Gang Signs

Hyroglifics

Yeah, this go out to all my Crip and Blood niggas, Georgia, Tennessee, North Carolina, Alabama, MISSISSIPPI, all my Blood (Cali) niggas in Galveston Texas, Blood and Crip niggas in Dallas, y'all know the business. Bounty Hunter Bloods, Piru Bloods (HTown), all my Grape Street Crip niggas. Rolling 90's, Neighborhood Crips, Rolling 60's, Rolling 20's, Rolling 30's, 107 Hoover Crip (South Carolina), FiveDeuce Hoover Crips, OKC, Oklahoma City (Richmond Virginia), all them Crip niggas in Oklahoma City, Blood and Crip niggas (Tennessee) in Little Rock Arkansas, y'all know the business...

HOOK

We got paper over here, pull capers over here, got them icy out watches with the diamonds in our ear...
We got paper over here, pull capers over here, got them icy out watches with the diamonds in our ear...
And we still throwing gang signs, gang signs...
And we still throwing gang signs, gang signs...
And we still throwing gang signs, gang signs...
And we still throwing gang signs, gang signs...

VERSE ONE

Oh, we throwing them, my nigga...
I live that street life, I did time in the state...
I don' wrestled with them FEDs, had to rob for a plate...
Had to murder me a few so I wouldn't take a minus...
Break and bury all tools, putting that behind us...
Keep the new choppers close, blanket to Linus...
Charlie Brown Benz, Dog, nothing but the finest...
Tennessee kingpin, Project Pata...
I know you niggas sell dope, but my pockets fatter...
A hundred drum on the Tom, son, bullets scatter...
Slugs enter in your back, and come out your bladder...
Ratta tatta when I'm busting on a rata...
I'm screaming "Off with your head" like the mad hatter...nigga...

HOOK

We got paper over here, pull capers over here, got them icy out watches with the diamonds in our ear...

We got paper over here, pull capers over here, got them icy out watches with the diamonds in our ear...
And we still throwing gang signs, gang signs...
And we still throwing gang signs, gang signs...
And we still throwing gang signs, gang signs...
And we still throwing gang signs, gang signs...

VERSE TWO

You selling dope in my neighborhood, I wish a nigga would...
We got the guns and mask, then bring it to your hood...
I'll snatch you out them butter guts, but I'm not a fool...

Fifty rounds, first will shoot you up, bullets going through...
Any car, ripping through the steel, cutting past leather...
Mash down on this trigger like it was a gas pedal...
Blast better, choppers in use, I'ma let loose...
Blood leaking out your stomach mixed with that Grey Goose...
Was kind of spooked once them slugs whistled past your head...
You heard the kiss of death, on life support, you at the MED...
And we don't bar the police, they can get it with ya...
You false flaggers in these streets, we gon' get up with ya...
HOOK
We got paper over here, pull capers over here, got them icy out watches with the diamonds in our ear...
We got paper over here, pull capers over here, got them icy out watches with the diamonds in our ear...
And we still throwing gang signs, gang signs...
And we still throwing gang signs, gang signs...
And we still throwing gang signs, gang signs...
And we still throwing gang signs, gang signs...

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/