

## **Bloods & Crips**

# **"Time Is Gone Nigga"**

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\* send corrections to the typist

[O.G.]

Bailin' up out the East Side, ready to go, hittin' the door

Niggaz goin' down and dropped off with them triple gold

Thangs, but now a Slobs ain't givin' a fuck

About a copper tryin' to stop us, sayin' fuck them hoes, we stacking 'em up

And to the top is where we headed, yeah, we major player

Niggaz up in my city cluckin' the most grip, we all into birds

And it's worth to the niggaz in my - hood

That's movin' a motherfuckin' thangs doin' real - good

Know y'all, what's up boy, yo without love and tell it's hard

All my niggaz is comin' up and gettin' large

Droppin' the top and never to drop a motherfuckin' dime

Homie you gets caught up in the game you gots to do your time

The consequence as a real bitch

But niggaz should know what's worth than your word

So you best to clock your fuckin' grip

Niggaz don't wreck yourself but get your fuckin' grind

on

Go for the kill so you can chill 'fore your fuckin' time's  
gone, niggaz

[GREEN EYES]

Now I'm bailin' down the Four, nigga, bhakis creased

Then I laugh when I hear a Crab - hollerin' about peace

Nigga must be brazy, that shit ain't in my vocab

I put a cap in his ass and leave his ass in a rehab

Then head to the hospital, my job ain't done

I wanna bee his ass bitch feet deep, and then some

Leavin' motherfuckers in a big hole

Went to scoop up Young Leak, Hops and my nigga  
Dogg

Pops lit up one of those fat-ass blunts

Now I'm high as fuck, nigga, on the Crab hunt

The first Crab I bee, my mind goes hostile

I load the gun and put one in his nostrils

For disrespecting

I'm knowin' for checkin' a Ricket

Tryin' to come to - low key and bickin'

With this motherfuckin' dog hollerin' "What's up  
Blood!?"

1-0-4 like I said, always draped in red

And if I hear you say "Crab" then nigga it's on

And your ass'll die - before your time is gone

[BIG WY & LIL' STRETCH]

Now tell me who the fuck's next up on this mic?

C-K Big Wy finna punch out your fuckin' life

Here comes the smasher, straight Crab crusher

Killin' all Rickets, baby mamas and Crab lovers

Well boy, fuck all these niggaz wearin' all that flue shit

I fuck up shit and I likes to kill fuckin' Rips

We roll on them niggaz if them niggaz hangin' out

Roll up to them niggaz blow they motherfuckin' brains  
out

Buck his motherfuckin' brains, let these niggaz story  
ain't bullshit

Empty yo clip and show these Crabs who they're fuckin'  
with

C-K Ridin', Damu Ridin'

Motherfuckin' Bounty Hunters Five Line pridin'

Now tell me motherfuckin' Crab nigga what's stoppin'  
ya?

The Y.G. gangsta regulator Crenshaw Mafia

Niggaz better recognize some killers in your fuckin'  
face

Niggaz gettin' slapped - with the motherfuckin' Tec,  
bitch

I C-K all day, all the motherfuckin' time

It's in my mind all the time, nigga 1-0-9

C-K Ridin' is the motherfuckin' mission

Killin' all Crabs, makin' niggaz come up missing

M and L, L and the M, now all the shit is good

West/Side is the hood, neighborhood, call it Inglewood

Nigga where I'm from? The motherfuckin' Projects

Where niggaz get wrecked and they motherfuckin' chin

checked

Bust 'em in his motherfuckin' face, let these niggaz know

You from the Five and I'm from the 1-0-4

We shootin' them motherfuckin' Crabs everyday for fun and don't forget

Niggaz been down every since motherfuckin' day one

I smoke bud! Fuck these niggaz smokin' loop

I ?hear? WOOP WOOP when I scream WOOP out the fuckin' Coupe

I got them motherfuckin' bhakis and a t-shirt

Blast throw the cap ready to put in work

The motherfuckin' Wy ?period? to the fuckin' Big

I went to Century and Fig' I'm ready to spray on you motherfucker

Nigga I'm a soldier, holdin' fuckin' boulders

Niggaz wanna run up, you suckers, I told you

I thought you to the motherfuckers know a nigga told you

Crenshaw and Century and play on Figueroa

So never forget when you're fuckin' with these soldiers

Big Wy and Lil' Stretch, nigga, yes we (I) told you

Fuck you punk-ass niggaz, nigga

Big Wy ain't sayin' bullshit, nigga

C niggaz better recognize

BIIIAATCH!

West Side M and the L

East Side!

Ballin' on these nigga

Crenshaw Mafia for life

Regulatin' niggaz out nigga

You know I don't give a fuck nigga

I'm ready fuckin up this shit

It's on nigga

Yeah

It's on nigga

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