

Bloods & Crips, Gs And Locs

(BATMAN)

I wake up in the morning pop my clip up in my shit
I'm puttin' in work, smokin' a Crab like a bigarett
One more Crab have to die niggas wonder why
I sit back relax - in the cut - as his mama cry
His homies want some get back
But they can get a toe-tag and that's what you get
For takin' out your nasty flue rag
The bust - bust with the click
?? they call this true flue
I smoke the whole Crab crew
Your baby mamas too, and you
My name is evil Bat and I'm a rebel and a soldier
I'm sparkin' like some folders
E-Rickets like I told ya
I got you Crab Rickets on the tip of your toes
And you be all on my jock
Cause you be diggin' my flows
And D.J. Quik I took your beat
Now I'm lookin' for you
Wassup?!

To them Bloods and them Pirus
You Rickets just be talkin' I be spittin' that heat
Give it up for this Swan East Side M-S-B-G

(TROLL)

Slobs lie dead in the shelf full of .9 lead
17 shots to the face left the Snoop dead
Cause I never slipped fully clip for the drive-by
Lettin' off shots on the Crens watch these Snoops die
For me takin' life
As how I leave scars no holds barred
Known to be hard, pullin' cards, leavin' Snoops charred
Not to be fucked with play with the step two
I trip by a bitch cause I'm killin' Slob ho's too
So pull out your muthafuckin' nuts cause it's jack time
Fuck a Tec-9
This 44 will make you Slobs respect mine
Hard to the dome gets me ready for some action
Plus I sip on some 'gnac
Now I'm set to go blastin', packin'
A muthafuckin Mac-10
With the Desert Eagle off safety to make more Slobs hate me
Gravely, cause ain't no comin' fake, see
All conversation is ended, when my arm is extended
And hand clenched around the pistol
My partners will make peel like ??
Fuck a Slob and what he live for
Troll Loc with the 'K in the C-P-T
Fuck a B-Dog you should have been a L-O-C

(LIL' HAWK)

Back on your ass nigga it's me
It's that nigga from the West Side C-M-G
Straight fuckin' it up
Cause it ain't no stoppin'
Crabs know if it's on then it's motherfuckin' poppin'
Rickets wanna trip
But I don't give a shit
I'm ??? a script - makin' my grip
With the shit that's on it
Snap crackle
Motherfuckin' pop one shot from my Glock and your punk ass drop hoe
Lolly-ass Crab niggas bangin' on wax fool

If you dis my hood then I'm peelin' your fuckin' cap
It's the 10 and the 4 mafioso, uh, nigga
C-K Century and Crabs can't get with the
Almighty
I'm C to the M to the G, I'm
B to the L double O motherfuckin' D
It's the O.G. West Side name Lil' Hawkster
Nigga I ain't from Africa
Blood, I'm from Crenshaw Mafia nigga
WOOP WOOP

(AWOL)

I made a mistake thought I was down with the Peach street
Went to a truce meet - livin' in Elm street
I can drink the Thunderbird until I get sick
But weed don't get me high enough so I smoke a sherm stick
Trip - a bitch in red make a B.G. if
I disagree with the homies cause I ain't mackin' to no Slob bitch
The wrong Kelly to fuck with
To press your luck with
A Kelly you don't want to get stuck with
White ducks better watch their dome
When I'm on 7-6 with my muthafuckin' chrome
It's like a nightmare on Elm street when I creep
And lay them niggas down for the K.P.
Blue coat, blue beanie and blue Chucks
On your Avenues shit out of luck and stuck
A flee-dog ain't shit to me
K's up I'm a motherfuckin' L-O double C