

Damu Ridas

"104 Percent No Kut"

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Oh yeah nigga
We back in this muthafucka
For the 9-9 nigga with the shit nigga (West Side)
West Side nigga, you know I'm sayin'
(... muthafuckin' kut man)
Lil' Hawk Red Riding Hood, nigga
You know I'm sayin'? On the solo-bolo tip, bitch
(Representin' bitch)
Yeah nigga, a 104% No Kut nigga (that's right)
You know I'm sayin'
Busta-ass niggas you know I'm sayin'
Couldn't even look out for the homies and shit, you
know I'm sayin'
Coward-ass niggas you know I'm sayin'
(Real BLOODS!)
Bitch-ass niggas you know I'm sayin'
Still tryin' to pay the role you know I'm sayin'
Like they just G you know I'm sayin' (bustas)
Don't wanna get the homies their props though but
uhm...
I'm 'bout to give it up for all my niggas though, you
know what I'm sayin'
It's Damu For Life, nigga (West Side - Inglewood)
It's the Hood for life nigga, you know what I'm sayin'
(Bitch!)
Inglewood For Life, nigga
We don't give a fuck nigga
104% No-Muthafuckin'-Kut bitch
Drop the beat nigga!

A 104% No Kut
(Muthafuckas out there can't fade me...)

[LIL' HAWK]
A hundred and four percent no kut on this muthafuckin'
flow
Non-stop freestyle just to let you niggas know that
I don't need no fuckin' pen and paper
Keepin' one in the chamber, Lil' Hawk Y-G Gangsta
Ain't no muthafuckin' joke so you best to recognize
You can't fuck with this, it's the O.G. West Side

The best side, now let me get my slip and slide on
WOOP WOOP in the CoupÃ©, down to get my glide on
Ride on up this... um... biggety block
I got my hand on my giggety Glock and watch me
piggety pop
You gets mobbed - if you wanna scrab
And if you didn't know Inglewood is on the m-eez-ap
Red and black Pumas on my feet when I step
And I don't give a fuck about to try to get no rep
You better know
This I am - who you fuckin' with
Red Riding through your hood makin' these niggas
duck quick
You little bitch
You want to step to the black top
Nigga I ain't never had no muthafuckin' flat top
Four braids goin' to the back
Keepin' all the hoes ridin' on my nutsac
And no kut to the proof that ain't down with this shit
I'm Lil' Hawkster from the Mafia and I keep on makin'
hits after hit
On these bitch-ass niggas
Wanna be a G suppose to be ass killas
Cupcake booty-ass nigga what's up?
Want you come through the hood and let me play with
your butt
You's a bitch
Coward written all on your face
And all busta-ass niggas must stay in their place
I'm tryin' to warn ya - to um...
Not get shot - with this muthafuckin' Glock
You get the blood clot
It don't stop
I set up my clip and set trip
Whatever the fuck it take fool
For a nigga to make his grip and um...
It don't matter what - label I'm on
Just as long as I'm gettin' paid when I'm on the
microphone, now who
Wanna fuck and come test my skills
You can come strapped but you still get your cap
peeled
The fuck back just like the banana
And I'm comin' mo' G than Tony Montana
I keep it slammin' like N-B-A jam
Like N-W-A when they fucked up the program
I might be, I'm too slick on the fade
I'm not Special Ed but you can say I got it made it
And I don't DJ for shit you know I'm quick to fuck it up
With a lil' bit of bud that's the drink in my cup, now
How many ho's wanna let me fuck?

And how many bitches gon' be down for the dick suck?
I gots the habit like a rabbit with my knife I'ma stab it
My dick's stick shift and my nuts is automatically on
duty
Like all of the time
And a nigga like me wanna hit it from behind
I'm not Snoop
But I'm quick to diggety-dogg the cock
Lettin' the bitches say: "ooh, don't stop!"
"MAKE MY NUTS FEEL GOOD!"
And now I'm almost my wayback to the hood
Inglewood
On top of the muthafuckin' map
1-0-4/C-M-G and you know where it's at
You best to pack your strap
It ain't no muthafuckin' rescue
9-1-1 is a muthafuckin' joke fool
You gots to deal with the B-D-O-G's
And I'm saggin' to my muthafuckin' knees
All I see
Is murder, death, kill
And that's the fuckin' reason why highlight you in skill
I keeps it rollin'
In this game that I've chosen
Like Ice Cube I'm - leavin' niggas frozen
And don't be caught slippin' when it's after dark
Cause the niggas with no heart be the first to get
sparked by
This young-ass muthafuckin' G
Two Twenty Third Nineteen Seventy-Three, I'm
Flexin' style like this Crens that I've been
There's no beginning and there is no end, I gets
Wicked
I even gets stupid
Like my nigga S-P
And we don't smoke loot trick
It's just some pure marijuana
And fuck all y'all Don Juano's
Come take a little trip with me
Back Down Mafia Lane on this M-I-C
To the... day I'll die like my niggas did
Like we were promised to
Every since we was kids
I'ma ride for this
I will die for this
I got a tear on my eye cause I even cry for this
Ridin, slidin' thru the West Side
Thinkin' to myself : "nigga I ain't scared to die"
Take me, I'm ready, fuck it
1-8-7 and thank God for lettin' all Dogs go to heaven
This little scheme nigga don't give a fuck

A 104% no muthafuckin' kut, nigga

Yeah

That's what the fuck I'm talkin' about nigga

Pick and get some' nigga

Bring it on nigga

And we'll catch you a muthafuckin' slugs to your
muthafuckin' dome

West Side nigga!

You know I don't give a fuck nigga

Inglewood in the mutahfuckin' house

Bi-i-i-i-i-i-itch

Aw shit you know I'm sayin' yeah

It's that bomb shit nigga

You just can't fuck with this

I know you hate this

Ooh, I know you hate this but sure you know nigga

YGB's are the braziest!

(Muthafuckas out there can't fade me)

Ohh yeea-a-ah

I said CRENSHAW!!!!

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