

Crippin'

C-Bo

Yeah, that nigga C-Bo and Dat Nigga Daz
Puttin' it down nigga for the real riders...
Fo' sho'

Everywhere I go niggaz be hollerin' out my name
Wanna know what set I claim and that gang I hang with
And ain't another damn thang changed
All y'all niggaz, y'all can't f**k with me, we throwin'
up the C
Tell me what y'all wanna do and how y'all niggaz really
want it to be
(What we doin' Daz?, what we doin'?)

We just Crippin' (Crippin')... all night
We just dippin' (dippin')... let's ride

It's C-Bo and Dat Nigga Daz
In a 'four rag with a auto-mag and tag
And blastin' niggaz up out they boots
Two fingers spreaded up out the roof
21-Gun Salute, and crush son like Big Pun
Nigga I'll die for 29th Street like Daz would die for
(2-1)
Call it connect gang, wreck thang
Disrespect - I'll swing a tec man
For the Garden Blocc's and for the Insane
If you down for your gang throw your rags in the air
Flag the motherfuckers like you just don't care
I'ma ride for mine, do or die for mine
Southside deuce-nine, Long Beach Eastside
We gon' - ride together, slide high together

We gon' Crip and die together, gettin' high forever
C-Bo, Daz Dilli - servin' other niggaz in they city,
gettin' gritty
Scene's gettin' shitty, roll a Vega or a Phillie
Now it's time to get stupid on the really
High, stoned, roam, wherever I roam - put meat on my
bone
Me and C-Bo with kilos goin' zone for zone
My tolerance is anonymous
Coke, weed, cops, feds - homie I'm droppin' 'em
Four pills will have me in a mood to kill
Prepare for your blood to get spilled, that's on the
real
(Fill a nigga up to the rim with the cold steel!)
Connect like rhino, and we explode like dyno-mite
How many niggaz gettin' killed tonight?
Is it you, you, you - and all of you?
In the back flossin' your style with the motherfuckin'
mack
Goin' clip for clip, 'bout my business and chips
Fly whips and gettin' dipped, and takin' no shit
You see we serious about this, delirious about this
Curious about this, it's pitiful without this
How you gon' come to a battle without a gun?

You'll get done fuckin' with deuce-nine and 2-1

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I guess the war's on, get your soldiers and let's go to
war
Put in work motherfucker, even the score
Mini machine guns, grenades, and .45's
Get crazy in the land when it's hard to survive
Catchin' niggaz slippin' if they Bloodin' or Crippin'
On a mission, blastin' niggaz if you all with it
You see we bang for a livin', use the gun, drugs, and
prison
Niggaz doin' hell a time over these scandalous bitches
Back looped out, smoked out
Hit another one, I'm bombed out, smoked out
So we go swerve in the glass house, and we roll the
street
Off-brand niggaz roll up on us and we pull out the heat
I said "what's up?" - he replied with the wrong set
It's my duty and my job to put this nigga to rest
Boom boom - shots from the tec rain out
Another enemy gone, that's what I'm talkin' about
Niggaz yell my name out and say they gon' kill me
I ain't worried 'bout a thang, y'all niggaz can't kill
me
You see my homies is killers and we do this for passion
You better get your strap 'cause when you see me we
blastin'
And when we run up on you, ain't gon' be no askin'
You better get your strap 'cause when you see me we
blast

It ain't no future in your frontin'
You bitches is straight hoes
Which niggaz wanna scrap with the Bo?
I'll peel his cap with the fo'-fo'
You niggaz gon' die tonight, Crip card gon' ride
tonight
Niggaz wanna see Bo the hardcore?
Dump niggaz in the sea
Mini-14 leave a nigga slumped in his front seat
Approach me - I'll jam a Magnum through your teeth
Hoppin' out the Bentley high, saggin' down to my knees
Screamin' out "thug life", dump slugs in the air
Livin' in a mansion with no neighbors and don't care
Drinkin' Crystal out the bottle
Since the life of luxury's been stuck with me
I've been smothered with models
I'm a thug nigga, won't die alone without takin' a life
And I'll shoot a piggy in his face for a third strike
You can cremate me or just send me to jail
Don't give a f**k 'cause I was born in Hell

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