

Crips And Bloods

Rucka Rucka ALI

Bloods and Crips,
Act like kids
They always fightin' each other,
And I don't like it
I see them hatin' on each other, and it's sad, bro
That's why I got a red shirt, and blue pants on

I wanna make nice,
Between Bloods and Crips
They could work out,
Through their tons of differences (See, I like red and you like blue)

They're the same thing,
But they fight in every state
Except Connecticut
But that's like the f**king whitest place

I never saw why,
Bloods don't get along with Crips (along with Crips)
They should be thinking about uniting
Let's be friends! (Yeah)
And I'll be wearing red kicks, with blue tube socks

Bloods and Crips,
Should all sit down,
And talk their problems out (There's pizza!)

Crips and Bloods get along (Crips and Bloods should get along)
Just drop the guns,
And play basketball
Put down the guns (it could be fun)

Crips and Bloods
All calm down
I mean, c'mon, what you fightin' for?
Let's go, come on
Put down the gun!

I really wanna,
Hear a Crip say "Ya'll can wear red, and sling a couple bitches on my turf today"
I'd love to see you assholes agree
Bloods and Crips don't have to fight (Don't have to fight)
I would even say it to their face,
But then I would get shot (Oh yeah I so would get shot)

They would beat my ass up
Bloods and Crips would blast me,
If I tried to spread peace in the hood
But if that would unite them,
'Cause both of them don't like me
Wouldn't that be good,
Then maybe I should

Go in the city
And take a bullet
And win the Noble prize for peace,

I think I would at least win some bullshit hippie-shit prize
Cause I'm a be the corpse to finally unite the-

Crips and Bloods get along (Crips and bloods should get along)
Just drop the guns
And play basketball
Put down the guns (it could be fun)

Crips and Bloods
All calm down
I mean, c'mon, what you fightin' for?
Let's go, come on
Put down the gun!

My name is Rucka Rucka Ali
And I'm some sort of cracker
Wierd Al couldn't say half the shit that I said
You call me racist on Serchlite TV
Well, first of all, I think that I am Chinese

MC Serch's passed out
He blacked out, laughin'
Please stop askin' him why he co-signed my stupid ass
Jeez, lighten up, you sensitive pricks
Ayo, Paul Bakes yo girl has seen my dick

They pay me by the click,
So ya'll can keep on talkin' mad shit
Spendin' hours trashin' my ass, while I cash in
Everyone goes "Yo, get out yo mama's attic"
You always stay at home too if folks wanted to blast you

I can do whatever I like
Whether I'm black or whether I'm white
I run red lights, It's an old habit
I smoke crack and I let babies play with matchsticks
Yo ladies stop yo antics
Don't make me smack a bitch
I blow up China, Filipino faggots Herro!
Get off the set of Home Alone,
Michael Jackson
Am I black? Or from Iraq? Or Alaskan?
I think my race is unknown,
So stop askin!

Crips and Bloods
Let's get along
Just drop the guns
And play basketball
Put down the guns

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Crips and Bloods...

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