

Bloods & Crips "Gangsta Shit"

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[BIG WY]

Yeah

That gangsta-ass shit

Y-G

Y muthafuckin' G's

WOOP! WOOP!

Let these niggas know man

That's right, nigga

Yo punk, what's up fool?

Lil' Dawg

[LIL' HAWK]

Now - I'm headed to the store, once again it's on

You call it Thunderbird I call that shit Jim Jones

I need a fifth

To start off my muthafuckin' day

I'm feeling good as fuck and I'm almost my way

Just C-K

These - punk-ass niggas this is C-M-G

Your number one Crab killas (that's right)

From the 4 to the Shaw even Century

On Figueroa we gotta sowed up

Rollin' with the D.O.B.

Fuck Crabs cause nigga I blast from the O.G. Inglewood
(to Denver and Nebraska)

And I ain't fuckin' with no bustas

Only them Damu Ridin' C.K'in' motherfuckers

And they ain't show no mercy when they hoo-ride

Leavin' no clues but a motherfuckin' homicide

Lil' Hawk Y-G quick to spree

And C-K you should've been a B-the-D-the-O-the-G'zee,
fool

Ahahaha...

[BRONCO]

Motherfuck' a handshake, hugs and a peace treaty

Cause I'll be damned if I'm caught slip 'n slidin' with my
fuckin' enemy

Now it's the time to leave the plan of the dot

Open your chest or your vest Slobs and see you later
bop

Paper this ass wax bangers the shit done hit the fan
locs

Squabble and shoot with any and all of you Snoop hoes

Nigga choose your muthafuckin' weapon

Brown this brass knuckles or the black Smith and
Wesson - I'm guessin'

That you would play the tough guy and think that you're
the shit

But I be comin' quick with hollow tips and extraclip

Fully and creep for the set trip cause I know this shit's
stompin'

Snatch your heart outta your chest

And we can watch you stop breathin'

Toe tag, body bags, homicides and hoo-ride

East Side Rip Ridaz it's ever Denver on mine

Fuck all Slobs Cuz, you die motherfucker

[BATMAN]

Six muthafuckas, 357 hollow point Magnum shells

Closed casket made this Crab mama yell

Pendleton, khakis, pig tails

And Stars on my feet

Me and Puff had to wreck

And my homie six ten his feet

I creep ??? specialty

Cause I'm a professional

Gangbang is gangsterism

I live my life in dangerous ways

I go days without eatin' I'm steady sippin' on Night
Train

C-K Rider killin' Crabs till I die

Gangsta Mr. Bat

Niggas wonder why why I put it down on a muthafuckin'
Crab nigga

East Side Swan Gangsta Back

Down to pull the trigga comin' through the alley with a
muthafuckin' A-K

Yeah, nigga - yellow tape

Fuck Crabs

Fuck Crabs fuck Crabs fuck Crabs!

Shots out to the Bloods and Pirus, what's up Blood?

Ninety Four - we out

[SIX PAC]

Crip or cry, Crip or cry, Crip, Crip, Crip or die

Snoops Rest In Peace, nigga you know why

Mobbin' down the 3rd, flamed up - like a fire truck

Face to face with death stuck shit outta luck

Nigga you just met a dark angel

You can say I walk my Satan cause I smoke a Slobs
handle

Kidnap a B-Dog then shoot him to the Franklin Squares

And let the homies take it for me

Nigga you like red so much

Now check this out

Time to a chin broke ass on his head and mouth

But if it's on then it's on stick a smash to him

And show the rest of his Slob homies how we do him

Fool I ain't playin' for this 9-4 season

East Side F.C.G. nigga you know the reason

Blue rag hangin' out the blue dickies

Mobbin' down the 3rd, got a Mausberg with me

It ain't no secret how I'm smokin' a Snoop

I take a trip to the 5th and give me a stick and let loose
shit

And now I figure like the king of the planet

You ain't Crippin', you slippin' about to meet my
automatic

Yeah nigga fuck all Slobs, this is F for death

[GREEN EYES]

Now it's a must that I bust on these Crabs quick

My muthafuckin' ??

Straight bustin' out of the station wagon, never
draggin'

I gots to kickin' in out

Down in a hole ??? and killin' every wearin' flue nap

What's next?

On my muthafuckin' menu I got to ?? some
muthafuckin' Crab

So put a fuckin' cap into

The hearse and stripes

Green Eyes ?? some mo'

And I bend I catch you slippin', bumpin', steady dippin'
on a '4

And let me show you fuckin' Crabs hollow I can get

I kill your whole family and your pregnant Crab bitch
about to get birth

To a baby Crab

Now that nigga shit outta luck

That's why I murder the lil' fuck

This Bangin' On Wax Deuce

Fuck a truce

Big Wy I'm high so pass the muthafuckin' gin and juice

While I slip the clip in it commence the set trippin'

And smoke all these muthafuckin' Crabs that I catch
slippin'

Yeah fuck the Crabs, I got to say what's up to the I-F-G
gang

[AWOL]

I went to church for years but I only learned one thang
goods

So you can't blame it on Jesus

Cause I said love for the neighborhood

I got a Cuzzin from Elm and one from the Mob

I put that on my daddy, I'm a killer niggas, fuck Slob

Where you from Loc you don't have to ask me

?? in my tag so my K-P it ain't shit

I served Snoops on Cherry Street

Asiatic central ?? where the Compton's meet fool

I gangbang, hoo-bang, war-bang

See my name struck up on the 91 freeway

So all Slobs better hide tonight

Hide tonight cause the K gang's hoo-ridin'

On my side - East Side - your side

Them Slobs from the other side get off for fight, right

You might run from a Kelly with heat

Cause the Slobs ain't dead got to rest in peace, nigga

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