

## **Knoc-Turn'al "Let's All Roll"**

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[Knoc-Turn'al]

Im from the S-O-U-T-H side of C-A, why they try to P-H  
Still hit em up with that E-A, G-A to N-G-S-T-A  
So fuck them them other N-I- double G-A-S  
Hate the popos and kill the T-A  
Hang with my crew blue strings in my shoes  
Mary jane and some loop while we swangs in the coupe  
Im addicting to macking hoes  
Tracks, flows Crenshaw Boulevard backing foes  
LA's Finest and LA's behind us  
Gangsta, hoochies, essays and whinnies  
D's still twisting, low low's still hopping  
Gangsta shit still dropping, Crenshaw still popping  
Gang signs throwing up, body's still showing up  
And O yea Time Bomb still blowing up, bitch  
When you got the L.A confidential up in the place to be  
Ride with me

[Butch Cassidy Chorus]

Let's All Roll, throw it up if you with me  
Im so cold, who am but staying G  
The Dogg Pound stays the learn all yall heard  
Please date me when stick before you get serve

[Slip Capone]

You know gangstas bang and gangsta slang  
It's just an gangsta thang  
Gangstas dip and some gangstas trip  
Im the gangsta slip and this gangsta crip  
I used bump brother with the gangsta nip  
Cause nobody else was on the gangsta tip  
Gangstas smoke shroom and gangsta rock perms  
Gangstas don't listen and gangstas don't learn  
Gangsta rock braids and gangsta jerry curls  
Gangsta's going take over the world  
Gangsta's go to jail, gangstas skip bail  
Gangsta's make mail and gangsta's would never fail  
Gangsta's goin stay on top  
Because the gangsta is going to make the gangsta shit  
pop  
Just lounge homeboy you in the gangsta zone  
Heart thrown in California where the gangstas roll

[Butch Cassidy Chorus]

[Jayo Felony]

My nigga slip is an gangsta  
'cause im an hoodster, an hood star  
Im taking the hood far  
The C Riders posted up with the bullet loco blue rags  
Smoking the bombing fluid and keep dumping on you  
fags  
I heard and seen it all and im hoping you fall  
Keep looking at my nuts until I get crip ball  
Im still striving, yea ya word is about what im driving  
Your bitch is going me more, pedal to the floor  
Fuck an navigator, nigga I can flip ten gators in my  
living room  
If you can't to that nigga give me room  
Had an courney 89', but your bitch made me mine  
See the mother fucker ran on that biz state of mind  
For mine I did the crime, had to run one time  
And you take my dick in your mouth in one time  
I fuck you in the butt and crip walk your liver  
While I rich roll on the river

[Time Bomb]

Caught up in the land of hard time  
Back off mine, im mad im pushing an hard line  
An hard cat with hard raps and hard rhymes  
I hardly pay attention to rap  
My mine say hard dick serve to an bitch aint no crime  
Hood soft to hard dime, chicken way I flip mine  
Hard hit and rip like canines, hit hard heads with no  
spine  
March and start to take mine  
Big D let me fuck that bitch and you fuck mine  
Off hard liqueurs is harder than wine  
Knocturnal comes through overtime  
When I die build me an shrine  
All is all is getting in my mind  
I aint begun to speak yet, until that time

[Butch Cassidy]

Let's throw it up, throw it up  
Let em know, out in the west represent let it gold  
Let's throw it up, throw it up  
Let em know, out in the west represent let it gold

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