

Spider Loc

"Not A Dance"

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(feat. Young Buck and C-Bo)

[Young Buck:]

I see all of these niggas with these rags in they
pockets,
How many of 'em really bang
And where the fuck is you from and what the fuck do
you claim

[Chorus: Young Buck]

You are not a gangsta you ain't from the hood
You twistin' up your fingers but you ain't ever stood
On this block where we put in work homie do your thang
This shit is not a game
Better watch what you claim

When they Crip Walk it ain't a dance
And when they Blood Walk it ain't a dance

When they Crip Walk it ain't a dance
And when they Blood Walk it ain't a dance

[Verse 1: Spider Loc]

Gang bangers!
Cuzz you can get mopped up for walkin like that
You ain't from nowhere so stop talkin' like that
You best pull your pants up and lose that rag
Or you 'gon make the Loc loc up and use that Mag
I'm shooter I keep fresh prints on the Glock
And you's a goofball the real fresh prince on the block
Pop imposters quick serve these bustas slugs
You ain't a Crip or a Blood naw just a thug
Niggas start Harlem Shakin' and get carried away
But bust a wrong move and you can get buried today
I stay in these streets gangbangin' with a black Mac
What happened to the baggy jeans and ya back pack?

[Chorus: Young Buck]

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[Verse 2: Young Buck]

If you ask me bangin' started on the West Coast
Way 'for a nigga ever heard of Death Row
I was out there me and my big cousin E
These California streets ain't like Tennessee
But the hood ain't no different its the same old shit
Don't nobody talk when a nigga get hit
Fell in love with this life, started takin' them trips
I got a few Blood homies but I hang with Crips
Put in my work I'm stickin' to the g-code
I got my ass in that car and let that heat go
Let you tell it you a motherfuckin' OG
But they don't know you and niggas know me

[Chorus: Young Buck]

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[Verse 3: C-Bo]

I hustle on the block
Work my muscle with the pot
Touch the cash fast
Like 0 to 60 on the dash
My .38 Mag out the stash
As I roll past
Cause the Gucci bag got more cash you're ever gonna
have
See I'm a gang banger
Neighborhood caine slanger
If I'm not a gang banger got caine caine slanger
I don't C-Walk to dance
Probably if I chalked a man
I just hit a Ca\$hville trap and made a hundred grand

I just made a nigga flat
That was the size of Shaq
I'll bat
On that half-a-stick sprayin' my Mac
Like when the homies attackin'
Then kills a top head
I might C-Walk in the club and spend top bread
Like yeah the block bled
Niggas ain't said a word
Now I sit in the perfect position for me to set a verb

[Chorus: Young Buck]

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