

Bobs

"Darby M-Fuck'n Park"

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(B-Brazy)

check this out relative nigga
take this lil' 45.000 nigga
and buy you a b(c)utless, a coupÃ" nigga
and a dope sack nigga
and do what the fuck you supposed to do nigga
and let these niggas know what's happ'nin

(Green Eyes)

back up in the mix with some gangsta shit
I know you didn't think I'm doin a flip
or switched my script
32 months of hard time and grindin
and I can't wait to touch down and get back to rhymin
for so' gangsta green eyes gon keep it on the reala
and for my scrilla, nigga this is anybody killer
yeah muthafuckas I banged on wax
but that's where you got me twisted at
cause I banged on facts
with trizzele on my clip as I load
and you can tell I'm a G my nigga
by the way I hold it ('wood! 'wood!) *means
ingleWOOD*
never foldin, unloadin when I'm under pressure
50 G's ta lick and not a penny lesser
so I guess I gots ta come with that heat
and put it down for all my true niggas in the streets
so give it up, Inglewood, that's the hood we claim
when we westside muthafuckin gang-bang

(Chorus) 2x

I done banged on wax and I done banged in the pen
now I'm bangin on your punk-ass just once again
so if you feel I ain't real and wanna test my heart
nigga you know where I'm at: Darby-muthafuckin-Park

(Green Eyes)

I done told you once, I done told you twice
fuckin with me is like fuckin with your life
westside Inglewood and I'ma ride for it
in a moment of silence call out my homies that died for

it
so all my life blood I'ma keep it real
for all my niggas stressed out behind these punk-ass
deals
can you feel, I spell blood for this shit
and on my hood I got love for this shit
cause this gangsta shit is somethin you can feel
especially when it's comin from a nigga that's real
young sick-ass niggas, YG's when we roll
matter of fact packin tec B.G.'s on hood patrol
I don't parole and I'm still servin
it's fuckin with my nerves but I gotta flip this bourbon
haven't you heard that '98 is a straight paper chase
so what you gon do when my Gat's in your face

(Chorus) 2x

(Green Eyes)

now it's about time for me to speak up my mind
and get some shit off my chest and clear up this mess
cause some cured about niggas got shit crossed up
I'm lookin for the other 2, 1 already got tossed up
for speakin upon shit and ain't doin nothin
you bitch-ass nigga, you done pushed my button
wanna smile in my face and talk behind my back
while I was incarcerated, now your ass is gettin faded
I gave up the [(name of a set)]
because that's the block where I grew up
I bangs with the 8's so the deuce is what I threw up
any questions, ask me now, nigga fuck later
cause when I was in the pen nigga
I was knockin out heavy weighters and playa haters
ain't got shit ta say ta me
much DAMU love to each and every Y.G.
in the pen, the hood, the county nigga, wherever you
at
2 muthafuckin A's ups and blaze a sack nigga

(Chorus) 2x

...shout outs till the end...

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