

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