

David Cassidy

"Game Round"

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[Chorus]

Ever since we came round in 84 alotta shit done came down

Alotta shit done changed now, lotta niggas game round

Lotta niggas hang now, lotta niggas bang now
You startin to get the fame now?

[Verse One]

I just want the change now but how this sposed to change now?

Been fuckin em up on the block but a deck ain't even some change now

So it ain't so strange now, they poppin at my Range now

I just want some grains out nigga check my strangs out

Metalbrook, Moonlight, Marcus where we hang out

Banged out by the day pound but by the night make bullets rang out

I'm markin niggas banged out

Rey Loc, Jayo, my Crip and Blood homies got love from every fuckin gang now

[Verse Two]

My niggas go the same route, we been peeped this game out

Hoodstas Rich Roll! I'm 4-7 Banged out

They loccin shit we ain't about the Locust Crip we came out

Crip talkin and walkin and my blue strings hang out

Bitches scream my name out, the hood turned this game out

Niggas peep my strangs out so I pull my thangs out
(Nigga let me do my thang now) tell these fools the name now

Notorious Dulow mutha fuckin Gang, clown

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse Three]

Ever since these fag niggas came around the game been fucked and watered down

L-O-C-O when I'm platinum now, ya'll mutha fuckas
gettin slaughtered now
You're platinum do I feel ya now, hell naw cuzz, nigga
bout to kill ya now
Y'all niggas ain't never gon be shit, but the house on
the West Coast is
still the sound
Fuck that nigga get back feel my rounds
Hit bitch, hit licks here kiss the ground
When ya see a nigga killa bout to hit the ground
Ya mutha fuckas know how my spittin sounds
Get rich, get flipped nigga this is Crip, anybody test
that get pistolwhipped
That's me and I'm still gonna down em
And set ya like fuck the world mutha fucka this is Crip
Get chips, get rich wit this nigga we come around
nigga hit with this
Nigga so jealous he done went and slit his wrist
cuz y'all niggas ain't doin shit wit this
See Bullet Loc and get even bitch, it might even be
deceivin bitch
And bullshit we ain't beleivin bitch
when shit get thick y'all leave it quick
Get out the game you got the same sound
still gettin beats from the same clown
Don't look now niggas puttin it down
You've been shakin in ya boots since we came around
Nigga let me do my thang now (Tell these fools the
name now)
Notorious DuLow mutha fuckin Gang, clown

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse Four]

Now think about it logically and see how it's soundin
odd to me
This niggas a fuckin poodle and I'm hearin he's talkin
bout plot to me
Niggas talkin bout boxin me, better be talkin bout
poppin me
Choppin me, glockin me, finally fuckin stoppin me
Now that's some shit I got to see, Dulow Gang was
prophecy
Meant to be so it's got to be, niggas hard well not to me
Heard how I rock a beat click click and pop my heat
Droppin G's, poppin keys 2001 still poppin peas

[Verse Five]

Nigga ain't no stoppin me so listen to my prophecy
Did time to pop em see in the penitentiary
Bang when they mention me, spit so vividly

None niggas feelin me, none niggas killin me
We goin on a killin spree nigga check your history
Hoodstas ain't no mystery, never ball your fist at me
Bring supreme to twist wit me, niggas slit they wrist for
me
This bitch blew a kiss at me now his ass is history

[Chorus 2x]

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