

Y'All Nigga's Know My Name

Damu Ridas II

[B-BRAZY:]

Something for them active niggaz, nigga
That really be hangin' understand? (Woop, fool nigga)
These niggaz is locked up, that's really be doin' then we do the bustin'
(West Side Woop Woop)
Y'all niggaz don't be bustin', nigga
Hood ornaments, understand (Family Gang, Get 'em Braze, Avenues, Get 'em Braze)
Nigga
Nigga this is low budget in the game green
Get 'em Braze

[B-BRAZY:]

It took a nigga 16 months, now I'm back on the streets
I takes a taxi to the hood and to the Swap Meet
I got the penitentiary braids with the string on the tip
I'm headed straight to Mama Shop so I can get whiped
I done got a lil' swoller, fresh curl of the roller
Holdin' about 16 inch, 17 inch ??? curl hangin' to the shoulders
Bitches know the Braze from Denver Lanes that keep them hoes glazed, O-Kay
Crime pays and niggaz Braze is proof
Finally got the gold tooth to match the gold Coup (Woop-Woop)
I'm the rider that be drivin' this West Side bucket
I heat 'em up and eat 'em up and tell my homeboy Puncy (Woop-Woop)

[B-BRAZY:]

Y'all niggaz know my name, bang on everything
Drink Hennessy, smoke up weed
Sell quarter P's trying to flip keys

[GREEN EYEZ:]

From the 7 to 8 back down to the Duece (Woop Woop)
Inglewood Family Gangstas, we ain't down with no truce
But lettin' loose on these niggaz if they want static
And my nigga Vamp come thru bustin' with the Tec-9 automatic
Gangbang fanatic I was addicted to the drama
In and out of jail causin' hell to my mama
Went through trauma when Peanut 1 & 2 got killed (Woop Woop)
And I promise when I hit the tilt some Crabs gonna get killed
I was once told Blood that all Dawgs go to Heaven

And that on the Four, 8-Block, 9-Duece and 7-7's
And while I was incarcerated I was most hated
And on the bee these Crab niggaz knew I couldn't be faded
I finally made it even though I'm all about my chips
When it comes to the real I kills and set trips
But I just don't give a fuck this is Green Eyez Deuce
And even though I stay in Crab hood they know Blood rules

[B-BRAZY:]

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[G'LEN:]

Off Hen' with the devilish grin
It's G'Len, shootin' slugs at skin drawing blood like LBN's (WOOP! WOOP!)
If you don't wanna die nigga don't look my way just
Act like a Crab (yeah) and walk sideways
L'gangin', bitches swangin', Dickies hangin'
M-L is smooth bailin' WOOP WOOP and straight bangin'
Think twice nigga 'fore you fuck with meee
West Side S.C. F.R.G.
Fig' Rida Gand nigga fuck whatcha heard
When you hear WOOP WOOP that's our word
Keep the Duece-5 in shoes on my P's & Q's
On Fig' splittin wigs catch me on the evening news

[LIL LEAK:]

Let me tell my side of this gangster story
Where I'm from: no guts, no glory, it's mandatory
To be down for your set, respect is the key
You can't be no buster bangin' the "P", I'm from Ten-9 street
Not on Fig' but on Crenshaw the infamous A-P gang
You disrespect I break your jaw, fuck the law
Bitches' Crabs and they dead ones
I bang with niggaz in flame belts you know the red ones
And this is for my Dawgs Restin In Heaven
Be-Real and Big Bo... Crab 187

[B-BRAZY:]

Ah, y'all niggaz know my name, bang on everything
Drink Hennessy, smoke up weed
Sell quarter P's trying to flip keys...

Lyrics submitted by kriztynah.

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