

Damu Ridas "True Flue Killer"

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* Mafia Denver True Flue Killer...
(Gonna be a murder)

[SPIDER]

You Crab niggas step in tha hood and get burned
Punk motherfuckers is the lesson to be learn (fool)
It's the land of fire flame, West Side Bottoms Gangs
Bitches on my ??? damn it's a shame
How they swing, how can I explain why the fuck they
keep swingin'
Every time they see them brazy gangstas from the C-
M-G
B-L-O-O-D/C-K/R-I-D/A apostrophe S on the West Side
Niggas know where the hood for life fuck who's wonder
why
Slippin' and slime where my homies high is a kite
Rhyme to you set late night smokin' endo
Lay back in a C Honda Accord lookin' real low
Tint on the window but a body on your block
So I got to shake the spot real quick chop-chop
Hotdamn I couldn't give 'em two blast
So I'm all in traffic off to kill another Crab

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[PEANUT II]

I hit you up with two L's no cut
If you bangin' give it up
Because these ?? Bloods are so fuckin' nuts
True Flue Killer nigga
Peanut the Deuce (And I see Kay-Pee)
Why you busta niggas through
K-P but I ain't smelly just call me Capone
It's on I'm on the microphone to the breakadawn
Ho's are swingin' off me but I'm a gangsta to the heart
though
We don't love them hoes and I'm puffin' on endo
Drinkin' drank so don't fake, you can't fuck with me
(WOOP WOOP)
I'm a gangsta with ??? so just back up me
I'm K-P the Y-G

A Young Gangsta biiiyatch
From Figueroa street
Where my khakis straight creased
Wearing bright bright red
A few homies dead
So I see 1-8-7 to my muthafuckin' end (WOOP WOOP)
With my nigga 8-Ball
Breakin' Crabs' jaws, red shoes, red bhakis, red
muthafuckin' drawers

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[PIMP D]
Hooked up with S-P about 4 o'clock
Grab tha Glock and say nigga, let's shake the spot
We rollin' 4 deep in the Coupe leanin' to the side
It's the West Side Y-G right (right)
Y-G Pimp D never givin' a mad-ass fuck
About no Crab nigga you know what's up
It's the West Side, the best side, punk b-i-tch
Now since I'm a down motherfucker sent down to stack
chips
Now back your ass on up and take four fuckin' paces
Before I let you have it and you feel the penetration
As this heat that I bring to you so damn smooth
It's like ooh!
You don't know what I'm gonna do?
I'm takin' him, I'm takin' him, flip flop, flip back
It's the B-funk nigga, fuck the hoodrat
Or you didn't know?
Hoe... I'll be the one
To see 1-8-7 make sure the job is done

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[B-BRAZY]
Now as I B-Dog walk fool this is Figueroa street
9 dookies, 1-0 killas, R-A-fleas get beat
Got beef with the world so is anybody K
But I'm quoted on, so it's on got to bust a C-K
Rollin' with them killas on the solo bolo
New recruits on the stripe rollin' with this psyco
Brazy niggas from the wild wicked West Side
Everytime I drink wine, a Crab nigga's dyin'
On the streets of L.A. the only Bloods on Figueroa
And Crabs still dyin' so fuck Crabs hoe
Denver Lanes how we do it
I know I've been ???
Man I smoke so many Crabs I gotta go to care unit

Beamed up like a bright red 1-0-9 watt bulb
Denver Lane Bloods or the Figueroa thug
C-K allday
Even on the birthday
Bickin' bool even if I'ma have to get the K

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[LIL' HAWK]
It's the True Flue Killa!!
Back up, hits the door
And I'm about to let you know about the 1 the 0 to the 4
C-M muthafuckin' G
Who the fuck is else nigga?
Name Lil' Hawk Y-G the Crab killa
But now peep game
Fool I bang for a fact
How the fuck you gon' say bustas on wax?
You bitch ass niggas, it was all to the good
But then I heard your ass dis the motherfuckin' 'hood
And that's where
You niggas fucked up
Oh... you didn't know C-M-G don't give a fuck?!
Y-G's nigga
We love to get active
Bitches on my nuts because this red so attractive
But I don't trust no hoe cause Kiki Loco was a bitch
And you know like I know all Crabs ain't shit
So niggas
Next time I hope you remember
Never fix your mouth to dis the Mafia Denvers, b-i-tch

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