

## Reason

King Iso

I'm searching for a reason  
A nigga gang bang  
Rag still hangin'  
But you don't hear me complainin'  
I'm searching for a reason  
I'm steady gang banging  
You see my rag hangin'  
But I am not complainin'

Hoppin' out the car with the red rag  
Crip niggas with me, too, I let my pants sag  
Gang signs in the air, nigga  
Where you from?  
See if I care, nigga  
It's a south-side thang  
Nigga, that's just how the south-side bang  
West-coast niggas put me on, my own city didn't  
I could give a fuck about you niggas  
Are you really kiddin'?  
Nigga, if you really crippin'  
Nigga, if you really bloodin'  
Let's see if you really with it  
Probably let the milli hit it  
I'm the don, you too busy [?], bitches  
Nigga, I'm a monster  
Ride through the streets, one shot like Contra  
And that's word to them niggas hatin'  
And I ain't complainin', I keep it brackin', homie

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Nigga, I keep it brackin', and I put that on P's  
Fuck with my hounds or Loc's on the daily  
I'm surrounded by G's  
Red rag around the Nina  
Make a nigga halt to a freeze  
Itchy with the trigger finger  
Nigga, you could die over a sneeze  
No switching up in my gang days  
When I locked down in that cell  
Facing mad time for the half line  
[?] for sale  
OG's kept a nigga riding  
I was training to go  
Gimme the stainless, now I'm feeling dangerous  
Like a bomb that's gon' blow  
I'm going insane, like we bangin' up in the 80's  
I got my enemies up in [?]  
You niggas is actin' shady, y'all fugazy  
You niggas ain't really put that work in

I know real crips and bloods and 'Ru's  
That's down to leave you hurtin', that's for certain  
I'm red raggin' for a purpose  
All that pleadin' shit is worthless  
I don't believe what's on your surface  
That's on the gang  
All that pleaded shit is worthless  
I don't believe what's on your surface  
Pull out my pistol  
Point it at 'em let it bang

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