

Crippin

Daz Dillinger

Yea, that nigga C-Bo and Dat Nigga Daz
Putting it down for the real riders
Fa sho

Every where I go niggaz be holla out my name
Talking the about the set I claim and the gang I hang
Aint nothing damm thang change
All y'all niggas, y'all can't fuck with me we throwing up the C
Tell me what y'all want to do and how y'all niggas really wanted to be
We just Crippin, Crippin, Crippin all night
We just Dippin, Dippin, Dippin let's ride
It's C-Bo and that nigga daz in an four rag
With an auto mag, tag, blasting niggas about the move
Feeling to do this out the roof, twenty-one guns and loop
And crush son like Big Pun, I die for 29th street
Like Daz would die for 21
Connect gang, wreck thang, disrespect I swing the tech man
For the guard and blocks for the Insane
If you down for your gang and throw your rags in the air
Flag the mother fuckers like you just don't care
Im going to ride for mine, do or die for mine
South side duce nine, Long Beach eastside
We going ride together, sly eye together
We going crip and die together, getting high forever
C-Bo, Daz Dillie
Serving other niggas in their city, getting greedy
Seen getting shitty, rolling vapor are dilly
Now it's time to get stupid or really (Yea)
High stone roll everywhere I Rohm with the meat on my bone
Me and C-Bo we keep going zone to zone
My type reaps are anonymous
Coke, weed, cock, feeds we dropping them
Four kills, an emmy, and in the mode to kill
Prepare for your blood to get spilled, that's on the real
Rhino we explode like dynamite
How many niggas getting killed tonight
Is you, you, you, and all of you
Back flossing with the mother fucking mack
Going clip from clip, bout my business and shit
Fly whips and getting dip, we aint taking no shit
See we serious about this and lyrically about this
Curious about this, its beautiful with out this
How can you come to an battle with out an gun
You get done fucking with duce ninety-two-one
I guess the war zone, get soldiers and let's go to war
Putting work mother fucker even the storm
Meeting machine guns, grenades, and 45's
Crazy in the land when its hard to survive
Catching the nigga slipping, the blunt, and the crippin
On the mission blasting niggas if you already
See we bang for the living, use the gun to go to prison
Doing hell of time with them scandalous bitches
Back looped out, smoked out hit an another one
When I'm bombed out, smoked out
So we swerve in the glass house and we roll the street
I ran niggas rolling up on us and well up the heat
I said, What's up you plotted the wrong set

It's my duty to put my gun this nigga to rest
Boom, boom, shots from the tech ran out
Another enemy gone, that's what I'm talking about
Niggas draw my name out and say they going to kill me
I aint worried about an damm thang, y'all niggas cant kill me
See my homies is killers and we do this for passion
You better get your strap, when you see us we blasting
We will run up on you nigga their aint going to be no asking
You better get your strap when you see, we blasting
Their aint no future in the front you bitches is straight hoes
Wish niggas want scramble with the foes
I peel his cap with the boom, boom
You niggas going die tonight, crip card going ride tonight
Niggas want to see roll the hardcore
Dump niggas in the sea
Many fourteen leave them slope in his front seat
Approach me I jump my magnum to your 456teeth
Hop out the bentley, sagging down to my knees
Screaming out thug life, throwing slugs in the air
Leaving in the mansion with no neighbors and don't care
Drinking Cristile out the bottles
To the life of luxury, stuck with me, we smoldered with models
Im an thug nigga, wont die alone without taking an knife
And shoot an piggy in his face for his third strike
You cremate me or send me to jail
Don't give an fuck because I was born in hell
And every where I go I see the same mother fuckers and I end up back in jail