

**C****"Gas Chamber"**

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Verse1)

It's time to drop the gas from the chamber

Niggas on AWOL rearrange your

Face with the quickness

And it's the Garden Block sickness that got a nigga in  
this shit

So you better watch your back

'Cause C Bo got the strap

Pulling the ski mask down

About to jack

'Cause marks come up short

You better back back like an eight legged crawdad  
from the 44

Your'e scared to walk your alleys now

'Cause now days niggas from my hood

Will snatch your ass out the fucking crowd

And beat you down to the concrete

And then I piss on your ass with some of that Crazy

Horse, Of course

Niggas die

Meet my 44

Then it's over 'cause your'e hit by the hardcore

We can't be in the same gang  
'Cause the gang I'm in, ain't down with that ying-yang  
So raise up off the block  
'Cause you get no props, nigga, against 32 shots  
Come to my set, get chin checked  
Mark, by an original gangster vet  
And then I put the niggity nuts in your mouth  
Your ass was in, but now your ass is out  
Quick, hurry, in a dash  
Get ready to feel the blast from the chamber punk  
Come take a whiff of the gas  
(Verse2)  
Check, Ace, Deuce, Tre  
So now it's on  
Release Slugs from my strap, until they gone  
And talking shit won't last  
Get your ass blast  
As I let the mac-10 tap that ass  
Bo-Loc is what they call me  
For the reason  
I stay strapped and smoke ducks all through the  
season

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