

Damu Ridas

"Young Dogs With No Muzzle"

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[BIG WY:]

Pay close attention
Gangbangers only
No lollies, no ?volkas?, no yeez
No gilligan niggaz

[BIG WY:]

It's the bottom of the ninth and I'm badder up
Side burns and gold teeth with bullet wounds to tatted
up
Added it up while you sittin' here smilin'
Discussin' these chips while I sip off Long Island
Continue rhyming
At this rate I just keep climbing
But keep it mind
Fuck what you say and what you trying
You niggaz dyin'
I got this game on lock
And I'm patrollin' to get these money that make the
Brougham hot
My lifestyle on these streets is easily provoked
And it's the same in this business with these Jewish
folks
We callin' industry politician'
Kinda similar to niggaz sellin' yay' and pimpin'
So stop your bitchin'
Wy heat you up, naw
He already burnt
A different lesson was learnt
Each corner he turned
Keep a count of what you say and do
Cause player just like you
The C.M.'s is my fans too

[LIL' LEAK:]

Now, look who's back in the studio
Rough like sand paper but cooler than Coolio
Attitude of a gangsta: don't give a fuck
Got the strut of a hustler tryinna make a fast buck
I'm still into the same thang, down with the same gang
It's in my heart, other niggaz do it to gain fame

But not me
See I'ma ridin' till I'm Restin
In Peace, ?? that I'm packin' my Smith & Wesson
It's the young rebel
Born and raised to live in the ghetto
On some other shit
A.P.G. out on another level
Burgundy flaggin', pants saggin' on the 'Shaw
Blastin' on motherfuckers, disobeyin' the law
But we don't give a fuck, we break rules, takes fools
Disrespectin' niggaz in the - Avenue Piru

[REDRUM:]

Just lost me
And cost me a grip
They wonder I trip and went and flip the whole script
Bloods & Crips bangin' heads
Claimin' blue or red, pullin' eighty-five percent
Sittin' in the ?Feds?
I shed enough tears in my youth time
Saw cops killed street soldiers in the truce time
Nigga my mind confused
Abused by the truth sold him a fucked up sack
Got him naked on the roof
Lord knows I want to let loose
Real bad blood pressure building up this bullshit got
me mad
They say
Bangin' is a fad, it's a fad but it's a culture
My bedroom gettin' circled by some vultures
Ultra-sound bouncin' back, now we having twins
But where the fuck I'ma get my ends?

[BIG WY & REDRUM:]

Some more piece to the puzzle
Young Dogs with no muzzle
Y.G.B.'s tryin' to bubble
Clips double tape
Bring the yellow tape (yeah)
The realest Bloods on tape today
Fuck y'all
Some more piece to the puzzle
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[DOGG:]

Nigga, I'm stuck

With no way to go
Full of gangbangers is known to scrap pimps and hoes
The world move fast if you chargin' a hoe
Since I'm bangin' on these streets I got to stay on my
toes
I suppose to separate them from us
Hop out the car, scrap 'em up, pat 'em up
Guard they gat 'em up, gag it up
Because they start to stay
It's 'bout squabbles and rank
And just last how to drink
I'm 'bout to faint
I can't think, I'm livin' ??
Gold Daytons, dope dealin, wit' a gang of women
I'm sinnin' daily
But I don't really care
Fuck a dream it's more like a nightmare
I got nothing to lose, uh
Beach cruiser
On a handle bar extended
Clip Ruger
Shoot fly
Don't let it bother me
I hope it's dream cause I'm wanted for a robbery

[GREEN EYES:]

From the County Jail Inglewood you can't fuck with it
And since I got courted, it's like I'm stuck with it
Young Gangsta Green Eyes, Nine-Deuce, Eight block
For sure, and I'm back with my true dog from the 1-0 to
the 4
Lil' Hawk Y.G.
Now we both on the streets
So it's a must we bust
My nigga, and serve they ass heat
And I gots beef with Mack 10 cause your bitch-ass is a
mark
You can meet me at Cen'nela
Rogers, or Darby Park
Cause it really don't matter, I'll bust a cap
And we the real niggaz who put Inglewood on the map
And every time I bee your ass, yo' ass goin' get
mobbed
Remember when the big homie slapped you and put
you on the head lock
But that's just some small shit that all bustas do
Mike Skee been down since 92 and ain't got one call
from you
But I gots all my homies back to the day they parole
Inglewood up to Big Green Eyes and PD Wack up in
hole

And every dog I roll with we's gon' representin' to the fullest, man
And ain't no nigga I was locked up can put salt on my name

[B-BRAZY:]

Yep it's the Figueroa riders
Shoot 'em while they inside a...
Blue Butlas with the windows tinted couple of homies hit it
I heard y'all niggaz be trippin', y'all O.G's be trippin'
Cause y'all niggaz don't put no work in
For the turf
We from Figueroa to Woodworth (WOOP! WOOP!)
Flamed like Papa Smurf
Red beanies, red bhakis and red T-shirt
Oh you got nerve
What you serve with this gangsta shit
I stay lit off the Thunderbird, Cadillac, gettin' serve
Niggaz know the 84 pillow tucked
Bullet holes, windows bust, Braze from Lanes, I fuck shit up
For the broads and the YG's, OG's
D.T., Earth, Bam, Lil' Bee, Evil-Al, K-P
Hold yo' horses, of course B-Brazy a bust
I'm in a G-Ride bustin', first Crab I'm rushin'
Fuck them fool nigga, ooh, what you wanna do?
Hit their ass with the old school, rusty-ass Crabs deuce
Give them too if they bust a U, give 'em two
Save a few, in case you chase me down bust 'em with the last (WOOP WOOP)

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