

# Larry Hoover and the gangster disciples

[Life](#), [Death](#)



The night I was born Folks was the night I died. As my brethren cast my body into the lake of Fire and Knowledge I was baptized. One with my nation by my Kings blessed. With a Pitchfork in my hand and a Six on my chest. Others will speak my name and know the name of Death. I live by the Nations laws, die by the Disciples Creed. Loyal to my Nation, loyal to my breed. The day my Flag falls then so does my body fall. But my Nation will always stand in the shine of the Six. All is One, One is All! Spread your wings and raise them high, G's and D's shall never die. Hold your Six above your head. Raise King David from the dead. The Chairman Hoover a King like him. About that struggle limb to limb. Hold a firm grip to your Sword. Raise your Pitchforks we are at war. Death before dishonor, Folks alive! About that Six, no love for five. Brothers of the Struggle we have won. All ain't well but All is One! As I pray to God and all the best, when I am dead and gone tell my Folks to put me to rest. I will leave this earth so let things be well, I am a loyal Folk in heaven or hell. Life on this earth was evil to me, so when I lay down just put me to rest with a Six Point Star and two shotguns laid upon my chest. B. O. S. S.