# Gangsta Boogie (feat. Knytro)

## Chase & Status

Gangsta Boogie, in my all black hoodie
Real recognize real, all fakes are buried
In the cemetery, cause if you shake like jelly
You ain't gonna be ready, so Boop like Betty
Cold truth for ya yellow belly, 'cause you scared
Butterflies flapping in your eyes, that's you dead
Now you living in a killer's mind
No loose ends that's nuisance
No body no crime from the start line
The greatest Al Capone of our time
You keep running and I'll show up where you might hide
Decide now if wanna be a knight rider
Or lights out rapture that ass like a mobster
Tight crowd full of veterans who played contra
And I doubt that'll ever tell you that you harder
Mind out cowboy wanna lose ya partner this my house gangstaHeadphones strapped to skull cap
Head gone feeling like King Kong giving Jessica Lange back
I'm feeling all that Kenan way before the claps
If Kel was here he'd hand me the orange soda cap, why?
Can't lie yo I'm live as the vinyl spinning double time
Around the vibe so you might lose ya mind yo
Look around like where'd the time go?
Guess our father brought an onslaught
Of another aura to make ya mind go staccato
Strings of heart compose straight classics for kings of art
So if you're thinking that you're that sick I think you're not
I'm Mr. Rooney kicking hatricks
To class this you'd have to flip the game backwards
Just like Nas did, the first is the last kids
As if you could match this
You could try to light my fire but my water's earth and wind

Songwriters
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