

# Tha Eastsidaz, Crip Hop

(Chorus: Tray Deee)

I'm tired of that punk shit  
Where niggaz claim to done, where they from and who run shit  
I bang it to the tip-top  
Can't stop, won't stop, droppin gangbang hit rocks  
To the last drip-drop  
To the, tick tock to the blocks niggaz rip glocks  
I'm knowin that this shit hot  
This your first introduction to this motherfuckin crip hop

(Tray Deee)

It's time to research the documents and pull some files  
and put it down with this gangsta style  
Cause I be seein niggaz bein more aggressive now  
after peace treaty meetings and the weapons down  
Sport Chucks 'member once it was Nikes and sandals  
To me it's unlikely that you're sheisty and skanless  
To manage this dramaticness I call my rep  
Every step stay on deck keepin bustaz in check  
Certified murder guide through the streets of death  
Where the sleep ya slip soon as ya weakness met  
From that real killer deal get ya steal and mash  
Niggaz have done did when the steel'll blast  
Pockets filled with cash, fuck a Benz or Jag  
Lookin rough in a bucket, tuckin tens and Macs  
Dip roam, chip phones, flip (?) and clock  
Lick shots and the cops and control your block  
Keep it true with the crew from the old to new  
Ride providin 'em with guidance like your 'sposed to do  
Notice who, participatin all the activity  
That's how we livin G, strictly killer tendencies  
So death to all my enemies  
And to the homies who rest in peace, a dub bag and Hennessy  
These weak niggaz killin me  
with their proclivity to even proclimate that they as real as me

(Chorus)

(Snoop Dogg)

Yeah nigga this crip, crip, crip  
Talk shit and I'ma bust yo' lip  
I'm gettin chips in the summer in a nine-six Hummer  
in D.C., fuckin with a breezy, easy  
See we see all we can see  
G.R. we can G, the Eastside family  
Coherent, cohesive, the co-pilot  
On this Eastside shit cuz, I'm co-signin  
On the East fuck peace we ridin violent  
Fuck where you been it's all about where I been  
Sirens, gunshots, flood glocks get popped  
when they all try to knock knock knock  
Who is it - visit the papers, the streets and the labels  
We got the hottest shit burnin on the turntables  
I won't deny ya, I'm a straight rider  
and you don't wanna fuck with me (yeh yeh)

(Chorus)

(Goldie Loc)

C.. R.. I.. P.. cause that's all we G  
I'm from Rollin', 20, Gangsta Crip  
and I'ma tell you how the shit gon' C (gon' C)  
Now if I wasn't rappin motherfucker y'all be starvin  
on my nuts without bucks like Marvin

You can't sleep, you can't eat, look who starvin  
Written bill paid but still gotta be a slave  
Flip your own money, make your own proper  
Get yo' own heat, in case some niggaz try to stop ya  
Be a boss hog about your money, float loc  
And trust no one, anybody can get smoke smoked  
like a fat-ass blunt, of that bomb shit  
Have a babysitter set that ass up for chip Chips Ahoy!  
Niggaz ran in with toys  
If you didn't see 'em it's the Eastside boys  
We be mobbin, like a motherfuckin cut  
Dirty dealt, lil' sag, lil' jay, lil' Chuck  
Two times, trey times on yo' motherfuckin ass  
Keep it O.G. nigga, rewind and pass  
It's just another day and forty dozen, niggaz strugglin  
Is you hustlin, do you relate to drug smugglin?  
If so, grab a nine and start to trip  
But remember, don't let nobody punk you out yo' grip nigga

(LaToiya Williams)

Dogg Pound groovin, Eastside is the greatest  
and other guys can't fade us  
cause we're the hardest in the town  
(?) and duces, never could be faded  
And all you suckers hate it  
Ohh crip is goin down  
And baby have no doubt, we gonna turn it out  
And that's on Eastside L.B.C.  
And we're the best, we rockin coast to coast  
and we be blowin dope, and baby that's the shit  
I'm talkin real shit to ya baby (that real crip shit)  
Duces 'n trayz bangin (that real crip shit)  
I'm talkin real shit to ya baby (that real crip shit)  
Duces 'n trayz, bangin bangin bangin bangin (THAT CRIP!)

(Snoop Dogg)

Oooh! Yeah, that Eastsider shit (Eastside Eastside)  
What y'all know about this here (what what wha-wha-what?)  
I'm (I'm) tal..king.. crip shit (talk to me, talk to me)  
I'm.. tal..king.. crip shit  
I'm talking crip shit to you baby  
Eastside.. ahh! Eastside, Eastside  
Ahh.. Eastside, Eastside!  
Uhh, ahh.. Eastside, Eastside