

Bloods & Crips "Crip 4 Life"

Visit "[Crip 4 Life](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

* send corrections to the typist

[SIX PAC]

Well now I'm creepin' on your ass like a motherfuckin'
frogman

Six Pac's the maniac from Franklin

Uzi, A-K, Tec-9 millimeter

Blastin' out the sunroof, drunk on Margarita

Slobs ain't shit, we're gorgeous, ready for the raid

Let 'em on pull up and watch me spray

The F is for death and when I take that first

They fuck with 1-0-3

You know ain't no more Snoops left

Shit, it's an everyday thang and we gangbang

Watts Franklin Square Crip no one can't hang fool

You get your motherfuckin' cap peeled

Ain't no joke and I'm smokin' all Slobs that stinks

You thought ya - slow me down when you put me in the
wheel chair

But that's OK cause I still claimin' Squares

Three Crips and a bomb with the F-M is on

Cixx Pac, Big Freeze and my nigga young Keystone

[SCARFACE]

G-Bone pass the Glock cause this Slob is set trippin'

In my party while we crippin'

You know this nigga slippin'

Tell all the Cripalette to get into the ??

You gon' tear it get this motherfucker and trap Slobs in

I can't stand a nigga wearin' red shit, dead shit

Cause then I gotta grab my gun and shoot him in the head and shit

Because I'm livin' in a blue pearl, blue world

It ain't no bitch pussy better than a Crip girl

Cause Slob niggas listen up, pay attention, I'm Scarface from Atlantic

In case I didn't mention, the crazy Lil' Hawk

Just wanna make a bitch and got a gun to the Slob head

Playin' Russian roulette, so bet

Now check but do it for your set

If you down with the Slob killer Cuz

You say what the hell

Off-brandies really can't stand - me

So I'm surroundin' about the Crips in Compton ?? this

I kick kack I see cool in the cut

I catch the Slob I'ma shoot his ass and his nuts

Y'all niggas want problems come to my place

And just remember the name: Atlantic's Scarface

[BIG FREEZE]

Sort of like a dump truck

But I don't dump no dirt

I'm dump the funk you shoot my trunk to put you Slobs
to work

You Snoop niggas just tryin' to dis to count you up in
the street

You couldn't fade me, yo I'm crazy if you caught me in
my sleeping then

Daze me and amaze me that you're Rip for tryin' to Crip
the 44 in your face

And have you pushin' up daisies

When push comin' short I get psycho

So when you fuckin' with the Locs you got to deal with
the pistol

The nick name: Freeze

I represent: Watts

And if I catch you slippin' best believe what you get got

It's some of this lead when I catch you on chin

Over than a green as I bank once again

And when you're knees buckle pump

Nigga you be seen it starts I'm layin' in the cut to fuck
you up

Like the red card

Check this out, I'm Franklin Crip - ride

You see me every - night

If you got beef with me well nigga you know we can fire
up

I got my Locs who serve 'em Snoops with a fat sack

I keep the pistol in my pocket cause I watch my own
damn back

When I ??? him

It's Freeze so you won't be fade him

The top to get the drop and where I stay

It's the stadium

Nuthin' beats the feelin of your grill when I'm stealin'

They don't believe I'm crazy so I guess I got to kill you

Push from the shoulder I get wicked

I'm at the top of the crack

Finna kick you with the Crip, yes

Slob motherfuckers get stole on inner face

Get with them one of this

This Unabomber I caught you in the way

Hey you should I told you 'bout Locs like me

America's sarcastic belegerent and skip if

You got a bullet proof

?? and I keep the plan see

We raise up the ghetto

A menace to society

[G-BONE]

Cuz I gotta grab the strap, pull the trigger and blast

This Snoop's in my hood and I don't give a fuckin' past

So we got to get gaffle, scuffle and buck it up

Slob slippin' on this side straight get shut the fuck up

This is B-K to the motherfuckin' heart

I'm from Atlantic Drive but got love for Kelly Park

Cause we put in work and take this Slob out without a doubt

Pop pop, biggety bang Cuz, duck, run and hide out

Cover up, duck and run - but don't slip

Cause I'm precised when it come to empty clips

Click - Tec 9 throw that ass up

Down on their ground Slobs shut the fuck up

He lost his life cause he was slippin', flossin' and frontin'

The S on his chest like he was Super Slob or somethin'

S-L-O-B K-I double L-A

That Slob is dead so he can't come to retaliate

Fuck them Slob niggas let 'em come cack and trip

I got a Tec 9 with 2-30 round clips

On safe thinkin' Slob niggas hate me

Cause I see dumpin' on his ass diggety daily

Buck them Slob niggas

Fuck them 'Brand niggas

Fuck them Snoops niggas and them Die-'Ru niggas

This is the motherfuckin' A-D double C

B-Dog killer Cuz, you should've been a L-O-C

[TROLL]

Die-'Rus better shake the spot when I'm high

Got a 17 shot

With infra-blue in a Glock

In a drop top deuce, gettin' loose on you Snoop fools

But it ain't no rules in this game givin' Slobs blue

Killin' up shit for the Crips on the East Side

Fuck a B-Side, cause C-Side is where the two C's Ride

The best, not forget about the Crip's on the west

Cause they steady puttin' motherfuckin' Slob to rest

In their casket

That shit is drastic, you slippin' hectic like Magic

You vanish when they cap in your back bitch

From this East Side gangsta call me Troll Loc

Dead rags gettin' tear with the red throw

Jaws brokes, Slobs shot out from the shoulders

Punk I told you

So step and I'm gonna fold you

Bustin' caps on these Slobs at night

Cause it's East Side Kelly Park Crip 4 Life

[RIDER-J]

Now once again my friend it's time to up the C in

Servin' motherfuckers

Lives was end

We on mission - shit

This is a hard test

We takin' no flees, no burgers on ass ain't no joke

This shit for real so don't be hard

You not a Slob but still

It's like a dream

That's come true

And caught in the zone

Boom, you're through cause I'm serious

I make your life end
And before you know your life's been at
You started this shit
Made your own rule but you're just too stupid
Sucker you a Snoop, you in a zone
And watch we call Atlantic
Cause when you see it's comin' know
Don't panic
I want you
I want your all damn life
And now I'm fill up to ends
Even smoke your wife but not your kids
Cause there too young to know
But you fucked up Cuzz
You gotta go

Visit [Bloods & Crips](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.