

# Bloods & Crips, Gs & 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