

# Kurupt "Crip Walk"

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[Intro:]

Yeah, this for the west coast cd  
Let me clear my throat  
Check it out, check it out, check it out  
We gonna drop it like this  
This album is the best of both worlds  
Kurupt, daz dilly, this for the westcoast side, young  
gotti  
Don't forget about tray deee, and snoop, this for the  
westcoast one

[Verse 1: kurupt]

Saggin, nigga g'd up, sippin  
Sip nigga, dip nigga, set trip nigga  
Gotta grip nigga, getta grip nigga with tha gang  
And rollin with tha alpine bangin  
Homie whatcha got? a couple sacs to sell  
Went from weed and dope to mics ta sell  
Hit a switch nigga  
Don't fuck around wit bitch niggaz  
I'm a money cash nigga  
Cash gettin, hash hitten  
Gang bang affiliate  
Hit a stick real quick  
And in a minute start killin shit real quick  
Ima million dollar motherfuckin nigga (million dollar  
motherfuckin nigga)  
I thought you knew about it  
Bout it bout it do ya got it  
Now tha homies bout it, ima bout ta do this  
Hit a lick they hit back wit some new shit  
Then have a gangster reunion, the homie told me (wut  
he say?)  
Get cha' boogie on youngsta, c-walk homie

[Chorus:]

Get cha' walk on, c-walk homie, c-walk homie  
Get cha' walk on, c-walk homie

[Verse 2: tray deee]

Yeah ima tell you like this kurupt, you know how it was

for me  
Been regarded as the hardest since I hit the set  
Young nigga with a rep, kept that gangsta step  
Crocka sacs of blue cordiroy with house shoes on  
Flawssin for the hoodrats gettin my groove on  
Hangin in the park till all hours of dark  
Tryna catch a mark slippin wit this thang that bark  
Cry baby on the swamp got the exit locked  
And aint no doubt comin out he gone wreck ya not  
Pass me the satin locs so I can wet my throat  
While I sag the blue khakis wit tha raoder coat  
All the hoes really want is gangstaz just like us  
Ruff and don't give a fuck aint that right krupt (thas  
right)  
Stay bangin on these niggaz on a regular basis  
Big paper chasin, facin felony cases  
Made it to be famous, livin hard and dangerous  
Steppin on these bustaz wit my blue chuck taylors

[Chorus:]

[Verse 3: slip capone]

You know that ganstaz rock, gangstaz roll  
Heres the gangsta shit, we on a gangsta stroll  
It's gangstaz ride, gangstaz slide  
Then the gangstaz rob with the gangsta glide  
Cuz gangstaz move, and gangstaz groove  
And most gangstaz got nuthin ta lose  
Gangstaz live, and gangstaz die  
Gangstaz form a gang and the gang multiply  
Gangstaz give a fuck a g, don't ask why  
Gangstaz don't snitch, and gangstaz don't cry  
Gangstaz boogie, gangstaz don't dance  
Gangsta pull the strap out cha' pants and blast  
Gangstaz don't run, and gangstaz don't hide  
Ima gangsta ass nigga from the sick southside  
That's how I know exactly what a gangsta do  
Ya love the gangsta shit aint you a gangsta too?  
Then c-walk homie

[Chorus (outro)]

C-walk homie  
Slip capone, c-walk homie  
O.g. tray deee, c-walk homie  
Krupt, that nigga daz, soopafly, now walk on 'em  
C-walk homie, c-walk homie, now walk on 'em

