

Bloods & Crips

"Every Dog Has His Day"

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[AWOL]

I wanna kill a Slob it's the fifth of the month
Blue rag on my head, on my side, on the front
Blue Pumas on my feet, blue khakis on my ass
Black Glock in my hand just in case I gotta blast, see
You get gaffled like a bitch if you chin check
The A-K 47 put him on his back
Broke him down to his muthafuckin' mainframe
Dropped top forehead lookin' at that Slob's brain
Make a Slob break out in a sweat
Cause I'm a Kelly gangsta A-K-A a walkin' threat
B.G. niggas do it the most, I got my A-K
Ready and steady servin' Slob's problems Loc
How in the fuck can I mix with the Inglewood?!
I only got love for ?? of my own hood
Killin' when I'm rollin' with my niggas
Not just any niggas but them killa Slob niggas
Fuckin' with a Kelly Park Crip now you know
I give a Slob a home on parole when bullets roll
Ain't no more steppin' through the ??? creepin' through
the fog
I'm a muthafuckin' Loc sayin' fuck all Dogs

Every Dog has his day, every Dog has his day...
(I'm a Dog killa, I'm a Dog killa, I'm a B-Dog killa)

[G-BONE]

Slob's better kick at and pay a fuckin' attention
I'm crippin' through your hood on a Slob killin' mission
Strap on my lap all ready for the K's up ??????
To the other side I'm makin' Slob drop
Raise out the window pull the trigga and I blast
Pumps some of that lead in a Slob nigga ass
The nigga rolled over and I shot him in the fuckin' jaw
Hollow shells in my shit, blew his shit the fucked off
Mr. gang bang muthafucka boogie bitch
Slob nigga don't slip cause I'm a cock the set trip
Snoop should have knew I was a trigga happy nigga
Original Baby Gangsta Atlantic Drive Crip gang
member
I'm a straight muthafuckin' Brim murderer

None that peace makin' nigga, a bullet stone cold killa
A nigga called Bone that's a muthafuckin' hog
A loc'd out Crip B-K nigga fuck the Dog!

Chorus...

[SIX PAC]

Shiiiiit

Now I'm a menace from the past kickin' hoo-ride best
Tons of blue rag in their dice game and watch 'em
catch whiplash

Damn flood who did it and I'ma bank him
And while I'm blastin' I'm yellin' out FRANKLIN!

See I'm a soldier thought I done told ya
And everytime you slip

I'ma peel up fool

You Snoops think they slick

Tryin' to creep

Through the park

But the nigga Six Pac ????? like tiger sharks

They sniff a mack

Then roll 'em up like that bomb

?And win their daughters like a Watts Loc Vietnam?

Leavin' a killa dead bodies nigga dressed in red

But that's O-K a muthafucka look better dead

CALifornia Revolution Independent Pistol Slinger

Watts Franklin Crip O.G. gangbanger

A 44 Mag to the dome when I take 'em home

Boom-boom on the corner another Slob is gone

(Chorus)

[TROLL]

Look who you stuck with

A Kelly you don't wanna fuck with

So Slobs duck quick cause I'm fits to fuck up shit

And it's a must I kill D-O-G's

Dead rags gettin' served tryin' to fuck with these

Two C's

Puttin' 'em on their goddamn backs

Slob fools throw back when I'm packin' a Gat

Set trippin' if you caught

In your colors dead shirt

Dead pants leaves a dead muthafucka

So all Snoops better bang repercussion

Tuck your rags in or get killed tryin' to floss it

Sportin' that bullshit

I'll get your card pulled quick

Test me if you will but I'm pass 'em with full clips

And

Another die 'Ru lies restin' in pieces

Put my Gat to his mouth and made his bitch ass see it
So when you see a B.G.
Dropped down and preyed
Cause every muthafuckin' Dog is fits to have his day

(Chorus)

[BIG FREEZE & BRONCO]

Crips bustin' shots from Glocks to Slobs steady
droppin'
Killin' off all Slobs cause see Cuz it ain't no peace
poppin'
Eastside Watts madness Snoop buster
Crip 4 live
Do or die
And for death MUTHAFUCKA!
Servin' you Slobs on a day to day basis
Can't floss or real boss so what's up with your bitch
trick?
Down with the Franklin Flush Front from murder skills
nigga
Off jack next the flex with that itchy trigga finger that
kills
As I snatch the trigga of the Tec or A-K
As I spray
Cause all dogs have a day
To die you know why punk fool this is Crip
Give it up
What they have like bow down to the set trip
From sun up - to sun down
From Franklin - to Flush town
Should've been a Crip cause Slob niggas get beated
down
This is the life of a loc'd out slanger
Active gang banger that keeps one in the chamber
So hip hip a muthafuckin' raid
I'm so takin' fuck peace makin' every Dog will have his
day

(Chorus)

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