

Blixy Inna Box

Fivio Foreign

If niggas moving wock
It get litty on the spot
Got a brand new chop
That's a Blixy Inna Box, bow bow, that's a Blixy Inna Box, bow bow bow bow

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OMB, 1800, Gang
Fivio they don't know what we started, we all go retarded we still on that g
ang shit
And you know that's one thing we don't play cause we all GDK, if you Folk le
ave your brain split
They like how the Crips doing tracks with the Bloods we don't fuck with the
Folks and its more to die
Imma go from the 9 to the Ville then we spinning the fields then we park on
Foreign side
And I got about 9 in my clip, oh that's Nas on the strip, ayo Fivio turn the
car oh
Y'all thinking that 22 lit, 22 is a snitch he did not beat the murder charge
Call the gang come hurt you, you spinning in circles why the fuck is you doi
ng that silly shit
OMB 1800, we never with nothing especially not with that Blixy shit
You know Dumbout go dumb, Jb go retarded, if he try to go hide then we sneak
to kill him
TA don't miss him, Rocca dismiss him, K with the K gotta keep it with him
[?] and we dead got that lil' boy thinking like what he saw
[?] what happen, tell em what's cracking, [?] a bloody they [?] you over
I'm thinking that's Jay Dee, really that's Jay Dee boy why u chucking you kn
ow it's me
I'm with 800 Crips, then 4th Quarter, big 1800 OMB
Why he jacking he Folk lil' boy is a joke imma go get the drop from my lil'
bitch
You know that she moving, one call and she moving, know that she already jac
king Crip

Yeah nigga, ayo Jay Dee what's popping, you know how we rock already nigga,
big 9 on the set all that GDK shit, shit is fully active nigga, niggas is bu
gging the fuck out, you know what time we on, Dee Savv we got another one, t
hem niggas been talking to crazy, glllt glllt bow, lemme fix my shit, uh, lo
ok

Flyest Crips in the game, flag tied around the leg
Running in and out the bank and we still putting pain
I lost my homie to the stain, shit'll never be the same, but don't you ever
mention Kane, don't you ever mention Kane
Please do not front on me, I keep the gun on me and my niggas will not run o
n me
My moms died right in front me, nigga I'm tougher then Dungaree
Fivio Foreign there's only one of me, them opp niggas tried jumping me
Drippy Foreign that's the little cro, cause get busy and he under me
How the fuck we gon' knuckle up, none of them niggas is tough enough
Opp bitches tried fucking us, but they can never get in touch with us
Hol' on, hol' on you was winning but ya luck is up
Hol' on, hol' on you ain't spinning boy the chuck is up

Big dope for the stink, big henny for the drink, I'm with the gang, you in t
he gang when the fuck we gon' link
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Put a Blixy Inna Box, Rocca B he gon' leave that nigga rocked
800 Foreign Side those bro's we gon' spin the Blixy spot
TuTu was dipping and TuTu was snitching that nigga gotta die
All my niggas ape boy you bugging boy you know they gon' ride
I was chilling for a minute but these niggas got me back up on my shit
They bumping my music these niggas is fans they all up on my dick
I can't go out like coka, they hit him 2 times put that boy onna poster, tho
tty ya battery now that's over, lil' nigga you better not fold up
And I fuck her with my Loc's all them niggas bugging boy you know they train
ed to go
OG Head got the pole, momma love always told me never love a hoe
Got the g's for the low, spin the fields we gon' catch em lacking by the sto
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