

Boc

"Give it Up"

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[G''LEN]

16 months in the pen, now I'm fresh out
Scars on my knuckles from the Crabs that I socked out
Sportin' all red with the bald-head
Pumpin' lead with the infra-red, leavin' Crabs all dead
Fresh red Tay' ?? hat with the FUBU
Stand B'd up fool fuck wearin' boo-boo
West Side Killers claimin' Denver Avenue
And ain't goin' like
I fuck Crab bitches too with my hat on
I peel the Crab hood get my gat on
Flue hat and flue strings, you won't catch me with that
on
But you can catch me in a party throwin' a Blood walk
(WOOP WOOP)
Definitely dumb the Crab language, all I know is Blood
talk like
Boda born nuts bandy boffee and bigarettes
Niggas and niggarettes, red rubber bands and
berettes yeah
I'm sneakin' in Crab funerals like a spy
Just to see Crabs' moma cry

[B-BRAZY]

Give it up
WOOP! WOOP!
We all down too buzz
WOOP! WOOP!
If you bangin' nigga give it up

[DOGG]

And it's the type of shit gon' send me back to jail
To bustin' on niggas with Gauge shell
Fuck around and I'ma bail
Attack you with it, step you with it
Take your money and cap you with it
Tell your girl I'ma mack you with it
White and red pearl
Cadillac you with it
Face to face I might shake you with it
I'm on ?? with it

West Coast see was saggin' with carrying it
Rat pack crossing 'em out on the Denver with it
Bloods gangster and Crabs are scary with it

[B-BRAZY]

Give it up
WOOP! WOOP!
We all down too buzz
WOOP! WOOP!
If you bangin' nigga give it up

[LIL LEAK & B-BRAZY]

I just back to the hood
And I've already heard some bad new
The homie just got shot it by some Crab fool
We 'bout to get this nigga's back, grab the Mac, we
about to go
Front Venice and catch this buster niggas on the road
Or maybe route
On west
At the liquor store
We about to catch him while he's slippin' and just kill
him know
I hate Crabs from heart I let them ?? collar
And represent with only real motherfuckers
No bustas allowed
You know about this gangster shit
Bustin' on niggas that hate the gang I'm hangin' with
Niggas in the wrong colors gettin' tossed up
Can't go if you ain't gon' bust
If I die - bury me
Hang my balls in the tree on F-I-G
If they fall
Take about it
I bet it they taste like a 109

[B-BRAZY]

Give it up
WOOP! WOOP!
We all down too buzz
WOOP! WOOP!
Red strings in our Chucks
Henneby
And a gang of weed
And a proper-ass bitch to skeez

[G''LEN, DOGG, B-BRAZY, LIL LEAK]

One-two ?cannot buckles? in my shoes
Just right red strings, sportin' Dickies and hang
Joy riding off P.T.
And my momma call when my Doggs jumpin' out

sockin' Crabs I don't D.P.
Dirty Chucks in the jail house
Quick to push up this situation now it dips and push ups
They get pumped up
To run up and get socked up
Backed on with the hood blocked out
B-Braze 9 ?? of braids (WOOP WOOP)
Red strings, Figueroa gang
Tired of y'all niggas tryin' to bite the WOOP
So I'm dumpin' out on you fools out the Broam Six-
Deuce (WOOP WOOP)
I'm a G-ride drivin', C-K Ridin'
Damu Blood bangin'
Fuck what you claimin'
Aimin' 4-5's and 9's
Throwin' gang sign
Put the infra-red beam Blood
Get 'em everytime

[B-BRAZY]
Give it up
WOOP! WOOP!
We all down too buzz
WOOP! WOOP!
Red strings in our Chucks
Henneby
And a gang of weed
And a proper-ass bitch to skeez...

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