

Lmt**"Throw the C's in the Air"**Visit "[Throw the C's in the Air](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[TWIN LOC]

Yeah

East Side Avalon 45 Crip (CaRIP!)

88, 11-6, you know what I'm sayin' (right Cuz)

And we doin' like that you know what I mean (yeah)

B-K (yeah)

Slob Killer (Slob!)

Fuck Sway

You see me though

Or do you hear me though

We about to break it off like this

Loc'd out

[TWIN LOC]

Loc'd out in the brain from that motherfuckin' A gang

I bang with the down and remain for that money man

To jack me a slug, pull the trigger, blow his brains out

A tisket, a tasket, closed casket is wanna I'm talkin'

about

I blast a Slob, leave him wealin' in a wheelchair

I really don't give a fuck

I really don't fuck and care

Crip in me

I take Slobs like cats

Givin' up Avalon, beat them down with bats

Check my tats on backarm, forearms and neck

40 A.G.C. is what you get

It's the shit

I bust on Slobs on the regular

Fuck penicillin 'cause they need to get rid of that

Period collar busta I put that on the land

My homies beated down your homies with they

barehead

A.G.C. enemies catch the blues

And I wouldn't wanna walk in no Slob shoes

[TWIN LOC]

East/Side Avalon nigga simply don't care

So if your ass straight cripin' throw them C's in the air

If you really wanna ride on the gangsta tip

Recognize that it's Avalon Crip

[TWIN LOC]

Chitty-chitty-bang-bang, Avalon Crip Gang
Do this to the fullest 'cause I do this shit everyday
To spray this slug quick in a hurry
Pop-Pop to your dome now your mama gots to bury
Another bitch-ass Slob
That's I'm singin'
Let me catch one of your bitch-ass niggas I'm straight
sprayin'
Stayin' - down, A's up to my homies
Especially to my niggas Trouble Syke and Sneaky Tony
And all my soldiers in the motherfuckin' system
Ain't havin' no bitch-ass Slob tryin' to dis them
We in it to win it loc'd out Crips strong and when I die
I walk Crippin' graved in my tombstone
Realize a loc'd out real fuckin' rider
With real gangsta lyrics stickin' like a screwdriver, I
provide a
Strap for my homies if you willin for a Slob massacre
Another Avalon killin' Cuz

[TWIN LOC]

East/Side Avalon nigga simply don't care
So if your ass straight cripin' throw them C's in the air
Now if you really wanna ride on the gangsta tip
Recognize that it's Avalon Crip

[TWIN LOC]

Shot outs to my riders from the motherfuckin' A (that's
right)
1-16, 88, 45, Trey (for life Cuz)
G.A., G-Mike, Skill Bill and that's real
And my nigga K-Fly just love to kill
Jeff O., Scrappa, Joe Cool, Boo and Cisco
And I can't forget about Snoop and Baby Nose
Poppin' O, Big Thinkin', Fifty and Double
Be puttin' this Crippin' takin' to the whole other level
Big Figure - givin' up to the 88 street
And leavin' busta down to the concrete

[TWIN LOC]

East/Side Avalon nigga simply don't care
So if your ass straight cripin' throw them C's in the air
Now if you really wanna ride on the gangsta tip
Recognize that it's Avalon Crip...

[TWIN LOC]

I thought you knew, motherfuckers (that's right)
That's how the Avalon do it
Y'all better recognize

Dwellin' on the evil-ass East/Side
You know what I'm sayin'
Shout outs to the Twin
Big Leaf, Big Reef
J-Love, Runnin' too
(CRIP! CRIP! CRIP! CRIP! - fuck them Slobs...)
You know I'm sayin'
Criminal, Humptie
Sam, Smile, I hear ya
Big Spank, you know what I'm sayin'
What's up baby?!
To all the homies Rest In Peace
Crazy Raggy you know what I'm sayin'
Ice Mike
Joker, Hearse, Hood
Especially
G-Jake and my brother A-Bone
A's up
See you when I get there, baby
Anybody...

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