

# Black Knights, Zip Code

(Dr. Doom)

Yeah

Yo, yo

West Coast, nigga

Crip, nigga

Better check the zip code, nigga

9-0-8-0-5, for shoe yo, check the zip code

Yo, check the zip code, 9-0-8-0-5

West side is my hood, fix yo' hood, nigga

What? What? What? What?

Black Knights, the moder-en day N.W.A.

Cali's finest gangster rap rhyme writers these streets ever raised

Renegades, bustin off guns, definately

If I gotta go out, you're comin with me, like 50/50

Split decision, Doc. Doom, the rugged rhyme physician

Talk rude, bubble-goose, straight outta Hell's kitchen

Verbal hitman, Bobby Steels' ditch-diggin henchman

Monkey wrench men, I stay up in the war trenches

of L.A., put a hole through yo' eniche

Hey Mr. D.J., the Knights is here so let the beats play

We rhyme for eons, way beyond your small flow

You dynamite niggaz'll rhyme, our click is all pro

(Monk)

Divide the code of honor, kill or be killed at any time

Mathematically enclined, walk, talk with my mind

I pack metal, black gats, stainless steel swords for war

Black Knights attack, crash your coast, waves by shore

Young hitman, body ? until we master samurai style

Chop your neck, some niggaz funny style

Check my war file, from Compton to Staten Isle

I left my trademark, Ghost Dog after the gun bark

Here's a book to read, like weed'll leave your brain sparked

Plant seeds, caught three to seam, got dark

The final shootout, live by the code, die by the code

Empty on your half ass niggaz and then I reload

(Chorus: Dr. Doom)

Killah Cali, the home of the Crips and Bloods

Pimps and thugs, relax or you get hit with slugs

Dent your mug, my niggaz ain't showin no love

(Crisis)

Give 'em a double dose of that shit to leave 'em comatosed

No jokes, we smoke for comin with the rumble coats

Hitman, bullets rippin through flesh, flesh

Supreme penetration, enter your back, exit your chest

One marinate, cardi-inch roast, trapped in your neck

In this war zone, seven get throne, six connect

Discipli' incest, scorpion sting, kiss of death

In this genevese, clappin enemies, clearin facilities

You want drama? We can draw blood, I do the honor

Street novelist, pure dominance, you know the motto bitch

Knights is nothin luckin in the game so fuck bluffin

Cause mass destruction, leave bodies floatin in the Hudson

For the CREAM I'm lustin, the better thing the cheddar brings

From the get-go, we have this shit sewed, so check the zip code

(9-0-8-0-5) where cats get flipped on majorly, fuck cagerly

Thug life style, so bust this mic down

We might joust, Black Knight style, so what's this life now?

(Yo)

(Chorus - 2X)

Killah Cali, the home of the Crips and Bloods  
Pimps and thugs, relax or you get hit with slugs  
Dent your mug, my niggaz ain't showin no love  
From North Long Beach nigga to the C, ya hood

(Outro: Dr. Doom)

West Coast

Black Knights

Check the zip code nigga, 9-0-8-0-5

Yeah, yeah

It's real here nigga

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Black Knights, nigga

West Coast, nigga

East Coast, nigga

South Side, nigga

North Side, nigga

Let's ride, nigga

Yeah...