

40 & C-bo

C-Bo

It's all about that, scrilla scratch, flossin a bad
batch and pushin
somethin luxury when it ship the sector snack my semen
Drank the diamonds, geechie dub shinin
Ninety-seven sport drop Benz, gettin mine
You can hate and catch the tip of the blade of my sawed
A-K
It's West coast mafia for the Midwest to the Bay
But I'm from the Valley of Cali we specialize in cap
peelers
Straight thug niggaz, quick to draw like Matt Dillon
Outlaws, strap in drawers, ready for war -- push up
on the side of your Ford Explorer and start dumpin
through the doors
We realers; with so much scrilla can you hang with G's?
Start uhh, who busy Jesus said

Fuck cowboy keys now I ain't never been nobody's sucker
Nor have I ever been any coastal fake
"He got too much too lose; he ain't gonna bust in the
ring!"
Out of state deputy license plates fix a ticket window
tinted
I could shoot to kill -- dressed up like a old man in a
Bonneville
Disguised, ready to chastise and dissapoint my prey
Surprise, the element, apply pressure
Get back at the motherfucker, snatch back at the
motherfucker
Bust caps at the motherfucker... motherFUCKER!
One-Time up in the Valle-Jo
Follow me and Bo to Sacramento
Spend it on some ol high performance, Catastrophic
Get some stunts, turn some tight ones, blew a head
gasket

Chorus: repeat 2X

It's fo'-oh and C-Bo, quick to blast
Break niggaz like the Task, without the mask
Water, bring the noise like we on stage
Boom, break em down like a twelve-gauge

Back at cha I rose, Chuck Taylors and double-oh's
Young thugs, ready to protect with fo'-fo's
On a mission mashin, nonstop til we cashed in
All out assassins known for down and dirty and blastin
on sight smashin, anything no question asked
Runnin up with no mask and dumpin caps in that ass
This one life we live, is to be lived without sin
But I'll be damned if I die without a damn thing to
give

Don't make us have to be the one to grab the gun
And get to dumpin on your crew! That's what we do,
check it
Drop it like it's hot assume the position on the flo'

butt naked
Give me erylthing you got
or you gonna end up comin up missin and I won't regret
it
Still Water run deep (how deep?)
Uhh, all I find all I keep, uhh
Pay the price to have a sucker put on ice
Got just as many Hot Ones as my nigga Spice

Chorus

But if they, locked you up and throw way the key, what
would you do E?
I'd be up in that motherfucker watchin my latest video
brought to you by
Trass G and Trey Dogg from the California Music Channel
Broadcastin
Rap Show the Bay Area's own Number One network, cable
station, C.M.C.
(BEYOTCH!) Love letters to my wife, ba-bee I miss you
This mornin I learned how to make a pair of dice out of
some toilet tissue
Fan mail from my fans, get up out of jail
Waitin for my court ap-pail

Nigga pass the strap and let me blast
I'm quick to get off in that ass
It's Forty Water and the Loco Bitch so kiss dick and
kick cask'
from Sacramento down to Vallejo, on a mission about
that mail
We specialize in collectin pays
if you come short, we dumpin facials I holds down the
fort
with two Magnums culture go toe to toe
with any one of you bitch ass niggaz
that think you can f**k with me and fo'-oh
It's old school trick, new school fools they catch
clips
Forever money over bitch, we'll never caught snick
considered licked

Hell yeah, ay
See that's what I'm sayin that shit is realer than a
new fifty dollar bill