

Damu Ridas "YGB's Are The Braziest"

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* Oh yeah niggas...
Back in this motherfucker...
The Y-G's
We don't give a fuck nigga, know I'm sayin'
Yeah, we the Crenshaw Mafia...
L gang
WOOP WOOP
You know I'm sayin'
We 'bout to regulate this shit
Crab niggas can hate this... fuck...
Beeyaatch

[B-BRAZY]

I break your nose, wreck shows, plus bomb on hoes
Yo, wear gangsta clothes, drive a Coupe full of hoes
And I'm supposin' that you wants to ride with these B-
Dogs, bitch
Since I'm beamin' gold red rides on this Rag 6-6
Hey bitch no perm just a curl for the girl
New 3-80 for these bustas as I twistin' twirl
Hoes be all the 9 since they heard B-Braze signed
But I ain't switch to fuck that bitch me and 8-Ball switch
Y-G's on mind quick to - knock you out
Eyes open, get your teeth slap right down your mouth
Fools like me keeps it rollin'
Down Fig' ??? from Colden
They stay hood say all hood they starts unloadin'
I'm - holdin'
These nuts cause they're big
Aw shit B-Brazy from the 9th and Fig'
Still breakin' down the door
Screamin' Figueroa
Last time I hitted your ass up with that, hey yo yo
Now bitches grab your panties
Niggas grab a 'Bird and Bool-Aid
And finally a whole verse with Brazy Daze biiitch

I know you hate this but you can't fade this
Y-G-B niggas are the braziest
I know you hate this but you can't fade this
Y-G-B niggas are the braziest
I know you hate this but you just can't fade this

Who you know Y-G-B are the braziest

[SPIDER]

I'm comin' with a new twist, I'm bullshit' for the ridas
And if you don't know me call Y-G Spider
Homicider from the Wild Wild
West Side
Crenshaw Mafia Gangster
No, I ain't the prankster
I bank your much faster than Swift
As I go enter rest fools best beware where is young
sick-ass G
And that be me
From the 10-4 street by the close Swap Meet
On Century, C-K all day
And maybe late night if the G-ride is tight what that B
like side-side
Nevertheless you claim motherfuckers keep stressin'
So I keep scrappin' and cappin' with my Smif & Wesson
Niggas can't fuck with me, myself and I
The Cren murder gang in the D-L (right)
Can't we get a WOOP WOOP for this gangsta track?
(WOOP! WOOP!)
4 packs, a jimmy hats for the punk hoodrats
That be swingin' on the nuts of this young-ass G's
I set a trap for the B-l-tches with some G's

(Chorus)

[LIL' HAWK]

Now it's a lil' something that must be spoke on
About the Crenshaw Mafia and is how we get a roll on
But peep - shit ain't got deep
On the block last night
About four Crab niggas drop
You wanna bang? Motherfuckers what's up?!
I'm 'bout to put that motherfucker gaze right up to your
nut
Aw... nigga, you didn't know?
About the 1-0-4 red
Taggin' niggas' toes
I'm not showin' no mercy in this game
Lil' Hawk Y-G and peelin' Crabs is the thang
A-B crossin' out the C
And we don't give a fuck, West
Side C-M-G
B-L double O-D
Killer E-R-I-C-K-E-T
Shoot him up bang bang with the Mac-11
See 1-8-7 all
Bloods go to heaven

You just can't fuck with this
It's the 1-9-9-5 all Crab nigga dis ??? bitch

(Chorus)
(typed by: nemesi_@libero.it)

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