

Let's All Roll

Knoc-turn'al

I'm from the S O U T H side of C A, why they try to P H
Still hit em up with that E A, G A to N G S T A
So fuck them them other N I double G A S
Hate the pops and kill the T A
Hang with my crew blue strings in my shoes
Mary Jane and some loop while we swags in the coupe
I'm addicting to smacking hoes
Tracks, flows Crenshaw Boulevard backing foes
L.A.'s Finest and L.A.'s behind us
Gangsta, hoochies, essays and whinnies
D's still twisting, low low's still hopping
Gangsta shit still dropping, Crenshaw still popping
Gang signs throwing up, body's still showing up
And O yea Time Bomb still blowing up, bitch
When you got the L.A confidential up in the place to be
Ride with me
Let's all roll, throw it up if you with me
I'm so cold, who am but staying G
The Dogg Pound stays the learn all y'all heard
Please date me when stick before you get serve
You know gangstas bang and gangsta slang
It's just an gangsta thang
Gangstas dip and some gangstas trip
I'm the gangsta slip and this gangsta crip
I used bump brother with the gangsta nip
'Cause nobody else was on the gangsta tip
Gangstas smoke sh room and gangsta rock perms
Gangstas don't listen and gangstas don't learn
Gangsta rock braids and gangsta jerry curls
Gangsta's going take over the world
Gangsta's go to jail, gangstas skip bail
Gangsta's make mail and gangsta's would never fail
Gangsta's goin' stay on top
Because the gangsta is going to make the gangsta shit pop
Just lounge homeboy you in the gangsta zone
Heart thrown in California where the gangstas roll
Let's all roll, throw it up if you with me
I'm so cold, who am but staying G
The Dogg Pound stays the learn all y'all heard

Please date me when stick before you get serve
My nigga slip is an gangsta
'Cuz I'm an hood ster, an hood star I'm taking the hood far
The C Riders posted up with the bullet loco blue rags
Smoking the bombing fluid and keep dumping on you fags
I heard and seen it all and I'm hoping you fall
Keep looking at my nuts until I get crip ball
I'm still striving, yeah ya word is about what I'm driving
Your bitch is going me more, pedal to the floor
Fuck an navigator, nigga I can flip ten gators in my living room
If you can't to that nigga give me room
Had an tourney 89' but your bitch made me mine
See the mother fucker ran on that biz state of mind
For mine I did the crime, had to run one time
And you take my dick in your mouth in one time
I fuck you in the butt and crip walk your liver
While I rich roll on the river
Caught up in the land of hard time
Back off mine, I'm mad I'm pushing an hard line
An hard cat with hard raps and hard rhymes
I hardly pay attention to rap
My mine say hard dick serve to an bitch ain't no crime
Hood soft to hard dime, chicken way I flip mine
Hard hit and rip like canines, hit hard heads with no spine
March and start to take mine
Big D let me fuck that bitch and you fuck mine
Off hard liqueurs is harder than wine Knoc-Turnal comes through overtime
When I die build me an shrine all is all is getting in my mind
I ain't begun to speak yet, until that time
Let's throw it up, throw it up
Let 'em know, out in the west represent let it gold
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