

Bobs

"Wut Dat Mafia Like"

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[SPIDER]

CRENSHAW MAFIA GANGSTER BLOODS

I'ma claim my hood till I'm buried in mud

To you Crab motherfuckers ain't no stoppin' me

Best be watchin' this

Young G it all time

I'm that lil' nigga that they call the creepy crawler, yes
y'all

Y-G Spider from the Mafia

Flowin' and goin' to the top

But I live in the Bottoms

To say I got problems (C-K)

I got 'em

Now let me wreck or check the microphone

I'm a young Dog lookin' for my bone

Roaming strong through the I-N-G

Up Crenshaw with my nigga Bandini

Beamin', flamin', young G's bangin'

The next generation gonna do the same thangin'

If you're in the hood gon' be the first get caught up in
the mix

Shaking 'em like dice ?? four leaf (aw shit)

'bout to go first verse done

Hot like the sun and fire like a gun, fool

[LIL' HAWK & SPIDER]

S-P and Lil' Hawk with the flow that so tight

Hittin' you up West Side, wut dat Mafia like

We don't give a fuck, we don't give a shit

Hit you up West Side, wut dat Mafia like

[SPIDER & LIL' HAWK]

10-4 that's the intro on the next verse

I stomp you to the dirt

And make sure it hurt

That'll work

A young G representin' the B

Down with the C-K on C-K Century

Bangin' on the enemies, everybody's a danger

Everybody's stranger, one in the chamber

While I'm servin' and swervin', swoopin' and woopin'

On the O.G. West Side lootin' and shootin'
Scootin', gettin' the fuck outta dodge
And smokin' them Crabs that be the job
Robbin' and stealin'
Killin' and chillin' in the hood
West Westside Inglewood
Motherfuckers sucker lolly
Bitch-made
Who wanna get sprayed like some goddamn braids
Approach this like a ?? trick you die
Another C-M-G West Side C-K Ride
And it ain't over Blood, we still gettin' high
Way up in the sky wut dat Mafia like

[LIL' HAWK & SPIDER]

S-P and Lil' Hawk with the flow that so tight
Hittin' you up West Side, wut dat Mafia like
We don't give a fuck, we don't give a shit
Hit you up West Side, wut dat Mafia like

[LIL' HAWK]

Special guest your request, motherfucker, it's me
With my dog S-P, Lil' Hawk Y-G-B
Two riders that be
Gettin' they bang on
From 1-0-4
Aw, you didn't know? You can't fuck - wit'
Me and my nigga from rappin' and scrappin', my
finger's on the trigga
And how in the fuck did you figure you don't wanna be
me
The West Side Inglewood B-D-O-G, I got love
For - all my real niggas
All the cap peelers and all the Crab killers
C is for Crenshaw M is for Mafia
L if for Lil' and H is for Hawk
Taking 'em down and I'm breaking 'em down too
C-M-G to the B nigga, I thought you knew, but you
Didn't - so it's assed out when me and S-P in the
motherfuckin' house

[LIL' HAWK & SPIDER]

S-P and Lil' Hawk with the flow that so tight
Hittin' you up West Side, wut dat Mafia like
We don't give a fuck, we don't give a shit
Hit you up West Side, wut dat Mafia like...

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