

# Gang

## Konstantin Zhilyakov

{Shyne} (Foxy Brown)

[Shyne] Uh huh

[Foxy Brown] Uh

[Shyne] Lets get it clear (Uh huh) Brooklyn Vietnam (That's right)

[Foxy Brown] Yo yo... Live from the seven-one-eight why'all; Murder City

[Shyne] Lay down nigga (It's the Ill Na Na)

Cut ya dick off put it in ya mouth why'all understand? (Let's go)

(1st Verse) [Shyne]

Ride with me as I race through ya hood

Give me a fifth that'll bang and a jury that'll hang

Pants saggin' in that Bentley wagon

Ayo that's my nigga Yacht if the mink is saggin'

Since a youth I flipped, on some ruthless shit

Had a thing for rings, bling, Coupes and shit

Some' bout watchin' Montana come up outta Havana

And rule this world made me want to grab my hammer

Fuckin' with the Cheddar Boys

Some hustler flip girls instead of boys

Keep filthy laweys, for when the FEDs annoy us

We keep this shit gangsta nigga from verse to chorus

And the Street Lords and Truly Yours

Drive Modena Spiders and big exhaust

Bleed for the streets love the war

My nose bleeds for weeks I love the raw

Puncture niggaz when I comfort niggaz

Motor City to Brooklyn Veitnam

Nigga it's on till my flesh is gone

And even then I live on in gangsta form

[Chorus]

What you know about that?

Macs and cash nigga how you love that?

What you know about that?

Doin' it up livin' it up, nigga what?

What you know about that?

The gully kid put it in your skully kid, bleed nigga what it is

What you know about that?

Yacht, Cheddar Boys, Streets Lords, truly yours

(2nd Verse) [Foxy Brown]

It's the "Godfather Buried Alive"

Ayo Po it's the Ill Na Na stuntin' in 5.0

Went to Brooklyn with the Rutgers out

In Flatbush and I keeps the Kiki poppin' off when the goons is out

why'all got a muthafuckin problem when my dude get out

Dutty Ay bust a shot for Shyne get the Guinness Stout

that's my word I got the Berken pulled over up on Parkside & Nostrond

In the butter scotch Rover

I'm ah bad gal style like I'm 'posta

Got his comrades in Clinton bustin' nuts on my poster

Phone check! Muthafucka hit the yard up

Comm stop Mid-State Brooklyn niggaz squad up

I'm hot steppin in the pink staline seven

I'ma stunt till BIG tell me there's a ghetto up in heaven

See through niggaz take they time like a man

We don't snitch we don't sing on the stand but why'all don't hear me though..

[Chorus]

(3rd Verse) [Shyne]

Money, cars, guns, hoes

Sniff some blow and I'm good to go

Eagle inflated Federal Bureau Investigated

Most hated nigga read the affidavit

Uh racing loud pipes

big fucking exhausts burning the turnpike

My game so tight I arouse dikes

You punk rappers should paying me publishing the way you write

And be sampling my life, every line in your rhyme

Sound like you want to be Shyne, and I don't blame ya

Who wouldn't? Young nigga catching charges

Continental Ts parked in garages

Menages, odds is

I'm the best spittin' it, nigga I'm gettin' it

I admit it I was watching New Jack City

And fucking with Goodfellas? Uncle Paul got me dying to ball

Every thing I talk about I live it

All you hear these rappers rap about I really did it

I was designed to hold nines, and grind

Step out of line put you in that white line

Rearrange ya brain ain't nothin change

You know the game jet planes and cocaine

And what I say might be held against me

I don't want to talk, I'm the hottest nigga in New York

[Chorus]

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