

# Circle Gang Anthem

Crooked I

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of Ghettoneria  
A... fuck these haterz nigga  
Bitch ass niggas  
Ya' know what I'm sayin' niggas  
C.O.B. or nuthin nigga (C.O.B.)  
Ya' naw mean nigga  
Fuck you nigga  
Cash over bitches  
Controlling our block

Hey Circle gang C.O.B. (hey)  
I keep tellin em that I'm the boss of the west  
They want to crown me's big king of the coast  
Flow meaner than most  
I speed by you like I'm Dale Earnhardt Sr.  
Eager to boast middle finger  
No genius is closer, I'm deeper  
I feel your pain put your hands against da speaker  
Then I'm going to heal your pain like an evangelistic preacher  
Fuck a whole song I give a damn if it's a feature  
Lyrics lifting these spirits high as cannabis sativa  
Haters pop off the ambulance will reach ya  
Them cannons will blam your face you'll be handsome as a creature (c'mon)  
Niggas lettin' evil thoughts travel in the ether  
They'll put you beneath the ground me and my animals will eat them(c'mon)  
An east sider on hot tracks are reppin a street fighter  
Bringing a mortal kombat to tekken  
Do not grab your weapons I deep fry 'em  
Reach and squeeze fire, please believe that I pop Mac 11's

I used to paint pictures with my sixteens  
Now I spit plasma big screens  
Look at the vivid scenes  
Detailed enough to see the rivets in his denim jeans  
That's why they rep C.O.B. from here to da Phillipines (Sucka)  
Bandanas up report to your sargeant  
Slicin' niggas like a hot knife through da margarine  
You got a party let us march in  
Hey Tiko, we don't even need ello chico? to barge in

Now, now, now tell me where your motherfuckin chief at  
I got my man on my hip where the beef at  
My niggas we on the grind check the G stacks  
Smokin' with da seats back, high as a motherfucka' (hey)  
Now, now, now real niggas still do what they wanna do (hey)  
In the streets or the hood what you wanna do (hey)  
C.O.B. lil' nigga you don't want it foo  
The new west coming through  
Lil' niggas what you gone do

I see these niggas claimin' Long Beach  
Then they step they foot in the city  
In my city Crooked is Biggie  
They love me cause they know I put bullets in cities  
Talk shit when I'm full of da Henny  
And I'll pull it on any  
'specially the funny sort

This is a money sport  
I'm funneling funds out of town in a dummy car  
I'm coming with guns putting rounds in the dummy corpse  
Wake up in bed up next to a head of a bloody horse  
Gangsta shit my niggas 'bout da bizness  
They try to say dat we killas but never found a witness  
Every witness around were straight scared shitless  
Fear froze if I do it then bounce with da quickness  
Real talk the life of a young boss  
Run across the street reach for the heat when it jumps off  
Knocked 'em off his feet leave them leakin' the punks off  
One false move in the beat that's how people become lost  
C.O.B. or nuttin' go get your tattoo  
Put it on yo flag too  
Music you could sag to  
Sack a dub bag to  
Load a chrome mag to  
Slap a hatin' ass fag too  
Yeah that too  
So when you see it on the shelf, yeah grab two  
C.O.B. dats me yeah dat's you  
Haters I need a reason to kill you  
In your sleep that'll make my dreams come true  
Circle gang, C.O.B. Treacherous Records Niggas