

Gangsta Shit's Like A Drug

Mack 10

Yeah, again another group collaboration
From the second I get dressed to get to steppin', I'm on one
Fillin' up the 44 if po po want some
I ain't runnin' from a motherfucker
Dust a sucker off if he soft, then fuck him if he suffer
'Another One Bites The Dust' like the song say
Bust 'em with the wrong way, caught up in the gunplay
One day, some say, we all gon' die
Human lives to my eyes, take a size an' bye
You on your own, get 'em on the go an' explode
It's a cold that arose when you chose your clothes
Blue or red, who will care if we all was rich?
Ballin' tills, haulin' chickens, flossin' grips
I give a damn 'bout the next fool, my tek rule
Ol' school nigga 'bout to take it to the next school
This gangsta shit is like drugs, runnin' with thugs
Puttin' slugs in your motherfuckin' mug
This gangsta shit's like a drug
I got to ride an' live for the hood to show my love
This gangsta shit's like a drug
I got to ride an' live for the hood to show my love
This gangsta shit's like a motherfuckin' gangsta drug
Crips an' Bloods, ooh
This gangsta shit's like a motherfuckin' gangsta drug
Crips an' Bloods, ooh
I got to bang on my enemy
I got to make sure they know they ain't a friend of me
So I'm gon' ride on they hood
Leavin' nuttin' but obituaries 'til they get it understood
You know that Squeak-Ru capped 'em
I wantcha homegirl photobook to be full of 'em
I'll be the gossip for ya block
When y'all explain to each other how I creep with the glock
The 4 5 nigga did the damage
I took two to da dome, so, nigga, fuck a bandage
An' all you got was a bodybag
Accommodations to the morgue, equipped with a toe tag
Now you know I'm a killer
You cross my name out on the ward, it lets me know y'all remember

Mashed on your hood an' got a trophy

If you really want revenge, nigga, come get me
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This gangsta shit is a must an' plus, I bust
An' puff Angeldust for the headrush
I like the way the teks spit when I'm lit
I feel like 'Fuck The Police' an' 'A Bitch Ain't Shit'
Plus I represent my curb to the fullest
An' them so-called hogs be like track stars when I pull this
Beat out, get the sheet out when I roam
'Cos the first fool caught slippin' on my block gettin' dome
So fuck a job, dog, I jacks for my figures
Plus I live by the trigger an' I ride for my niggas
On all-gold twisters on a front an' back Caddy
Every broad in they ghetto wish I was their baby daddy
So which lucky ho wanna be Miss Mack 1 0?
You gotta have a gang of ass an' be a dick suckin' pro
I want a down bitch for my bride an' when we ride
Gotta love this gangsta shit an' be down for the homicide
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Rest in peace to all the soldiers we lost to this gangsta shit