Og Anthem

I-20

I-20
O.G. ANTHEM
[Verse 1: I-20]
Yeah, 2-0 an OG since I first came out
DTP is the gang and yeah we will bang out
I had one close call, no the mac didn't miss
the bullet looked, saw it was me, and it jumped back in the clip
it's the gangs where I'm from, but most the sides is ours
so if a nigga talking shit, we'll just ride this song
And be careful wat you saying when you under your breath
and throw up signs like the whole neighborhood's gone deaf
Now nigga that's gangsta, no words spoken
just one head nod and your head's bust open
This whole cool team we only got one question
in about three seconds, which side are you reppin
We used to throw hands, now it's blast on blast
you got a pass from the homey now the pass gone past
Watch the colors on your rag in the pockets you rock em
and the way you braid your hair, cause real niggaz is watching, YEAH
[Chorus: Butch Cassidy]
Gangsta forever I'm leaving it never
it's been done for life and it's done in all weather
Like it or love it, I ain't for no dumb shit
when you in the street, you see the niggaz you should run with
Cause we keeps it clean
when most of them gangstas lean
Here they come, here we come, cause a scene then they run
Go and get your gun, and smoke that shit when you done
[Verse 2: I-20]
And oh yeah I'm affiliated (a rider is born)
and if you want I can demostrate it (try all you want)
Man, lets get this one started bitch, I'm banging your set
the first down south nigga with a westcoast rep

1 album, 5 months, I'm number one in the hood
a low-low 3 wheels, 2 hoes and I'm good
Pull the gat, squeeze something nigga put 'em to sleep
even these techs mean something nigga, read 'em and weap
You grinding hard to get yours while the getting is good

you got jumped in the club just for repping your hood
Eastside D-E-C, where nobody's a punk
we'll pull something out the trunk, then put you in the trunk
Look, everybody's ghetto, nigga, follow the rules
we throw a party when you come home from jail, not school
It sound sad but it's love nigga, leave it at that
and every bitch love a street nigga, this is a fact, C'mon
[Chorus]
[Verse 3: I-20]
And I was born in the hood, so I'll die for the cause
niggaz think it's all good 'til I swing on their boss
(Gangsta, Gangsta) where every screamining it
but ain't nobody meaning it, cause I know I ain't seeing it
Real thugs don't party they just hold up the wall
and buy bottles just in case they wanna start up a brawl
It's an everyday thing nigga, home of the pen
where niggaz wear the same color like it's part of they skin
Down south or out West, look it's one in the same
dark read or all blue, shit it's all in the gang
You better watch your handshake when you greeting your boys
cause if they know your man fake, they'll be heating your boys
Even the bitches get down when they knowing it's beef
they got her man in the pen and her kids in the street
It's the neighborhood bullshit I gotta admit
but I'll be thuggin 'til they bury me, I'm loving this shit
[Chorus: 2x]

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