Gangsta Shit

DJ Clue

Who got the gangsta, gangsta shit?
We got the gangsta, gangsta shit
Who got the gangsta, gangsta shit?
We got the gangsta, gangsta shitI understand why y'all niggaz is mad at me
Sittin' around like, "Damn, that could be me"
All the cars and the bitches, livin' lavishly
But there's only one problem, y'all ain't bad as meWho could flip a record company from a half a ki?
Then drop a gold album, do the math with me
Turn right around and go platinum, that would be
Fuck it, I lost count, why don't you tell me the amount?Since you gossip like groupies, notice please
I never go broke my name got two G's
J I two G A, I flip that
Up on the platinum and be on the next dayI be right there when your mics blow out
I was there when your lights when on and when you lights go out
I'm right there with the same ice to light up your house
Just bright enough to see the gun 'fo I wipe you outI'm the stuff niggas write about, Jigga's a legend
J-Hova, end of the session, fuck with me nowWho got the gangsta, gangsta shit?
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Who got the gangsta, gangsta shit?
We got the gangsta, gangsta shitWe live from the 718
Got my chick in DMV at this very second runnin' your plate
Two knocks on your door, one gun in your face
Two blocks of C-4, I put one in your safePlace the safe in the bath tub, I got one plyer
You better hope this money don't catch fire
You so soft, no mask, no rope, one clip and I
Let this nigga run around untie, I swear to GodYou know the type that talk loud, but nigga's white cloud
Soft as a baby bottom, you know Jay-Z spot him
I haven't heard him in a while and you know how come?
His little faggot's in the corner dialing 911Snatched the phone, get a grip, dog, you 'posed to be tough
What you tellin' the cops, huh, I'm takin' your money and drugs?
In the underworld we take care of beef ourself
And another thing yo, we police ourselfEither you follow the codes or don't sell cocaine
This life will swallow you whole, so get out the game
Go to church every Sunday, nigga, and pray hard
And drug dealer, hehe, don't quit your day job
Fuck [Incomprehensible]Who got the gangsta, gangsta shit?

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Who got the gangsta, gangsta shit?
We got the gangstam gangsta shitNigga who else pop guns and rap jewels
Meanwhile burning in hell, child
We the center of attention
Show me love for my nigga blazin', my niggas is made menGangsters, shit, get coke and sugar boughs
Got hoes for every home and never fuck they own
Even though the Feds got a sweatin' grip in the chrome
Commuter case is disclosed, they tappin' the telephonesDialin' a 213 zone now
Got some ladies, slap a bitch up and send her down
Feelin' me, I wanna put this hustle behind me
But every time I look away, he's hittin' me blindlyI'm lookin' for the light, baby, and here it is
But soon as the nigga smilin', darker the night gets
That's why we gangstas and y'all players
Take two to the heart, Inc., world most MurderousWho got the gangsta, gangsta shit?
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