

Crip Hop

Tha Eastsidaz

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

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

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)

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

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!)

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