

Crips

"Everything Gonna C Alright"

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* [BIG CIXX a.k.a SIX PAC]

Everything is gonna C alright so nigga don't trip
Nationwide Rip Ridaz is what we claim, Crip
Buckin' on Slobs day to day cause it's mandatory
Real Crips know the rest of the story, it's like
C-raggin', blue Dickie saggin'
I took out another Slob that's what we braggin'
Celebratin' cause the time is right
Go get a case O.E.
We big chillin' tonight, nigga
Go get the Hennessy, the bud, the 'gnac
Here go a 50 dollar bill with my nigga and he'll be right
back
Big Cixx steady up to no good
And when my nigga Young Cixx touch down we burnin'
Hollywood
Professional wig splitters on the front line
The homies locked up cripplin' doin' hard time
Real soldiers always on patrol
Young homies lookin' for a Snoop to peel the fool

[AWOL]

Layin' you niggas down for this East Side set trip
Doin' this shit for fun oh well I'm willin' to go to hell for
the Crip shit
Don't say it's all good - this Kelly neighborhood
187 on a motherfuckin' Holly Hood
So let me gang bang, let me get my blast on
Give me a second, let me tie this blue rag on
And take a note from ?? I'm a Crip down
Fuck a Elm, fuck a Holly, fuck a Fruit Town
T-Black, Kelly In Peace for the set trip
Now at 8 lay the monkey make me empty clips
I get loose when I'm creepin' through slow
Slobs still bitin' the dust but steady yellin' it's on
Slobs runnin' and duckin', Slobs fallin' and yellin'
Hey what Slob we gon' blast on next, Cuz? It ain't no
tellin'
I ain't no motherfuckin' natural born killer
That's just a trade I picked up from these Compton
niggas

If you play your cards right
Everything will C alright
Everything will C alright with me
Everything's gonna C alright
If you play your cards right
Aw, If you play your cards right
Everything will C alright with me
Everything's gonna C alright

[TWIN LOC]

We don't die, we multiply, simply cause we straight
crippin'
Dippin' through that evil East Side where I'm killin'
Willin' to burn bodies fucked up nuthin' but ash
Have your mamma at the cemetery orderin' a fuckin
casket
A block as my Glock split your mutherfuckin' cranium
Show 'em no mercy for these Slobs so I see aimin' 'em
Choppers and A-K's I sprays with the quickness
Doin' a way with the remains with the swiftness
Layin' low in my hood on the late nights rap right
A dead 6-4 lay low with the dead light
Jack off my strap check my tracts 'fore I blast 'em
Creased up khakis and a .44 Magnum
AG's 40, 5-3 C killin'
8-8, 11-6
Straight C willin'
For homicidal enemy killin'
Smokin' Slobs
And the Avalon Gangsta
Got it straight goin' on like that

[SCARFACE]

Well it's the Baby Gangster Face from the big bad A.D.
S doubles niggas don't wanna C this
Compton nut who don't give a fuck about shit
Act a motherfuckin' fool for the CARIPS
Slobs slip you get dealt with it, real simple
Caught this Glock I pop it dome like a fuckin' pimple
Jack me nimble wasn't quick enough so he got
Popped with the Glock Slob dropped on the block

[G-BONE]

You were slippin' so that ass got mashed on
My nigga young Face straight got his blast on
So you niggas know it's on with them B.G.'s
Them A-G Crip crazy-ass L-O-C's
Nigga please you don't wanna see these nuts
Loc up, let's straight tear this muthafucka up
You need to kick kacks C cool and ?? tonight
These Slob niggas everything will C alright

Chorus...

[BRONCOE]

I'm chasin' paper on the daily with this rap shit Cuz
And lockin homie I'm the same as I always was
The shit is hectic I expected nuthin like this shit
Hey yo the picture I had in my head was cool
But this shit is quite different listen
Many many moons have passed niggas got blasted
I stay heated in the cut cause shit is drastic
Struggle through life get high and deal with the stress
I guess wishin' it was different is like wishin' the way
death
Just make the day a good day
Make sure today is alright
Let me worry 'bout tomorrow loc if I live through the
night
And even though I keep the strap and ??? at night
I say my prayers doin' favours ready to take flight
I'm in the game it's all the same ain't nuthin' changed
I'm a rider
Oh Lord would you bless me and keep me safe from
the East Side
Bless all my young Locs, my folks and the Crip Card
All my dead homies and real niggas with heart
I'ma stay a true, blue down for sure till I'm through
C real and chill and kill the enemy and bang with my
crew
And if I play my card right A-1 tight
Everything is everything Loc and it's way alright

[BIG FREEZE]

Oh Lord I know you see me out here the wrong, the
streets stressin'
Feelin' all alone steady holdin' on to this Smiff &
Wesson
Vision blurry cause I'm high
Stompin' on ??? in the fast lane headin' for the East
Side
Rip Ridin' to the fullest
It's me and my Locs against the world and we can do
this
Whether it's C killin', robbin' or stealin'
Or mobbin' up a Crip hater for fuckin' off how we're
killin'
Everything is still C alright
Niggas just stay tight
We can makin' many more nights
Shoot that kite to the pen with the package or some'
A nigga got a little bill fools stop frontin'

See it don't take much to show a nigga some Crip love
Duece's and Three's, Ten's to Fives to Dubbs
And every night and day
Even that struggle is need
I took the 40 to the curb for Capone and ??
Tiny Half much love - as I blow
And reminiscin' how I kill a few Slobs maybe I
Got a death wish, up a slug after slug
Night after night
Got the '3rd sought up tight so everything 'll C alright
Franklin Square Crip till they carry me
Two Crips on East Side, three Crips on that side and
they bury me

Chorus...

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