

Malfa

"Bellin"

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[intro]

Bellin

Strolling with a limp

Sagging hard

Mainly done by L.A street niggas

Bellin

Is not just a casual stroll

But a way of life

A movement

First you take the rag

Crease it

Place it in your back pocket

And bell

But remember

For all you square ass niggas

Rips to the left

Doggs to the right

Not for niggas in tight ass jeans and penny loafers

But highly recommended for nigaas sporting

Khakis, house shoes and locs

[Kokane]

Oh my God

Yeah, we back motherfucker

WC niia, niia, BAAM BAAM!

[WC]

Keep it crackin

I'm sick of all this bullshit yacking

Ya'll done fucked around

and got the Dub reacting

Lo-lows, broughams

House shoes, or roams

Once again its on nigga

It's time to G on

When it comes to gangsta shit

Can't too many fuck with me

Hang with me

or ride to the highest level of ridetivity

One to the neck

Two to the neck

I'm sticking them
Leaving them scarred
Bitch niggas get rode of they yard
Hard
Get off that shit
You lost that shit
See how many streets
While you talk that shit
Fuck who Billboard hanging
And who take you banging and slanging
I'm the hardest nigga in this game
Famin
the only one remaining
It's time for confrontation
The only one that's gonna swing them thangs
Swinging with the Titanium flaming
With the gun safety on F'n
Fuck the whole world loc
I'm bellin

[Chorus]

[Kokane]

Yeah I got the remedy
To make you wanna come and ride with me
You know I keeps it crackin cause it's a must
Cause this the way we bell from dawn to dusk
I'm a keep banging that gangsta ish And none of ya'll
niggas can fuck with it
You know I keeps it crackin cause it's a must
Cause this the way we bell form dawn to dusk

[WC]

Sick as they come
Sick as thay come
WC got that bomb shit
that'll numb your tongue
Fucking it up
in my dum-da-da-dumbs
Not a Dump-da-da-dumb
Off that wet one
Chuckin up the finger and thumb
Scrap it
Clack-clack it
And toss the liquor
Clip the barrel
And hang out the window
And get off on niggas
Snatch niggas, clap triggers
Leave on the back of the grass niggas
Fuck all you rapping ass niggas

I'm a thank em'
Let my nuts hang
And dick dangle
Come in with the shit that will make you break them
ankles
Cause I'm an all-season nigga
Leave yah leaking nigga
Thirsty gutter nigga
Use a first..... nigga
Disappear nigga
We gonna be here
Been shifting gears
And doing this shit for years
Off the liquor though
Really though
Fuck a video
I'm getting in these hoes
Nigga fuck what you yellin
I'm Bellin

[Chorus]

[Kokane]

If you see me saggin
Don't say nothing
It's just the way we bell

When you see these Chucks
You know I don't give a fuck
It's just the way we bell

[WC]

Roll them in
Wrote this song again

...

Pull them out and let them glide
Hang them high
Put them hankies in the sky
Out of town niggas what you need
Hit me
Get with me
Get tuned in to the realist nigga in this city
And if you came to LA
You never reached out and touched us
Trust us
Then you must have been fucking with bustas
Hell yeah, I said it
I'm a hog in this shit
Cause my before me was none of this walking shit
Keep it real
When I was skipping on Benzos and Navies

Ya'll was in tight ass pants with murphys in your khakis
Ducking
Now all of a sudden
Niggas start super crippin
So nigga taste these slugs
Tuckin
Nigga tuck in your chain and your tail in
And shut the fuck up and make way for these fellas
Nigga, I'm bellin

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