

C-bo

"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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