

## C-Bo "Crippin'"

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Feat. Daz Dillinger

[C-Bo]

Yea, that nigga C-Bo and Dat Nigga Daz

Putting it down for the real riders

Fa sho

[C-Bo Hook]

Every where I go niggaz be holla out my name

Talking the about the set I claim and the gang I hang

Aint nothing damm thang change

All y'all niggas, y'all can't fuck with me we throwing up  
the C

Tell me what y'all want to do and how y'all niggas really  
wanted to be

[C-Bo Chorus]

We just Crippin, Crippin, Crippin all night

We just Dippin, Dippin, Dippin let's ride

[C-Bo]

It's C-Bo and that nigga daz in an four rag

With an auto mag, tag, blasting niggas about the move

Feeling to do this out the roof, twenty-one guns and  
loop

And crush son like Big Pun, I die for 29th street

Like Daz would die for 21

Connect gang, wreck thang, disrespect I swing the tech  
man

For the guard and blocks for the Insane

If you down for your gang and throw your rags in the  
air

Flag the mother fuckers like you just don't care

I'm going to ride for mine, do or die for mine

South side duce nine, Long Beach eastside

We going ride together, sly eye together

We going crip and die together, getting high forever

[Daz Dillinger]

C-Bo, Daz Dillie

Serving other niggas in their city, getting greedy

Seen getting shity, rolling vapor are dilly

Now it's time to get stupid or really (Yea)

High stone roll everywhere I Rohm with the meat on my  
bone

Me and C-Bo we keep going zone to zone

My type reaps are anonymous

Coke, weed, cock, feeds we dropping them  
Four kills, an emmy, and in the mode to kill  
Prepare for your blood to get spilled, that's on the real  
Rhino we explode like dynamite  
How many niggas getting killed tonight  
Is you, you, yo

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