

Bleach

"Payin' Dues"

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[BIG FREEZE]

Nationwide Rip Ridaz swervin' on all gold D's
The gang is Watts Franklin Crip
The name is Big Daddy Freeze, a loc down
Dirty loc - always out - for the come-up
Bitches ?? with team but they too scared to run up
Now look at me than look at you and tell me what would
you do
With 16 rounds of hollow points comin' at you
Cause I ain't with
That fussin' or discussion
Nuthin' I'd just rather grab the .9 and start bustin'
Cause Locs put in work
Slobs you'd plug to the dirt
Disrespect the Crip and your ass got to get hurt
I'm livin' life in the fast lane
Swervin' on gold Dan's
Bangin' with the Eastside Watts Franklin Square Crip
gang
Smokin' in-do and drinkin' Hennessy
But know I'm back
On the strip for tryin' to serve my bid but One
Times got hot
Due to the neighborhoods snitches
Who just couldn't stand to see a Crip stack his riches
So just like cause they go to tittle-tattle
Now I'm in a jail cell
With a hundred thousand dollar bill
Oh hell, the bigger homies can't help me G
I dummied up press my luck
Now I'm stucked in the County

I'm steady payin' the devil his dues, represent trues
Leavin' fools with brews it's from the state boots
I'm steady payin' the devil his dues, represent trues
Leavin' fools with brews it's from the state boots

[MACK 11]

How can I ease the pain?
They got me waitin' on, they can't fight case off the
case

Try to take me out the gang
All right is in the court let me hear y'all lies
I'm afraid of God that you dirty motherfuckers get
chest ??
They're judging my past and not my future
When give me no reason and show no mercy when I do
it
It ain't over you presidents motherfuckers just begin it
I gotta defend it but ??? so I be gone till november, now
remember
Young ridaz standin' tall like a trophy
Fuck photographs it means you motherfuckers don't
know me
Not slowly
Walk to me to my hold in tank
Shuckled down to the ground cause they know I bank
one
The Eastside Nationwide Rip Ride locster
Mac-11 keepin' one in the chamber
Gang banger
Pistol slinger
Puttin' fools in they caskets
Let niggas have it the crazy-ass bastard

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[KEYSTONE]

My momma told me in tears stay out the street life
But this is Watts Eastside Ridaz ain't nuthin' nice
Comin' up young
I took a life into my bigga G's
And to my brothers cause I be younger so it's code 3
Puttin' in work
For the turf
Ready to kill since 1985 and hard times got real thick
Moms and pops never knew a nigga was bangin'
khakied up
Chucked up
And dollars joint slangin' uh
I'm givin' a fuck about the One-Times
All on my mind is makin' ends up and savin' all my
nickels and all my dimes
I'm steadily tryin' to stack my cash right
Up all night
Sellin' 'avi and livin' lavishly in the street life
But know my brothers movin mouth and mash
So expected playa flossin in a Thunderbird S.E.
I'm locked down but I'm tired of this bullshit

But when I cock down I gotta get it better than this

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[DUV MAC]

To Crip
Or not to Crip
Is the question
Who's testin?
I packs it like Smiff-n-Wesson
The hood done took sure me
Everybody crazy packin' 380s
Pullin' drive-bys on miss daisy
Hoodratz havin' babies
Daily, crime pays me
Plus I got a gang of homies pushin up dazzies
The streets made me
When I die
They gon' take me
Over straight soldier wanna hold the four leaf clover
Don't know ?? you lucky robber your scrill like Al Pacino
It's the life of a young baby loc
Out on his own
In the danger zone to roam
Cause wasn't no daddy home in this world
That's to destroy in a burnin' zone

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