

## **Bloods & Crips "Mafia Lane"**

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\* send corrections to the typist

[BIG WY]

Right

What's up to all the buster-ass niggaz

Punk-ass bitches

Swingin' on the nuts of the WOOP! WOOP!

For the motherfuckin' M and the L nigga

West Sider, C-K Riders

You know I'm sayin', all that shit

What's up B-Brazy?

Uh

[LIL' HAWK & BIG WY]

Nigga, tell 'em where you from

West Side Inglewood

Blood, tell 'em your name

Lil' Hawk Red Riding Hood

The C.M.G. is the hood that I clizzaim

D.L.B. Mafia/Lanes and ain't shit changed

You Ricket niggaz must respect this

M and the L Y.G.'s and can't no Crabs check this

Crab niggaz need to kill the noise

Cause they don't wanna fuck with us block cluck boys

I'm on the mission, nigga

And there go the G-Ride

While I hop inside showin' these Crabs what that B like

The C-Side ready to wanna fuck with this?

Slippin' and slidin', C-K Ridin'

And fuck the Crabs, nigga this is M and the L

I rather let them fools straight burn in hell

Four menace and a mile, Y.G. Lil' Hawkster

Denver Lanes and them Crenshaw Mafia, nigga

[chorus]

WOOP WOOP, WOOP WOOP

Mafia Lane

(West Side is in the motherfuckin' house, nigga)

WOOP WOOP, WOOP WOOP

Mafia Lane

[LIL' LANIAK]

Hoo-ridin' on the West/Side, a lil' something something

The nigga that tripped out but it's the same nigga  
that's comin'

With the Mafia/Lanes runnin' eveything if you ask me

Hawk and Wy in the house, watchin these niggaz that's  
tryin' to blast me

While the Crabs get bucked, while YG's on our nuts

Tryin' to stomp not givin' a fuck, bangin' out Coupes,  
Cut-

Cutlasses and Regals, Desert Eagles in our laps

Not to stash, we on the map for bustin' on Crabs (WOOP  
WOOP)

Red flags, khakis saggin' lower than before

That nigga ?from? 10-4th on 109th to Figueroa

Ain't no joke, Crabs, you smoked, you say "loc" you die

Enter at your own risk and welcome to the West/Side

Where hoo-ride on the flee side to K ride (WOOP WOOP)

Tell your friends it's that fool Lil' Laniak Duse

With the khaki suit, ??? boots, I'm always G'd up

Smokin' some weed up, throwin' the L and the B up

To you, him, them, the same with me

In the D-E-N-V-E-R-L-A-N-E

Stoned, drugged off that bud, throwin' up Blood,  
khakis to our knees

Bitches dick teasin' gets bust in they mugs

What's Wy and Hawkster?

THE MAFIA'S THE HOUSE!

Bangin' with the Lane and aimin' the Tec and the frame  
is out

[chorus]

WOOP WOOP, WOOP WOOP

Mafia Lane (Woop Woop)

WOOP WOOP, WOOP WOOP

Mafia Lane

[BIG WY]

How could a Crab go up against a Dog?

Yeah, bitch it's me: Big Wy Y.G., uh

With the untold mystery story to tell  
About the motherfuckin' West/Side M and the L  
We bring Crabs to they knees  
Bow down and scream "please!"  
I wear up beanie and jeans at a hundred degrees  
Set trips, I kill Rips, M and L on that ass  
The enemy shooter gangsta mack  
Disrespect, I call you Crab (WOOP WOOP)  
I drink gin and take weed to the brain  
I smoke weed to pause  
And hit you up off the "more bounce"  
And that's real, take it how you wanna take it  
Killin' friends and hoes  
Claimin' tears of foes  
You wanna chuck? Bring a gun, nigga, fuck a talk  
I give up M and the L, WOOP WOOP when I Blood-walk  
Stomp to your hood, I got your head on the ceiling  
In the streets you slippin', steady dippin' you trippin'  
C-Note you's a punk-ass Crab bitch  
I got my strap throw aim at your cleavage  
It's the L and the M, M and L the same  
Nigga, peace to Rick James, Blood Mafia/Lanes  
[chorus]  
WOOP WOOP, WOOP WOOP  
Mafia Lane  
WOOP WOOP, WOOP WOOP

Mafia Lane

WOOP WOOP, WOOP WOOP

Mafia Lane

WOOP WOOP, WOOP WOOP

Mafia Lane

WOOP WOOP, WOOP WOOP

Mafia Lane

WOOP WOOP, WOOP WOOP

Mafia Lane..

CRENSHAW MAFIA/DENVER LANES..

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