

Latoya Jackson

"Crazy 8's"

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(Lake Luciano & [Littles] Talking)

Yo Littles man
[Yo what's the deal nigga?]
I'm tired of these mother fucking niggas man!
[Hey yo what's the deal with these little mother
fucking monkey's man?]
Yeah son I just want to give me 8 bars man that's how
we gonna do it
[8 bars?]
Yeah all of us gonna spit 8 I'll get the hook son
[Yo let me tell these mother fuckers something]
You know what I'm saying they can't touch it
[I cross my heart and hope the streets will listen]
[41st Side mother fucker]
Give me an 8 Littles give me 8 nigga

(Littles Verse)

Yo, yo, yo, hey yo
See I was raised around snitches and thieves hammers
and V's
Couldn't trust friends much fuck dodging the D's
I had a M-1 cock quick block on knees
Who the youngest thug that ever lived blocks I quoting
I'm a legend and these city streets, give me props
'Cause when I'm A-K speak niggas call the cops
41st Side man, what block you rep?
15 I was holding down I hold projects

(Wiz of "The Braveharts" Verse)

See when my niggas catch bodies I fucks up the crime
scene
G-W-I-Z don't see police
I pocket shells guns move your bodies trajectory
From where the bullet entered then fucked up the
police
Investigation that'll be the only retaliation
Scoop Teflon's blue and red lights reflection
Fuck it, still pick up the weapon and keep stepping
Get bag, come home in time to ditch the weapon

(Prodigy & [Lake] Hook)

Yo listen thun the hood love us

[Not 'cause we rhyme for it]

We ride for it, we do time for it

[Our mans die for it all our moms cry for it]

No other hood in the world could put a stop on it

The hood love us

[Not 'cause we rhyme for it]

We ride for it, we do time for it

[Our mans die for it all our moms cry for it]

Yo Blitz and "Jung" spit your life on it

(Blitz's Verse)

Red light, green light it's that nigga Blitz

With that infared beam like see a nigga spit

See me on the street, see these cowards bolt when I
aim

Now see this nigga leak, faggot should of noticed my
pain

All these cardboard killers I'll box y'all, multiple shots
y'all

Death breathing out of them glocks yall

Fear no streets, fear no beef

Leave niggas in loving memory and feel no grief

(Jungle's Verse)

Yo It's Jungle from the braveharts for all y'all dummies

I'm a be the first black face on money

Beleive it I bust guns by any means

I got a oozie, a calico, a M-16 with a red beam

Hit you all up in your head

Then stomp your body out good after you dead

Mother fucker I'll cut your blue coogie off

You can catch me on the 40th side of Vernon QB north

(Prodigy & [Lake] Hook)

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We ride for it, we do time for it

[Our mans die for it all our moms cry for it]

Faul Monday & Germ put your stripes on it

(Germ's Verse)

Yo, Yo

Some niggas different niggas gotta make the right
moves

Niggas choose to run around and wanna wave they
tools
'Til somebody lay you flat and give you permanent
shoes
Ashy gray cement like the color of tombs
And y'all boys aint menace still trying to get made
Don't make me spread you around like ??? with aids
And I, laying slugs in you just like fades
It's like a one and a half going 'gainst your brain

(Faul Monday verse)

Hey yo, fuck y'all
Anything moving it's a rentals Dog
Faul Monday loading up then heat it up like leather
scarfs
Get your lady clapped in her mouth, tell her to shut up
It's Queensbridge thugging you out give me your dub
ups
Go 'head reach for it
The reverend don't preach for it
When Jesus never plays goalie with bullets you'll leak
for it
So get your head pealed over the passenger side
Who you fucking with dies
Throw in Lakey stickers then ride

(Prodigy's Outro)

Yeah that's right dedicated to all you bitch ass niggas
(uh-huh)
Staright like that we after all y'all niggas, man (all of
you)
You know who the fuck you is
No what I'm saying you know what time it is man (get
no love)
Fuck all yall niggas (no love)
we don't give a fuck about none of y'all niggas
Man you know what I'm saying 'cause we straight
gangstas know what I'm saying
And, it goes down nigga know what I'm saying
I don't know what the fuck y'all niggas gonna do
But it goes down (niggas don't get no love from the
hood)
you know what I'm sayin
And, and yo, It's straight war nigga and that's coming
from Littles
You know what I'm saying that's coming from my nigga
Wiz (who else?)
That's coming from Blitz (uh-huh)
you know what I'm saying, my nigga Jungle (uh)
Faul Monday, Germ (uh-huh) that's coming from all
the...

Yo son (everybody, everybody)
Yo my nigga Lake you know what I'm saying (you
know,you know, you know)
Yo man Cormega, that's coming from me P (uh-huh)
You know what I'm saying HAV the Mobb
Everybody man, you know what I'm saying
we coming after you niggas man
(Oh it's over then, it's over) Fuck all y'all niggas
(It's over then It's over)
It's not a game man, (uh-huh)
We taking this shit over man
You know what I'm saying (uh-huh)
Straight like that son
Yeah that's real, that's real (It's on nigga)
You know what I'm saying and (Bring it)
don't say Bars and don't say Hooks
Straight like that man all y'all niggas man yo...
It's so real
2002 shit nigga and beyond nigga we outta here man,
Bitch ass niggas
No love from the hood!!

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