

# Let's All Roll

## KNOC-TURN'AL

I'm 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 fuck them them other N I double G A S  
Hate the pops and kill the T A

Hang with my crew blue strings in my shoes  
Mary Jane and some loop while we swags in the coupe  
I'm addicting to smacking hoes  
Tracks, flows Crenshaw Boulevard backing foes

L.A.'s Finest and L.A.'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

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

You know gangstas bang and gangsta slang  
It's just an gangsta thang  
Gangstas dip and some gangstas trip  
I'm 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 sh room 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

Let's all roll, throw it up if you with me  
I'm so cold, who am but staying G  
The Dogg Pound stays the learn all y'all heard  
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My nigga slip is an gangsta  
'Cuz I'm an hood ster, an hood star I'm 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 I'm hoping you fall  
Keep looking at my nuts until I get crip ball

I'm still striving, yeah ya word is about what I'm driving  
Your bitch is going me more, pedal to the floor

Fuck an navigator, nigga I can flip ten gators in my living room  
If you can't to that nigga give me room  
Had an tourney 89' but your bitch made me mine  
See the mother fucker 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 fuck you in the butt and crip walk your liver  
While I rich roll on the river

Caught up in the land of hard time  
Back off mine, I'm mad I'm 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 ain't 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 fuck that bitch and you fuck mine  
Off hard liqueurs is harder than wine Knoc-Turnal comes through overtime  
When I die build me an shrine all is all is getting in my mind  
I ain't begun to speak yet, until that time

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