

## King Kapisi

### "Beat Up"

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What's up dog  
What's up ey  
What's up perro  
Yeah  
I run with the real ones  
Simon  
Hey drop that shit holmes

[Chorus x2: Frank V]

If you a sucker on the streets you're getting beat up  
If you a sucker in jail you're PC'd up  
And we don't stop riding till the homies is free'd up  
We g'd up from the feet up

[Royal T]

Are you a real gangster, a real shooter  
Or just a prankster, cyber banger on your computer  
Motherfucking phony, ese you don't know me  
Only true blue can hang with real homies  
Ese you get trapped up and slapped up  
Drag your ass the the woods, you get wrapped up and  
capped up  
Low Pro run the streets so, who you telling  
After your death maybe your shit will start selling

[Lil' Rob]

Hey homeboy why you wanna start shit, I'll shoot up  
your apartments  
And if I go out, I'll make sure I go out like Vargas  
Fighting to the finish, Lil' Rob the sickest  
Fucking up the program, cold like a snowman  
Making you say oh man, slow you down like a slow jam  
Leave you walking like an old man  
I've got the formula, the formula to be destroying ya  
Bullet holes all over ya, nice knowing ya

[Chorus x2]

[Frank V]

Holla at your boy Frank V when I'm rolling through your  
area

But not too loud cuz you know that I carry a  
Four five auto, rich like lotto  
The world is mine, or at least that's my motto  
Chrome rims spinning, hoodrats grinning  
Jesus piece around my neck but I can't stop sinning  
Little homey I'm a true blue, I thought you knew fool  
No cards I can't pull, no hoods I can't shoot through  
Big pimping you never thought could exist  
Low Pro on my chest, Frank V on my wrist  
Where you're at I've been, where I'm at you'll never be  
There's other rappers in this bitch but ain't none like me  
Cuz I'm a shining star, ese fuck who you are  
You got thugs in your car, I'll put slugs in your car  
You got plaques on your wall, I'll put your backs on the  
wall  
I'll subtract all of y'all, I'ma ball till I fall

[Chorus x2]

[True Breed]

Low Profile, SD 619

This California hustle make me California grind  
Getting mine, so we don't waste nobody's time  
Pick up my pants and tuck away my black nine  
Hard rhyme, that's all I got shaking up your spot  
Beating down your block, getting sighted by thirty cops  
You wanna be a G, wanna be just like me  
Face the consequences, stay sucker free

[Bandit]

I keep it gangster loc, my life for the cash  
Dumping shots at fools until their heads hit the dash  
Doing dirt, put it work on these LA streets  
Bringing real with my steel as I blast my heat  
Getting high, born to ride cuz that's the way shit goes  
Got fools all around just to let you know  
Phat Bandit keep it cracking, keep pushing the keys  
For player hation, home invasion trying to stop my G's

[Chorus x2]

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