

## Dayne Taylor

### "Trued Up Remix"

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[Jayo Felony]

It's how it goes down

Hoodsta style

The Remix

West Coast killin like that! (One Shot Kill)

Y'all know what's crackin

The whole Roc-A-Fella shut down!

Enemy's goals come at me foul

I bust 'em in they bowels

For this rag 4 mag, bitch get shit bag

Watch me hit this fag with sack with this

Till I die "Crip or Cry" Mista Nice Guy's dead

Is in hood to the heart and his .47 to the head

Think you can scrap? I got scrap

But see it's only one thing, I got this strap

And they ain't goin for none of that

Comprehend like "You don't just wanna end your career here"

When the bullet hits your collarbone you know it's like "Fuck a career"

I drink a ?? to ya soul, muthafucka rich roll

Hit you and ya man, you slippin, fuck up his stroll

Cuz, and that's just how these hoodstas roll

Talkin 'bout "Is he a blood or is he crip?"

Nigga I sock that faggot in his big ass lip

Put a straight jacket on me, cuz I'm throwin a tantrum

And all the crips across the world y'all gone sing this anthem

[Crip Chorus: Jayo]

We stay trued up! Blued up!

True fat laces, true blue chucks

We Crippin till we die cuz, and'll shoot you up

Cock the .38 from the G homie used to shoot up

[Blood Chorus: Baby Star]

We stay flamed up! Banged up!

Bright red laces, flamed up chucks

It's Piru till we die blood, and'll shoot you up

Cock the .38 from the G homie used to shoot up

[Baby Star]

Dulo, get names spit flames  
Thought cus Pac laid off ya shit change?  
Shit ranged, hell naw they bit game  
Every time ya hit, bitch slang  
Bit names, bustin other niggas shit can

You crossed the line blood, now the streets comin to  
get ya  
It's over +H.O.V.A.+ prepare for your last thrill nigga  
Was never a real nigga and know you aint tryin to be  
Dulo the throne of dynasty  
Thinking your reigning? It's time to see  
We'll find you at Marcy unless you wit a film crew  
With that scary ass Memphis Bleek nigga him too  
I aint impressed that you done wrote your fuckin flunky  
some raps  
But if Beanie is really a baboon then you funky for that  
But it aint no dynasty dummy, just ya flunky and a  
monkey  
And a broad that look like a fuckin recoverin heron  
junky  
Put a straight jacket on me dog, I'm throwin a tantrum  
And all my Bloods across the world y'all gon sing this  
anthem

[Blood Chorus: Baby Skar]

We stay flamed up! Banged up!  
Bright red laces, flamed up chucks  
It's Piru till we die blood, and'll shoot you up  
Cock the .38 from the G homie used to shoot up

[Crip Chorus: Jayo]

We stay trued up! Blued up!  
True fat laces, true blue chucks  
We Crippin till we die cuz, and'll shoot you up  
Cock the .38 from the G homie used to shoot up

[Jayo Felony]

Back in the day if I was 'caine cuz I would have been  
trippin  
Like "Ain't no half crippin"  
When it comes to this C shit, they gon' learn out here  
I'll have Al Sharp, C-walkin with his perm out here  
Niggas bangin the NY now, cuz I don't knock it  
This fool said he was a blood but had his rag in the  
wrong pocket  
Crips where it on the left and Pirus where it on the right  
I'ma show you muthafuckas how to gangbang right  
Ride back in the same night, how to slang 'caine right

How to keep them guns hot, and aim them thangs right  
While ya DJ gettin sloped at the break beach spot  
I'm smoking purple till my lungs light great street watts  
C-walk on yo roof, it's over before you hit the vocal  
booth  
Watch out, I threw up the hood and broke ya tooth  
Put a straight jacket on me, cuz I'm throwin a tantrum  
And all the crips around the world y'all gone sing this  
anthem

[Crip Chorus: Jayo](2x)

We stay trued up! Blued up!  
True fat laces, true blue chucks  
We Crippin till we die cuz, and'll shoot you up  
Cock the .38 from the G homie used to shoot up

Bitch!  
And you just lost!

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