

Bellin  
Strolling with a limp  
Sagging hard  
Mainly done by L.A street niggas  
Bellin  
Is not just a casual stroll  
But a way of life  
A movement  
First you take the rag  
Crease it  
Place it in your back pocket  
And bell  
But remember  
For all you square ass niggas  
Rips to the left  
Doggs to the right  
Not for niggas in tight ass jeans and penny loafers  
But highly recommended for nigaas sporting  
Khakis, house shoes and locs

Oh my God  
Yeah, we back motherfucker  
WC niia, niia, BAAM BAAM!

Keep it crackin  
I'm sick of all this bullshit yacking  
Ya'll done fucked around  
and got the Dub reacting  
Lo-lows, broughams  
House shoes, or roams  
Once again its on nigga  
It's time to G on  
When it comes to gangsta shit  
Can't too many fuck with me  
Hang with me  
or ride to the highest level of ridetivity  
One to the neck  
Two to the neck  
I'm sticking them  
Leaving them scarred  
Bitch niggas get rode of they yard  
Hard  
Get off that shit  
You lost that shit  
See how many streets  
While you talk that shit  
Fuck who Billboard hanging  
And who take you banging and slanging  
I'm the hardest nigga in this game  
Famin  
the only one remaining  
It's time for confrontation  
The only one that's gonna swing them thangs  
Swinging with the Titanium flaming  
With the gun safety on F'n  
Fuck the whole world loc  
I'm bellin

Yeah I got the remedy  
To make you wanna come and ride with me  
You know I keeps it crackin cause it's a must  
Cause this the way we bell from dawn to dusk  
I'm a keep banging that gangsta ish And none of ya'll niggas can fuck with i  
t  
You know I keeps it crackin cause it's a must  
Cause this the way we bell form dawn to dusk

Sick as they come  
Sick as thay come  
WC got that bomb shit  
that'll numb your tongue  
Fucking it up  
in my dum-da-da-dumbs  
Not a Dump-da-da-dumb  
Off that wet one  
Chuckling up the finger and thumb  
Scrap it  
Clack-clack it  
And toss the liquor  
Clip the barrel  
And hang out the window  
And get off on niggas  
Snatch niggas, clap triggers  
Leave on the back of the grass niggas  
Fuck all you rapping ass niggas  
I'm a thank em'  
Let my nuts hang  
And dick dangle  
Come in with the shit that will make you break them ankles  
Cause I'm an all-season nigga  
Leave yah leaking nigga  
Thirsty gutter nigga  
Use a first... nigga  
Disappear nigga  
We gonna be here  
Been shifting gears  
And doing this shit for years  
Off the liquor though  
Really though  
Fuck a video  
I'm getting in these hoes  
Nigga fuck what you yellin  
I'm Bellin

If you see me saggin  
Don't say nothing  
It's just the way we bell

When you see these Chucks  
You know I don't give a fuck  
It's just the way we bell

Roll them in  
Wrote this song again  
Pull them out and let them glide  
Hang them high  
Put them hankies in the sky  
Out of town niggas what you need  
Hit me  
Get with me

Get tuned in to the realist nigga in this city  
And if you came to LA  
You never reached out and touched us  
Trust us  
Then you must have been fucking with bustas  
Hell yeah, I said it  
I'm a hog in this shit  
Cause my before me was none of this walking shit  
Keep it real  
When I was skipping on Benzos and Navies  
Ya'll was in tight ass pants with murphys in your khakis  
Ducking  
Now all of a sudden  
Niggas start super cripplin  
So nigga taste these slugs  
Tuckin  
Nigga tuck in your chain and your tail in  
And shut the fuck up and make way for these fellas  
Nigga, I'm bellin