

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 shit I 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 me Who 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 day I 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 out I'm the stuff niggas write about, Jigga's a legend

J-Hova, end of the session, fuck with me now Who got the gangsta, gangsta shit?

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We got the gangsta, gangsta shit We 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 safe Place 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 God You 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 911 Snatched 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 ourself Either 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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We got the gangsta, gangsta shit

Who got the gangsta, gangsta shit?

We got the gangsta, 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?

We got the gangsta, gangsta shit

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