

Gangstas (feat. Master P & Snoop Dogg)

Mystikal

No Limit Soldiers

(Ugh)

DPGC, gangstas

(Ha, ha)

Look here, you got three crazy muthafuckas In the same place at the same time

(Yeah, Master P.)

You know this shit gon' be off the hook

(It's gon' be the wildest shit you ever heard)

For my bitches down south, southern hospitality

(Representin', ya heard me) From the cold, hard streets of the LBC

To a duet with Mystikal and Master P

Real G's ship keys and shoot dice on their knees

And put pistols to the mouths of their enemies

Old country ass nigga with a gold in the front

Be the same muthafucka that get your bitch ass stomped Underestimin' hatin' got you knocked out cold

Tryin' to play my boy over, you was with your hoe

Them South niggas bangin' off the shit that we write

Punk niggas get killed, straight on sight

No Limit ain't no gimmick, it's tragic you know

So don't be meddlin' with my boy and my hoe

Lay low, hit the floor, I'm back Yo P, take me to the streets, that's where my heart is at

You make 'em say ugh, I make 'em say beeyatch

Together we can flip the script and get grip

You got the crack, I got the bud sack

Mystikal, smack, you got the strap

Deep in that gangsta shit on a night like that

You blast me, I blast you back, beeyatch We 'bout to jump off with some gangsta shit

Gangsta shit

We 'bout to hop off with some gangsta shit

Gangsta shit

Know what, we're 'bout to jump off with some gangsta shit

Gangsta shit We 'bout to jump off with some gangsta shit

Gangsta shit

We 'bout to hop off with some gangsta shit

Gangsta shit

Know what, we're 'bout to jump off with some gangsta shit

Gangsta shit Got this fuckin' party poppin'

You cappin' and army braggin'

Gon' keep smugglin' in this game shit

Niggas ain't rappin' what you say about gangsta rappin'
You get killed forever, my nigga, every day
Where you get fucked up nigga is where you lay
Time again I tried to tell you But you ain't wanna heard what I say
Damn leather dog bombin', done made a mistake
We made sound so good
([Unverified])
Keep that gangsta shit banging up and down your hood
'Cuz only real gangstas get down and to the bottom
Where y'all going, that much, we'll see right through ya'll out hustle ya, can't put up a fight 'cuz I out muscle
ya
My really don't give a fuck, attitude got ya feelin' uncomfortable
I got that there, nigga you ain't saying shit
I'm colder than a brand new pair of Stan Smiths
Fresher than a whole box of green Altimos
But I got to blow your head off
And put bullet holes in your Girbauds We 'bout to jump off with some gangsta shit
Gangsta shit
We 'bout to hop off with some gangsta shit
Gangsta shit
Know what, we're 'bout to jump off with some gangsta shit
Gangsta shit B O U T we 'bout it
Real gangstas live muthafuckin' rowdy
And where you from is how you come
Where you be or you're at
Fool, watch your back for these gangstas in that black from
Long Beach to New Orleans
From every nigga in the hood to the penitentiary
Tryin' to survive on these streets Slangin' dope 'cuz the kids gotta eat
Put it in a car or a plane, Grey Hound or a train
Sixty five when it came, eighty nine when it lay
I'm in love with miss mo mo, candy painted four
Twenty skirt with convertible, fuckin' polo
Bring the stylins of your talk, I mean real gangstas don't talk
Free your mind and refugee
Alive and turn your cheeks like Pras be We 'bout to jump off with some gangsta shit
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Songwriters

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