

## Kurth Wally

### "Decoto 2 San Jo"

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[Speedy Loc]

Ever since a youngsta I was gang related  
The Norte Cama Islands I was affiliated  
At a very young age I was down for mine  
Throwin' up the 1-4 fuckin' every time  
We beat them vatos down in them old days  
It was hella crazed in the barrio I was raised  
So we packed the gat in this town that I'm at  
Decoto Killaforia where their homies be strapped  
We rolled hella deep  
Cuatro carros on the creep  
Lookin' for a scrapa 'bout to put him to sleep  
Cuz us NorteÃ±os love to put in work  
Kill a fuckin' scrap and leave his ass in the dirt  
And then they wonder  
Why they goin' up under us  
Sport the wrong color  
Get you hit like thunder  
Until my death I hold my rag up high  
I'll be a NorteÃ±o til the day I die

[Chorus]

Straight northsider and we're buckin' 'em down  
End it til I die representin' Dodge Town  
Two Decoto loc's coming from the bay  
Where scrap killins' all day everyday

[Bandit]

Yo just touchdown from the bay  
See for silly  
West Coast riders now I know you're feelin' me  
We struggle done hit the streets  
Structure comin' through  
You sellin' dope  
You better be sellin' for my crew  
Mind straight  
Conteplatin' on how and to clock a grip  
Northside soldiers behind the walls  
They claim we don't slip  
I gots Young Speedy by my side  
Now I'm ready to ride

We're in the camarada studio representin' northside  
I'm known to take no shit  
And settle petty issues  
Call one shot and make your own folks diss you  
Rippin' tissue  
We'll leave your body twitchin' punk  
Blood just spittin' up  
Whole team of killers  
Three strike candidates  
So there ain't no givin' up  
Slept two hours this weak  
Prayin' to the gods til my lyrics peak  
Somethin' to the fake players in the game  
Lying to pull a ho  
East Bay Gangster I know you know my name bro  
Bandit, a real killer from the bay  
No love for D-O's that's what I'll say

[Chorus]

[Speedy Loc]

Now look into the eyes of killa on the realla  
Northside ridah creepin' wit the milla  
Jackin' scrilla  
Red hangin', norteÃ±o bangin'  
Who-ridin' on these scraps and slangin'  
I ain't never been a punk  
So just take a trip through Decoto Killafornia  
Where we pack them clips in  
You can catch us hella deep up in the low-ride  
Creepin' through the bay throwin' up northside  
And I'll be puttin' it down from Decoto to Oaktown  
Back to Frisco, San Jo, and Richtown  
And every north city that's all flamed up  
Where they're ready to buck and cut and not give a  
fuck  
Cuz in that east bay scraps are straight gettin' stuck  
Shanked like a mutha fucka thrown in the cuts  
And we be doin' dirt and these sur's can't stand it  
It's me Speedy Loc and that older homie Bandit

[Chorus]

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