

# Crip Hop

## Snoop Dogg Presents Tha Eastsidaz

I'm tired of that punk shit, where niggaz claim to done  
Where they from and who run shit, I bang it to the tip-top  
Can't stop, won't stop, droppin' gang bang hit rocks  
To the last drip-drop, to the tick tock, to the blocks niggaz rip glocks  
I'm knowin' that this shit hot, this your first introduction  
To this motherfuckin' crip hopIt's time to research the documents and pull some files  
and put it down with this gangsta style  
'Cause I be seein' niggaz being more aggressive now  
After peace treaty meetings and the weapons downSport Chucks 'member once it was Nikes and sandals  
To me it's unlikely that you're sheisty and skanless  
To manage this dramaticness I call my rep  
Every step stay on deck keepin' bustaz in checkCertified murder guide through the streets of death  
Where the sleep ya slip soon as ya weakness met  
From that real killer deal get ya steal and mash  
Niggaz have done did when the steel'll blastPockets filled with cash, fuck a Benz or Jag  
Lookin' rough in a bucket, tuckin' tens and Macs  
Dip roam, chip phones, flip and clock  
Lick shots and the cops and control your blockKeep it true with the crew from the old to new  
Ride providin' 'em with guidance like your 'sposed to do  
Notice who, participatin' all the activity  
That's how we livin G, strictly killer tendenciesSo death to all my enemies and to the homies  
Who rest in peace, a dub bag and Hennessey  
These weak niggaz killin' me with their proclivity  
To even pro climate that they as real as meI'm tired of that punk shit, where niggaz claim to done  
Where they from and who run shit, I bang it to the tip-top  
Can't stop, won't stop, droppin' gang bang hit rocks  
To the last drip-drop, to the tick tock, to the blocks niggaz rip glocks  
I'm knowin' that this shit hot, this your first introduction  
To this motherfuckin' crip hopYeah nigga this crip, crip, crip, talk shit and I'ma bust yo' lip  
I'm gettin chips in the summer in a nine-six Hummer  
In D.C., fuckin' with a breezy, easy, see we see all we can see  
G.R. we can G, the East side family, coherent, cohesive, the co-pilotOn this East side shit 'cuz, I'm co-signin'  
On the East fuck peace we ridin violent  
Fuck where you been it's all about where I been  
Sirens, gunshots, flood glocks get poppedWhen they all try to knock knock knock  
Who is it? Visit the papers, the streets and the labels  
We got the hottest shit burnin' on the turntables  
I won't deny ya, I'm a straight rider and you don't wanna fuck with me  
(Yeh, yeh)I'm tired of that punk shit, where niggaz claim to done

Where they from and who run shit, I bang it to the tip-top  
Can't stop, won't stop, droppin' gang bang hit rocks  
To the last drip-drop, to the tick tock, to the blocks niggaz rip glocks  
I'm knowin' that this shit hot, this your first introduction  
To this motherfuckin' crip hopCRIP 'cause that's all we G  
I'm from Rollin', 20, Gangsta Crip  
And I'ma tell you how the shit gon' C  
(Gon' C)Now, if I wasn't rappin' motherfucker y'all be starvin'  
On my nuts without bucks like Marvin  
You can't sleep, you can't eat, look who starvin'  
Written bill paid but still gotta be a slaveFlip your own money, make your own proper  
Get yo' own heat, in case some niggaz try to stop ya  
Be a boss hog about your money, float loc  
And trust no one, anybody can get smoke smokedLike a fat-ass blunt, of that bomb shit  
Have a babysitter set that ass up for chip Chips Ahoy  
Niggaz ran in with toys  
If you didn't see 'em it's the East side boysWe be mobbin' like a motherfuckin' cut  
Dirty dealt, Lil' Sag, Lil' Jay, Lil' Chuck  
Two times, trey times on yo' motherfuckin' ass  
Keep it O.G. nigga, rewind and passIt's just another day and forty dozen, niggaz strugglin'  
Is you hustlin', do you relate to drug smugglin'?  
If so, grab a nine and start to trip  
But remember, don't let nobody punk you out yo' grip niggaDogg Pound groovin', East side is the greatest  
And other guys can't fade us, 'cause we're the hardest in the town  
And duces, never could be faded and all you suckers hate it  
Ohh crip is goin down, and baby have no doubtWe gonna turn it out and that's on East side L.B.C.  
And we're the best, we rockin' coast to coast  
and we be blowin' dope, and baby that's the shit  
I'm talkin real shit to ya baby  
(That real crip shit)Duces 'n trayz bangin'  
(That real crip shit)  
I'm talkin' real shit to ya baby  
(That real crip shit)  
Duces 'n trayz, bangin', bangin', bangin', bangin'  
(That crip)Oooh, yeah, that East sider shit  
(East side, East side)  
What y'all know about this here  
(What, what, what?)  
I'm talking crip shit  
(I'm, talk to me, talk to me)I'm talking crip shit  
I'm talking crip shit to you baby  
East side ahh, East side, East side  
Ahh, East side, East side

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