

## Bobs

### "Nigga Can't Fuck With This"

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[B-BRAZY]

Ladies and Gentlemen

Please give me a nice round of applause for ny nephew

Li'l Hawk YG

Bring your ass out here Blood

Pull your pants up nigga

[LI'L HAWK]

Comin' right back at you, Blood it's me

It's that Crab killin' nigga from the C.M.G.B

D.L. when I bail up this biggety biggety block

With my hand on my Glock

Ready to pop and watch these fools drop

I'm Li'l Hawk

From the Crenshaw-motherfuckin'-Mafia

Swoopin' and woopin' candy apple Coupe and

Hair full of ?P.T.?, Black Pumas, red stripes

Black bhakis, red flag, takin' off on the mic

I'm not Snoop

But I'm quick to diggety dog your ass

With my strap, ready to blast, nigga fuck all Crabs

And um... I don't give a fuck you know

And 1-0-4 be the street where it's at for sure

So many niggas representin' the B and

When the funk gets jumpin' all the Crabs get to runnin'

But it ain't no hide when I'm C.K. Ridin'

Slippin' and Slidin' and we all West Side

To the tick and the tock and the tock to the tick

On the B you Crab niggas can't fuck with this (yeah!)

[CHORUS]

Hold up, stay off the nuts

Crenshaw Mafia niggas don't give a fuck

Ooooweee, who could it be?

It's that nigga Li'l Hawk Y-motherfuckin'-Geee

[LI'L HAWK]

Now come take a ride with a nigga like me

On the other side of town where the Bloods put it down

Steppin' right every night, Inglewood is where it's at

With my dog S.P., B-Braze and Li'l Yak

Mad Eye with the sack, cup of yack, that's my G  
Homie from the hood and he rollin' with me  
Till the wheels fall off YG Li'l Hawk  
As I bails up the block with this limp in my walk  
But since I talk that talk that be so way out  
I'm about to blow a motherfuckin' Crab's brain out  
Lay him out in the street, a dead Crab can't snitch  
And that's what you get, you went out like a bitch  
Should've been a B-Dog, it was all to the good (WOOP!  
WOOP!)

But now I got to kill you 'cause you from the wrong  
hood  
This is Bloods bitch, you better recognise  
You will get fucked up slippin' on the West Side (best  
side)  
104 C.M.G. it don't quit  
I'm Li'l Hawkster from the Mafia, you can't fuck with this  
(WOOP! WOOP!)

[CHORUS]

Hold up, stay off the nuts  
Crenshaw Mafia niggas don't give a fuck  
Ooooweee, who could it be?  
It's that nigga Li'l Hawk Y-motherfuckin'-Geee

[LI'L HAWK]

True Flue Killa!  
How the fuck you figure  
You fucked around and got the wrong nigga  
Come to take my motherfuckin' hood for a joke you'll  
get smoked out  
?Pino? ass biatch ain't shit to let you know  
And your shady-ass ?hole? motherfucker to the roaster  
You know you can't fuck with this Bloodclot Boy  
Handles my business  
Let my gat ?? and jerk  
YG Li'l Hawk puttin' in the most work  
Ahhoowww Yaba-Daba-Doo  
Young G in this game nigga fool I ain't new to, don't  
Trip, don't slip, don't enter the Mafias  
The homies from the hood will break you off somethin'  
proper  
I'mma roll with my niggas, I'mma ride with my niggas  
and  
If I got to I'mma die with my niggas gettin'  
High with my niggas, it's just another day  
In the Crenshaw Mafia Gang C-motherfucking-K  
I can't stop, I won't stop, I refuse to quit  
And you motherfuckers know you can't fuck with this,  
biiatch!

[CHORUS]

Hold up, stay off the nuts

Crenshaw Mafia niggas don't give a fuck (yeah, yeah)

Ooooweee, who could it be?

It's that nigga Li'l Hawk Y-motherfuckin'-Geeeeeeeeeee

[B-BRAZY]

Ah Goddammit, goddammit..

Turn that shit down now, that's my nephew now

Goddamn turn that shit off goddammit

Fuck that got to pay due

Put on some B.B. King or somethin'..

Damn it true shit

It's Crazy Pops

Y motherfuckin' G

(that's the homeboy G-Bo...)

You know I'm sayin' from Crenshaw Mafia

Motherfuckers..

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