Gangsta Gangsta

Kool G Rap

What, nigga, Black [censored] Fam
Y'all don't fuckin want it, you heard
Listen up

Bitch either ride or collide with me, this side right
You don't wanna wait 'til the end of the night to step outside wit me
You know the history of the guys with me? Extortion, kidnappin'
Murder in the first, niggaz live to die
Hungry and they blood thirst, my Dunn guns the worst
We can get it to poppin' off like July the 4th
On any day of the month bitch we get it to jump
Black [censored] Fam, my niggaz ain't scared to dump
So what the fuck you want beef for, you squeamish
Start to hyperventilate you see a nigga start to hemorrhage
[censored] Fam don't start shit, we regret the finish
Bitch nigga, we really live this, we mean business
We even got teachers in the school where your kids is
Nannies inside where your cribs is
Beautician doin hair where you Wiz is
Black {*censored*}, secret society bitch
You get found with the fishes

Aiyyo, who wanna know about the life story, it's like Corle's
Blood all over the nice Mauries
Stutterin' bitch, who you know spit more gutter than this?
Smack a nigga with the butt of the fifth
We guerillas and thugs in the midst
Was cold before I flooded the wrist
Big heist shit, blood on the bricks
Bag it up, bubble the strip
One days work, a couple of whips
Then more than double the chips
Supreme Queens nigga with a BK click
You just a weak fake bitches whatever nigga the heat spray quick
Y'all niggaz can't do shit but peep the gray wrist
CGP in the face of your chick, comin' f'real with it
Bring the cattle to the battlefield, we'll still spit it
No matter who the fuck you are, you can still get it
Count that off as a loss, go 'head and peal wit it

Far as your corny-ass click, they gotta deal wit it

[Chorus]
We the Black {*censored*} gangsta click (gangsta gangsta)
Put your hands to the streets for this gangsta shit (gangsta gangsta)
You a nigga or a bitch keep it gangsta kid (gangsta gangsta)
Black {*censored*} Fam, you know how these fuckin gangstas get

Aiyyo sex money and drugs, that's my life
Shrimp shooter with the red light, that's my wife
Bitch prism on the late night, that's my type of hustle
Shit make dough, that's my bubble
No one's project beef, that's my struggle
I never been shot - that blood there, that's your puddle
Who the fuck wanna fire at me?
For every shot a nigga shoot, my mac-11 firin three
You got wars, nores, lazy {?}
Et cetera, Black Fam, we bang harder
Bandana Montana streetsweep carver
Shots connect, your bones I disconnect
Bring your skull back home like I bone collect
One year under dirt you'll be bones in bed
Tasmania, Brooklyn that's my set
Stop screamin out Guerilla 'fore I break yo' neck

I dare anybody play like Lazy Mike
Not blaze like half of your block in broad daylight
Take flight to Queens with your fake ice
Pull you out the back of the trunk
And put your face in the brake light
You six deep, so what? Me I'm by myself
But you know what? I cut one of y'all real bad
Pops is my pops but my moms my real dad
You runnin' round with the same heart that Steel had
I'm the best, I don't give a fuck who said so
Have you dope fiend like Lazy, let go
Don't get your head gassed off my nice chain, word to my mother
I done lost half your life in a dice game
I don't brag shit, I'm a hustler; I don't wanna be seen
I want the green the fame shit is for suckers
I'm a Guerilla, so it ain't nuttin' to touch ya
Bitch nigga recognize that or learn to suffer

[Chorus x3]

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