

# Gangsta Shit

## Do Or Die

Nigga we can handle this like some gentlemen

Or we can get into some gangsta shit

(gangsta shit)

(gangsta shit)

Chorus

Ya'll mother fuckers want some gangsta shit

But y'all mother fuckers ain't ready for this

I knew he was bluffin

High of that blunt he was puffin

Talkin all that shit

Now his whole click sufferin

Duckin' runnin' hidin' did i

Shock the whole world

Its just that block keep us tied in

His own killer cried

In the spot that he deid in

Went to rest from her tears

Off the blood that he died in

We ridin'

Just becouse it's death before dishonor

An i'ma

Make you bitches pay for this drama

(gangsta shit)

Did you say drama

Snatched the extra keys

To my hummer

It's simply eight niggas

About to head for this drama

Homicidal breakin windpipe

They keep it comin

Till them players like a fist fight

Done turned into a shit site

So when it's midnight

Its survival of the fittest

Were nowhere near brother this 45

Nobody knows who did this

Nigga I ride with a gangsta bitch

Smokin bees while I bump

In this gangsta shit

Yall mutherfuckers want some gangsta shit  
But y'all ain't ready for no gangsta shit

Yall mutherfuckers want some gangsta shit  
But y'all ain't ready for no gangsta shit

Niggas we just talk like men  
So put your strap down  
All of us are killers  
In the set  
And we don't back down  
Do or die for life  
Mutherfuckers and you know  
Niggas be commin with pistol  
When it's time they don't show  
Niggas talk that bite  
What they done made  
And all that dumb shit  
Fool we done shut you down  
For round for round  
Cus you don't rush shit  
Throwin extra clips and all that shit  
And we gone waste ya  
Relissin naked bones up on the pavement  
When we face ya  
If a red buick's grey'd out  
Forty niggas in the black streets  
Came out the cain house  
Left a nigga lyin for dead  
Screamin one of his hommies names out  
I was thirteen rained out  
Couldnt see identify  
Two keys and fifty g's  
And one dead nigga off inside  
Now we ride  
Smokin bees  
And contimplatin  
Just be normal out  
Plus we a combination  
Now mark his words  
Paper chasin gon get you face down  
Whoosh  
With one bullet I leave you face down  
Yall mutherfuckers want some gangsta shit  
But y'all ain't ready for no gangsta shit  
Yall mutherfuckers want some gangsta shit

But y'all ain't ready for no gangsta shit

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>