

## **Blind Date**

### **"True Flue Killer"**

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Mafia Denver True Flue Killer...  
(Gonna be a murder)

[SPIDER]

You Crab niggas step in tha hood and get burned  
Punk motherfuckers is the lesson to be learn (fool)  
It's the land of fire flame, West Side Bottoms Gangs  
Bitches on my ??? damn it's a shame  
How they swing, how can I explain why the fuck they  
keep swingin'  
Every time they see them brazy gangstas from the C-  
M-G  
B-L-O-O-D/C-K/R-I-D/A apostrophie S on the West Side  
Niggas know where the hood for life fuck who's wonder  
why  
Slippin' and slime where my homies high is a kite  
Rhyme to you set late night smokin' endo  
Lay back in a C Honda Accord lookin' real low  
Tint on the window but a body on your block  
So I got to shake the spot real quick chop-chop  
Hotdamn I couldn't give 'em two blast  
So I'm all in traffic off to kill another Crab

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[PEANUT II]

I hit you up with two L's no cut  
If you bangin' give it up  
Because these ?? Bloods are so fuckin' nuts  
True Flue Killer nigga  
Peanut the Deuce (And I see Kay-Pee)  
Why you busta niggas through  
K-P but I ain't smelly just call me Capone  
It's on I'm on the microphone to the breakadawn  
Ho's are swingin' off me but I'm a gangsta to the heart  
though  
We don't love them hoes and I'm puffin' on endo  
Drinkin' drank so don't fake, you can't fuck with me  
(WOOP WOOP)  
I'm a gangsta with ??? so just back up me

I'm K-P the Y-G  
A Young Gangsta biiiyatch  
From Figueroa street  
Where my khakis straight creased  
Wearing bright bright red  
A few homies dead  
So I see 1-8-7 to my muthafuckin' end (WOOP WOOP)  
With my nigga 8-Ball  
Breakin' Crabs' jaws, red shoes, red bhakis, red  
muthafuckin' drawers

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[PIMP D]  
Hooked up with S-P about 4 o'clock  
Grab tha Glock and say nigga, let's shake the spot  
We rollin' 4 deep in the Coupe leanin' to the side  
It's the West Side Y-G right (right)  
Y-G Pimp D never givin' a mad-ass fuck  
About no Crab nigga you know what's up  
It's the West Side, the best side, punk b-i-tch  
Now since I'm a down motherfucker sent down to stack  
chips  
Now back your ass on up and take four fuckin' paces  
Before I let you have it and you feel the penetration  
As this heat that I bring to you so damn smooth  
It's like ooh!  
You don't know what I'm gonna do?  
I'm takin' him, I'm takin' him, flip flop, flip back  
It's the B-funk nigga, fuck the hoodrat  
Or you didn't know?  
Hoe... I'll be the one  
To see 1-8-7 make sure the job is done

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[B-BRAZY]  
Now as I B-Dog walk fool this is Figueroa street  
9 dookies, 1-0 killas, R-A-fleas get beat  
Got beef with the world so is anybody K  
But I'm quoted on, so it's on got to bust a C-K  
Rollin' with them killas on the solo bolo  
New recruits on the stripe rollin' with this psycho  
Brazy niggas from the wild wicked West Side  
Everytime I drink wine, a Crab nigga's dyin'  
On the streets of L.A. the only Bloods on Figueroa  
And Crabs still dyin' so fuck Crabs hoe  
Denver Lanes how we do it  
I know I've been ???

Man I smoke so many Crabs I gotta go to care unit  
Beamed up like a bright red 1-0-9 watt bulb  
Denver Lane Bloods or the Figueroa thug  
C-K allday  
Even on the birthday  
Bickin' bool even if I'ma have to get the K

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[LIL' HAWK]  
It's the True Flue Killa!!  
Back up, hits the door  
And I'm about to let you know about the 1 the 0 to the 4  
C-M muthafuckin' G  
Who the fuck is else nigga?  
Name Lil' Hawk Y-G the Crab killa  
But now peep game  
Fool I bang for a fact  
How the fuck you gon' say bustas on wax?  
You bitch ass niggas, it was all to the good  
But then I heard your ass dis the motherfuckin' 'hood  
And that's where  
You niggas fucked up  
Oh... you didn't know C-M-G don't give a fuck?!  
Y-G's nigga  
We love to get active  
Bitches on my nuts because this red so attractive  
But I don't trust no hoe cause Kiki Loco was a bitch  
And you know like I know all Crabs ain't shit  
So niggas  
Next time I hope you remember  
Never fix your mouth to dis the Mafia Denvers, b-i-tch

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