Gangsta, Gangsta

Lil Scrappy ft Lil Jon

[Beanie Sigel](Yo) Who wanna fuck wit', the fat boy of the Roc?
(bllddttt) stick em, ha, another victim
Mac pullin' capers again
Fuck with that money paper then
Light as a rock, gonna light up the block
Don't believe in cases, goin all out
Paintin' faces, switch my picture, like tradin' places
For that money what?
Everybody hands up, or hands down money tucked
I flip the money trucks, money I don't give a fuck
Ay money, shut the fuck up
It's only a stickup
You don't stand a chance, give it quick up
You 'bout to turn into an ambulance pickup
Enough with the cocky stuff, fuck all that stocky stuff
Don't get smacked like a hockey puck
I ain't wit' that rocky stuff
I'm strapped got this gat (Blah blah blah blah)
What?
[Chorus: Kurupt and Beanie 2x]Gangsta gangsta, tell me how you do it
It seems so simple, like there was nothing to it
One more time run through it, everybody hands up
Alright hands down money tucked
[Beanie Sigel]I'm on fire like a molotov cocktail
I'm high off them cocktails
Dangerous gone broke, my aim is no joke
Duct taped, roped, strangle your folks
Box cut across the throat (nope)
Bang the four 'till it's broke
Prey on niggas in a circlular pattern
Catch you playin' craps, car in reverse
I'm circlin' back

Man I stay up in them dice games, fuck a ice chain
A Ice ring, I'm tryin' to come up on some nice change
Incase a nigga might swing, they gets a might thang
Pull out the right thang, show em it's a spike thang
Make you do the right thing, like a Spike Lee joint
Bang that pussy and his right knee joint

You get the sergeant and cap couldn't tell mack (freeze)
I'm like a rat dodgin' traps when it come to the cheeze
Backwards wrapped my trough
Wont hesitate to clap ya folks
I'm on tilt like a rapid (?)
[Chorus 2x][Beanie Sigel]Back now nigga, all black down nigga
Mack now, loaded up wit' black towns nigga
Frontline, clap down, backround niggas
One nine clap crowns, and smack down niggas
Keep rope to hogtie you pork ass niggas
Stuffin' the boot to shoot hoops you sports ass nigga
Wouldn't shoot a game of pool
8-ball in the corner pocket, stop it
You niggas flippin' Guess jeans profit
Disrespectin' eskell, expectin' to sell
You got seeds in ya weed, disrespectin' the L
Don't got 20's on ya wheels disrespectin' the car
You burnin rubber and that squad, disrespectin the tar
You niggas wore ass backwards, 'vessinal gat
Same thing with your hustle, rustled and packed
The ball back on missions
Drop the east the mack more vicious
Back to snatch or crack off dishes
[Chorus 2x]

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