

Los Umbrellos

"I Can Make You Dance"

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(*ad-libs*)

(Chorus: Big Rocc)

I can make you dance if you want me to
You bustas talking trash but ain't making no moves
We live that Long Beach life, so we don't give a fuck
So when you bustas ready we can crank this beat up

[Tray Deee]

Put your brownies in your back pocket grab your strap
We banging once again cause the West is back
It's the Long Beach finest, king of Eastsidaz
Hard as a rock and raw as vaginas
I brought Snoop back to these gangsta beats
Off the No Limit tank to the turf with heat
Search the streets, the whole city heard me speak
Got flowers every hour I conserve the D
Slang dope from the throat with these vocal quotes
Only loc roll these spokes blowing notes to folks
I ain't tripping, catch me hitting six tre switches
Or dipping in the coupe with a group full of women
Doghouse banging, all out spraying
Strategic position of power and no delaying
Crip hop this not the average rap
Get you hyped up have that ass grabbing your strap
Like a G do, we who the bustas fear
Killa Cali, big daddies only come from here
As you lying, mega don living life to roll
With them hot girls with them pretty nails and toes
From Long Beach to Crenshaw, Promona to Compton
Dirty South, Midwest and why it's popping
Tony Touch only what I rap is the truth
So keep the beat bumping while I'm up in the booth

(Chorus)

[Tray Deee]

Tracy Davis, hard as a Raider, commitment to
excellence
Never leave no evidence, most of us hesitant
I keep it cracking like cocaine

Stay doing the damn thang and let my nuts hang
Glenyard walking shit talking
V-12 stomping, grip riding non stopping
Make these marck niggas fear the led more often
Snatch niggas ice cause it's too much flossing
We up to the crack of dawn
Sipping on Sattin till the Sattin all gone
I smoke so much they call me Hickory D
And fuck so tough they call me Dick-Em-Down-D
I bring muscle game, cause these bustas got rained
Talk too much then a sucker got claimed
I pick the game lock, and keep the thang cocked
And shake a nigga brain like Biggie and Pac
Kadafia the Mafia and LBC
When I spit it homies listen to the profit in me
All black call that what the ladies respect
And those who disrespect done lost state to the left
What you thought, since you heard me rapping I'm soft
Last thang see the flame and the gat as it cough
Revelations in the making best to make your peace
Cause the soldiers don't control from the West to East

(Chorus - 2x)

(*ad-libs*)

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