## Boc

## "Young Dogs With No Muzzle"

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[BIG WY] Pay close attention Gangbangers only No lollies, no ?volkas?, no yeez No gilligan niggaz

[BIG WY] It's the bottom of the ninth and I'm badder up Side burns and gold teeth with bullet wounds to tatted up Added it up while you sittin' here smilin' Discussin' these chips while I sip off Long Island Continue rhyming At this rate I just keep climbing But keep it mind Fuck what you say and what you trying You niggaz dyin' I got this game on lock And I'm patrollin' to get these money that make the Brougham hot My lifestyle on these streets is easily provoked And it's the same in this business with these Jewish folks We callin' industry politicin' Kinda similar to niggaz sellin' yay' and pimpin' So stop your bitchin' Wy heat you up, naw He already burnt A different lesson was learnt Each corner he turned Keep a count of what you say and do Cause player just like you The C.M.'s is my fans too

## [LIL' LEAK]

Now, look who's back in the studio Rough like sand paper but cooler than Coolio Attitude of a gangsta: don't give a fuck Got the strut of a hustler tryinna make a fast buck I'm still into the same thang, down with the same gang It's in my heart, other niggaz do it to gain fame But not me See I'ma ridin' till I'm Restin In Peace, ?? that I'm packin' my Smith & Wesson It's the young rebel Born and raised to live in the ghetto On some other shit A.P.G. out on another level Burgundy flaggin', pants saggin' on the 'Shaw Blastin' on motherfuckers, disobeyin' the law But we don't give a fuck, we break rules, takes fools Disrespectin' niggaz in the - Avenue Piru

[REDRUM]

Just lost me And cost me a grip They wonder I trip and went and flip the whole script Bloods & Crips bangin' heads Claimin' blue or red, pullin' eighty-five percent Sittin' in the ?Feds? I shed enough tears in my youth time Saw cops killed street soldiers in the truce time Nigga my mind confused Abused by the truth sold him a fucked up sack Got him naked on the roof Lord knows I want to let loose Real bad blood pressure building up this bullshit got me mad They say Bangin' is a fad, it's a fad but it's a culture My bedroom gettin' circled by some vultures Ultra-sound bouncin' back, now we having twins But where the fuck I'ma get my ends?

[BIG WY & REDRUM] Some more piece to the puzzle Young Dogs with no muzzle Y.G.B.'s tryin' to bubble Clips double tape Bring the yellow tape (yeah) The realest Bloods on tape today Fuck y'all Some more piece to the puzzle Young Dogs with no muzzle Y.G.B.'s tryin' to bubble Clips double tape Bring the yellow tape (yeah) The realest Bloods on tape today Fuck y'all

[DOGG] Nigga, l'm stuck With no way to go Full of gangbangers is known to scrap pimps and hoes The world move fast if you chargin' a hoe Since I'm bangin' on these streets I got to stay on my toes I suppose to separate them from us Hop out the car, scrap 'em up, pat 'em up Guard they gat 'em up, gag it up Because they start to stay It's 'bout squabbles and rank And just last how to drink I'm 'bout to faint I can't think, I'm livin' ?? Gold Daytons, dope dealin, wit' a gang of women I'm sinnin' daily But I don't really care Fuck a dream it's more like a nightmare I got nothing to lose, uh Beach cruiser On a handle bar extended Clip Ruger Shoot fly Don't let it bother me I hope it's dream cause I'm wanted for a robbery

## [GREEN EYES]

From the County Jail Inglewood you can't fuck with it And since I got courted, it's like I'm stuck with it Young Gangsta Green Eyes, Nine-Deuce, Eight block For sure, and I'm back with my true dog from the 1-0 to the 4 Lil' Hawk Y.G. Now we both on the streets So it's a must we bust My nigga, and serve they ass heat And I gots beef with Mack 10 cause your bitch-ass is a mark You can meet me at Cen'nela Rogers, or Darby Park Cause it really don't matter, I'll bust a cap And we the real niggaz who put Inglewood on the map And every time I bee your ass, yo' ass goin' get mobbed Remember when the big homie slapped you and put you on the head lock But that's just some small shit that all bustas do Mike Skee been down since 92 and ain't got one call from you But I gots all my homies back to the day they parole Inglewood up to Big Green Eyes and PD Wack up in hole

And every dog I roll with we's gon' representin' to the fullest, man And ain't no nigga I was locked up can put salt on my name

[B-BRAZY] Yep it's the Figueroa riders Shoot 'em while they inside a ... Blue Butlas with the windows tinted couple of homies hit it I heard y'all niggaz be trippin', y'all O.G's be trippin' Cause y'all niggaz don't put no work in For the turf We from Figueroa to Woodworth (WOOP! WOOP!) Flamed like Papa Smurf Red beanies, red bhakis and red T-shirt Oh you got nerve What you serve with this gangsta shit I stay lit off the Thunderbird, Cadillac, gettin' serve Niggaz know the 84 pillow tucked Bullet holes, windows bust, Braze from Lanes, I fuck shit up For the broads and the YG's, OG's D.T., Earth, Bam, Lil' Bee, Evil-Al, K-P Hold yo' horses, of course B-Brazy a bust I'm in a G-Ride bustin', first Crab I'm rushin' Fuck them fool nigga, ooh, what you wanna do? Hit their ass with the old school, rusty-ass Crabs deuce Give them too if they bust a U, give 'em two Save a few, in case you chase me down bust 'em with the last (WOOP WOOP)

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