

LaToiya Williams

"Crip Hop"

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I'm tired of that punk shit, where niggaz claim to done
Where they from and who run shit, I bang it to the tip-
top
Can't stop, won't stop, droppin' gang bang hit rocks
To the last drip-drop, to the tick tock, to the blocks
niggaz rip glocks
I'm knowin' that this shit hot, this your first introduction
To this motherfuckin' crip hop

It's time to research the documents and pull some files
and put it down with this gangsta style
'Cause I be seein' niggaz being more aggressive now
After peace treaty meetings and the weapons down

Sport Chucks 'member once it was Nikes and sandals
To me it's unlikely that you're sheisty and skanless
To manage this dramaticness I call my rep
Every step stay on deck keepin' bustaz in check

Certified murder guide through the streets of death
Where the sleep ya slip soon as ya weakness met
From that real killer deal get ya steal and mash
Niggaz have done did when the steel'll blast

Pockets filled with cash, fuck a Benz or Jag
Lookin' rough in a bucket, tuckin' tens and Macs
Dip roam, chip phones, flip and clock
Lick shots and the cops and control your block

Keep it true with the crew from the old to new
Ride providin' 'em with guidance like your 'sposed to
do
Notice who, participatin' all the activity
That's how we livin G, strictly killer tendencies

So death to all my enemies and to the homies
Who rest in peace, a dub bag and Hennessey
These weak niggaz killin' me with their proclivity
To even pro climate that they as real as me

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Yeah nigga this crip, crip, crip, talk shit and I'ma bust
yo' lip
I'm gettin chips in the summer in a nine-six Hummer
In D.C., fuckin' with a breezy, easy, see we see all we
can see
G.R. we can G, the East side family, coherent,
cohesive, the co-pilot

On this East side shit 'cuz, I'm co-signin'
On the East fuck peace we ridin violent
Fuck where you been it's all about where I been
Sirens, gunshots, flood glocks get popped

When they all try to knock knock knock
Who is it? Visit the papers, the streets and the labels
We got the hottest shit burnin' on the turntables
I won't deny ya, I'm a straight rider and you don't
wanna fuck with me
(Yeh, yeh)

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CRIP 'cause that's all we G
I'm from Rollin', 20, Gangsta Crip
And I'ma tell you how the shit gon' C
(Gon' C)

Now, if I wasn't rappin' motherfucker y'all be starvin'
On my nuts without bucks like Marvin
You can't sleep, you can't eat, look who starvin'
Written bill paid but still gotta be a slave

Flip your own money, make your own proper
Get yo' own heat, in case some niggaz try to stop ya
Be a boss hog about your money, float loc
And trust no one, anybody can get smoke smoked

Like a fat-ass blunt, of that bomb shit
Have a babysitter set that ass up for chip Chips Ahoy
Niggaz ran in with toys
If you didn't see 'em it's the East side boys

We be mobbin' like a motherfuckin' cut
Dirty dealt, Lil' Sag, Lil' Jay, Lil' Chuck
Two times, trey times on yo' motherfuckin' ass
Keep it O.G. nigga, rewind and pass

It's just another day and forty dozen, niggaz strugglin'
Is you hustlin', do you relate to drug smugglin'?
If so, grab a nine and start to trip
But remember, don't let nobody punk you out yo' grip
nigga

Dogg Pound groovin', East side is the greatest
And other guys can't fade us, 'cause we're the hardest
in the town
And duces, never could be faded and all you suckers
hate it
Ohh crip is goin down, and baby have no doubt

We gonna turn it out and that's on East side L.B.C.
And we're the best, we rockin' coast to coast
and we be blowin' dope, and baby that's the shit
I'm talkin real shit to ya baby
(That real crip shit)

Duces 'n trayz bangin'
(That real crip shit)
I'm talkin' real shit to ya baby
(That real crip shit)
Duces 'n trayz, bangin', bangin', bangin', bangin'
(That crip)

Oooh, yeah, that East sider shit
(East side, East side)
What y'all know about this here
(What, what, what?)
I'm talking crip shit
(I'm, talk to me, talk to me)

I'm talking crip shit
I'm talking crip shit to you baby
East side ahh, East side, East side
Ahh, East side, East side

