

Bobs

"Why Must I Be Like That"

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Why must I be like that?
Why must I kill the Crabs?
Nuthin' but the Blood in me...

[LIL HAWK]

Back Down Mafia Lane
It's the YGB once again, hittin' you up CMG
Nigga with this all new funk everytime I take off
I just take 'em down, buck 'em down
YG Lil' Hawk
Dippin through the L block to the time
Woodworth P block just Mafia on mind
Interact at your own risk and welcome to the WEST
SIDE!!
Where them niggas slippin' and slidin' and Crabs get
the homicide
Four fire to the dome once again it's on
Chronic on my back up, full of Jim Jones so
Bick back be bool and
Don't even trip it
Mafia in the house with two straps on the ??
Crabs say anything you kickin' his ass out
With this muthafuckin' Glock pop pop and it drop
Lil' Ken in the pen: what's up my nigga?
CMYG: straight Crab killa
I gives a fuck
Glock cock finger on the trigga
West Side Crenshaw Mafia nigga

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[LIL HAWK]

Now as I bail through the muthafuckin' alley and dump
I got the homies on my right, dead Crabs on my left
one
Time in middle
But to get to fiddle-faddle
Everytime I left the Mac barrel
No tattle tally will be allowed

Hoes, bitches, punk bitches get knocked the fuck out
On ?? nightly night is the prominent sleeper
4-7 K all day, street sweeper and
I can get rowdy if you want me too
Lil Hawk Red Riding Hood and fuck lil' boy in flue
I thought you knew Damus be
Gettin their banged on and
Crab-ass niggas be
Gettin' they brains on and (yeah)
When will you be like rollin' down C-K Century
You better be down with the muthafuckin' B-O
D Inglewood niggas know where's at, knick
Knack patty wack and all the homies stay strapped
And watch out cabbage for a pack I'm quick to grab my
9 and flex it
Makin' all Crabs to the exit
West Side Rider

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[LIL HAWK]

Split it's on, breakin' bone, Crabs ?? behind me
And when catch 'em slippin' I'ma show no mercy
In this muthafuckin' game Lil' Hawk is the name!
Ain't a damn thang changed, this still Mafia Lane
But hold up
Off a second and
Let's take a pause cause
So many Crabs got shit in their draws and
Let it rain, let it dip, sockin' a Crab in his lip
You bitch-ass niggas don't wanna set trip
With my nigga Lil' Nut
My homie C-K and
This the type of shit that we do everyday
It's the muthafuckin' hood
The wild wild wild west
Inglewood B-O-T-T-O the M to the S
Where E-Law, Boss Hog and E-S
O-G Vinny Bop smokin' chronic even stress
T-Whirl, Mad Eye, Tiny L and even Smiley
Big Bun, Lunch Meat and Kenny Boy Rowdy
Gramps K-B knockin' niggas out
Big Hawk, Lil' Hawk we in the muthafuckin' house
(WOOP WOOP - WOOP WOOP)

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[LIL HAWK]

Boom Bam M Gang

I gots to give it up to

All my real niggas that don't give a fuck

Sportin' off for my homies from the I to the F to G

5 hundred blocks down right in their speak

And don't enter - the center off the muthafuckin' 4

Redrum across the street and all the Crabs gettin'
sparked

So niggas - watch your ass if you know what I mean

Especially on the STREET that the Bloods call QUEEN

C-P muthafuckin' F all the way to east side

BLOODSTONE VILLAINS show 'em Crabs what the B like

In the G-ride MAD SWANS dumpin' on the Rickets

5-DUECE PUEBLOS, 9-DEUCE BISHOPS

FRUIT TOWN, 6-DUECE BRIM don't give a fuck

And not Long Bitch but them ROLLIN' 20 BLOODS

B like servin' and swervin'

Like everyday

All the way to the days niggas doin' a C-K

Four menace and a mile YG Lil' Hawkster

DENVER LANES!!

And them Crenshaw muthafuckin' Mafias, nigga

Aaha, it's my nephew

Little-ass boy, WOOP WOOP WOOP WOOP WOOP WOOP!!

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