

## **Bobs**

### **"YGB's Are the Braziest"**

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Oh yeah niggas...  
Back in this motherfucker...  
The Y-G's  
We don't give a fuck nigga, know I'm sayin'  
Yeah, we the Crenshaw Mafia...  
L gang  
WOOP WOOP  
You know I'm sayin'  
We 'bout to regulate this shit  
Crab niggas can hate this... fuck...  
Beeyaatch

[B-BRAZY]  
I break your nose, wreck shows, plus bomb on hoes  
Yo, wear gangsta clothes, drive a Coupe full of hoes  
And I'm supposin' that you wants to ride with these B-Dogs, bitch  
Since I'm beamin' gold red rides on this Rag 6-6  
Hey bitch no perm just a curl for the girl  
New 3-80 for these bustas as I twistin' twirl  
Hoes be all the 9 since they heard B-Braze signed  
But I ain't switch to fuck that bitch me and 8-Ball switch  
Y-G's on mind quick to - knock you out  
Eyes open, get your teeth slap right down your mouth  
Fools like me keeps it rollin'  
Down Fig' ??? from Colden  
They stay hood say all hood they starts unloadin'  
I'm - holdin'  
These nuts cause they're big  
Aw shit B-Brazy from the 9th and Fig'  
Still breakin' down the door  
Screamin' Figueroa  
Last time I hitted your ass up with that, hey yo yo  
Now bitches grab your panties  
Niggas grab a 'Bird and Bool-Aid  
And finally a whole verse with Brazy Daze biiitch

I know you hate this but you can't fade this  
Y-G-B niggas are the braziest  
I know you hate this but you can't fade this  
Y-G-B niggas are the braziest

I know you hate this but you just can't fade this  
Who you know Y-G-B are the braziest

[SPIDER]

I'm comin' with a new twist, I'm bullshit' for the ridas  
And if you don't know me call Y-G Spider  
Homicider from the Wild Wild  
West Side  
Crenshaw Mafia Gangster  
No, I ain't the prankster  
I bank your much faster than Swift  
As I go enter rest fools best beware where is young  
sick-ass G  
And that be me  
From the 10-4 street by the close Swap Meet  
On Century, C-K all day  
And maybe late night if the G-ride is tight what that B  
like side-side  
Nevertheless you claim motherfuckers keep stressin'  
So I keep scrappin' and cappin' with my Smif & Wesson  
Niggas can't fuck with me, myself and I  
The Cren murder gang in the D-L (right)  
Can't we get a WOOP WOOP for this gangsta track?  
(WOOP! WOOP!)

4 packs, a jimmy hats for the punk hoodrats  
That be swingin' on the nuts of this young-ass G's  
I set a trap for the B-I-tches with some G's

(Chorus)

[LIL' HAWK]

Now it's a lil' something that must be spoke on  
About the Crenshaw Mafia and is how we get a roll on  
But peep - shit ain't got deep  
On the block last night  
About four Crab niggas drop  
You wanna bang? Motherfuckers what's up?!  
I'm 'bout to put that motherfucker gaze right up to your  
nut  
Aw... nigga, you didn't know?  
About the 1-0-4 red  
Taggin' niggas' toes  
I'm not showin' no mercy in this game  
Lil' Hawk Y-G and peelin' Crabs is the thang  
A-B crossin' out the C  
And we don't give a fuck, West  
Side C-M-G  
B-L double O-D  
Killer E-R-I-C-K-E-T  
Shoot him up bang bang with the Mac-11  
See 1-8-7 all

Bloods go to heaven  
You just can't fuck with this  
It's the 1-9-9-5 all Crab nigga dis ??? bitch

(Chorus)

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