

Knoc-Turn'al, Let's All Roll

(Knoc-Turn'al)

Im from the S-O-U-T-H side of C-A, why they try to P-H
Still hit em up with that E-A, G-A to N-G-S-T-A
So f**k them them other N-I- double G-A-S
Hate the popos and kill the T-A
Hang with my crew blue strings in my shoes
Mary jane and some loop while we swangs in the coupe
Im addicting to macking hoes
Tracks, flows Crenshaw Boulevard backing foes
LA's Finest and LA's behind us
Gangsta, hoochies, essays and whinnies
D's still twisting, low low's still hopping
Gangsta shit still dropping, Crenshaw still popping
Gang signs throwing up, body's still showing up
And O yea Time Bomb still blowing up, bitch
When you got the L.A confidential up in the place to be
Ride with me

(Butch Cassidy Chorus)

Let's All Roll, throw it up if you with me
Im so cold, who am but staying G
The Dogg Pound stays the learn all yall heard
Please date me when stick before you get serve

(Slip Capone)

You know gangstas bang and gangsta slang
It's just an gangsta thang
Gangstas dip and some gangstas trip
Im the gangsta slip and this gangsta crip
I used bump brother with the gangsta nip
Cause nobody else was on the gangsta tip
Gangstas smoke shroom and gangsta rock perms
Gangstas don't listen and gangstas don't learn
Gangsta rock braids and gangsta jerry curls
Gangsta's going take over the world
Gangsta's go to jail, gangstas skip bail
Gangsta's make mail and gangsta's would never fail
Gangsta's goin stay on top
Because the gangsta is going to make the gangsta shit pop
Just lounge homeboy you in the gangsta zone
Heart thrown in California where the gangstas roll

(Butch Cassidy Chorus)

(Jayo Felony)

My nigga slip is an gangsta
'cause im an hoodster, an hood star
Im taking the hood far
The C Riders posted up with the bullet loco blue rags
Smoking the bombing fluid and keep dumping on you fags
I heard and seen it all and im hoping you fall
Keep looking at my nuts until I get crip ball
Im still striving, yea ya word is about what im driving
Your bitch is going me more, pedal to the floor
F**k an navigator, nigga I can flip ten gators in my living room
If you cant to that nigga give me room
Had an courney 89', but your bitch made me mine
See the mother f**ker ran on that biz state of mind
For mine I did the crime, had to run one time
And you take my dick in your mouth in one time
I f**k you in the butt and crip walk your liver
While I rich roll on the river

(Time Bomb)

Caught up in the land of hard time
Back off mine, im mad im pushing an hard line
An hard cat with hard raps and hard rhymes
I hardly pay attention to rap
My mine say hard dick serve to an bitch aint no crime
Hood soft to hard dime, chicken way I flip mine
Hard hit and rip like canines, hit hard heads with no spine
March and start to take mine
Big D let me f**k that bitch and you f**k mine
Off hard liqueurs is harder than wine
Knocturnal comes through overtime
When I die build me an shrine
All is all is getting in my mind
I aint begun to speak yet, until that time

(Butch Cassidy)

Let's throw it up, throw it up
Let em know, out in the west represent let it gold
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Let em know, out in the west represent let it gold