Gangsta rap

Codu' Penal

[Crooked I]Yo, it's that untouchable gangsta Crooked in to I go
I'm from a long lost tribe called "Fuck a Hoe"
Come through in a new Chevy, droppin game like it's too heavy
Well for you suckers that's the ceiling
A metaphor for over ya head, dumb dumb
Speak to ya double O.G., that's where good game come from
Dogg Pound it
{*music starts*}
[Kill Blood]
Six straight, six fo', L co's, missed it
Cause that's the Smith & West, nigga don't touch it
The people of the side for the urban
I like to work for top, or make 'em work it
[Daz Dillinger]
Whattup?! I see my niggaz all in the cut
Layed back, actin a nut, waitin 'to erupt
No remorse, as we bust, let you feel the dust
Let us do what we gotta do, it's fuckin it up
Let it be known, Daz Dillinger rough to the bone
All alone roamin ya neighborhood at high exhaust
High stylin and profilin, niggaz comin after me
(fuck y'all) In actuality they face the technicality
(whattup dawg?) Let 'em feel the battle, it was a tragedy
(hell yeah) On site a nigga die for the salary (boo-ya!)
We the gang and we walk like we talk and we stalk
and we do what we do after dark (yeah!)
[Chorus: Kurupt]This is for the ballers - gangsta rap
What all the hoes love - gangsta rap
What the hoppin six-fo's do - gangsta rap
You could do what you want to - gangsta rap
Yeah, this is for the ballers - gangsta rap
What all the hoes love - gangsta rap
What the hoppin six-fo's do - gangsta rap
You could do what you want to - gangsta rap
[Crooked I]Nigga, I buy new blocks for war
A few shots, a broad, that make you drop
Then I'ma pop two cops or more
I'm too hot, come through wit two proper whores

Playin Tupac Shakur, gettin 'em blue socks the Law
Crooked I's the name, man that boy just hopped off the train
wearin a platinum chain strapped with thang
It's the U gang, doin it big
You don't like it, you and yo' kid get you and the whip, shit
Nigga, I spray clips, shots flop quicker than space ships
Then shapeshift yo' facial "Matrix" like a facelift
So face it, y'all ain't nuttin to see
Ain't a nigga dead or alive who fuckin wit me
Keep the Death Row chains out
My left blow connect so hard your head blow
Now let's blow brains out (uh-huh), just thought I had to warn ya
Don't come to Long Beach, Cali, take off on ya owner, nigga
[Chorus][Kurupt]Innie, minnie, mini, mo, pick the do' or the flo'
Hoe you gotta go if you ain't takin off ya clothes
All I really wanna do is stick a dick up in you
So fast, in a flash, then I gotta slash, whattup Daz?
{*screech*} We the realist, kickin back, and feelin real chillin
Don't floss, ooh you get tossed, we dumb nigga
It ain't nuttin to applaud (uh-huh)
Never slippin dick nigga, to the West then took it straight
"This kid's a psycho gramma!" Fuck a hoe cous'
Took it, what it is, what it was
Blood, nigga what it is, what is was
My niggaz, California nigga what it is
Fuck the rap game if you can't pay mayne
Obsessed with the West (West coast!), rack 'em shells
And we started off the motherfuckin multi-platinum sales
Biatch!
[Chorus 2X][Kurupt]Gangsta rap.. gangsta rap
Gangsta rap, gangsta rap, gangsta rap
[Crooked I]Yeah, 2 gangsta 4 radio
Kurupt - kill Blood, Daz Dillinger, Crooked I, yeah
.. Biatch! Uhh!

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