullest 'cause I do this shit everyday
To spray this slug quick in a hurry
Pop-Pop to your dome now your mama gots to bury
Another bitch-ass Slob
That's what I'm singin'
Let me catch one of you bitch-ass niggas I'm straight
sprayin'

Stayin down A's up to my homies
Especially to my niggas Trouble Syke and Sneaky Tony
And to all my soldiers in the muthafuckin' system
Ain't havin no bitch-ass Slob tryin' to dis them
We in it to win it loc'd out Crips roll and when I die
"I rolled Crippin'" graved in my tombstone
Realize a real loc'd out fuckin ride
With real gangsta lyrics stickin' like a screwdriver, I
provide a
Strap for my homies if you willin for a Slob massacre
Another Avalon killer Cuzz

[chorus]

East/Side Avalon niggas simply don't care
So if your ass straight cripin throw them C's in the air
If you really wanna ride on that gangsta tip
Recognize that it's Avalon Crip
East/Side Avalon niggas simply don't care
So if your ass straight cripin throw them C's in the air
If you really wanna ride on that gangsta tip
Recognize that it's Avalon Crip

[TWIN LOC]

Shot outs to my riders from the muthafuckin A
1-16, 88, 45, Trey
G.A., G-Mike, Skill Bill and that's real
And my nigga K-Fly just love to kill
Jeff O., Scrappa, Joe Cool, Boo and Cisco
And I can't forget about Snoop
And Baby Nose and Big Seeker
Givin' it up for the 88 streets
Forgot a gang of muthafuckin homies
But that's A-ight
still throw my A way in the air cause I just don't care
For the C-mix, the G-mix, ?G-sallad?
Got to get the hood tatted on my belly
Mobbin thru the hood on the quest for chips
Stayin heated cause I'm heated just in case you trip
Crip

[TWIN LOC]

And we comin at your muthafuckin' ass
Yeah y'all thought we fell off
We comin' at you bitch-ass nigga
Cause I'm a G
But not like Warren
With them wack-ass beats and tracks that's bored
You know what I'm sayin'
For all you muthafuckas out there dissin
We gon' keep rollin
Dangerous in this bitch

For the C-mix
Throw your A's up

Muthafucka bring it on
Muthafucka bring it on
Muthafucka bring it on
Muthafucka bring it on
Bring it on
Bring it on
Bring it on
Muthafucka
Bring-bring-bring-bring-bring it on
Muthafucka bring it on
Bring-bring it on
Muthafucka bring it on
Bring it on
Muthafucka
Muthafucka
Muthafucka
Mutha-Mutha-Muthafucka bring it on
Muthafucka bring it on
Mutha-Muthafucca bring it on

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