

# 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 demonstrate 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 screamin' 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]

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>