

More Gangsta Music (feat. Juelz Santana)

Cam'ron

Gangsta music, part two, Dip Set
Killa, Heatmakerz, Juelz Santana
See mon, lets do it Can I get a yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Everywhere yeah, yeah
Up, down, left, right, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Shorty's movin' again yeah, shorty's loose wit the pen yeah
Shorty do wit the wind yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah They say I walk around like I got a S on my chest
Tech on my left, gangstas wit me ready to step (yeah)
I like a chick wit big breasts on her chest
Not flat lookin' like somebody stepped on her chest (yeah)
What, (yeah) shit, (yeah) fuck, (yeah) bitch, (yeah) You so crazy (yeah yeah yeah yeah)
My niggas spit the Glock (oh so slow whoa)
Rude Boi lick a shot (bo bo bo bo)
Neva seen up in a pot (oh so much coke)
Cook it to a bigga rock (aye aye oh oh) And I be with them gangstas (yeah)
I creep wit the gangstas (yeah)
Crack a dutch or Philly and chief chief wit the gangstas
I stay wit a lady (yeah) she stay wit a lady (yeah)
They makin' me crazy (yeah yeah yeah yeah)
I spray em wit babies (yeah), in they face till they hate me (yeah) And I'm makin' em crazy (yeah yeah yeah
yeah)
And they like when I do it (yeah), they like when I move it (yeah)
They like when I work it, they like when I hurt it
I stay icy on purpose, like icy preservers
More than likely I'm the nicest you heard a yeah I'm movin' movin' movin' yeah
He's movin' movin' movin' aye
We movin' movin' movin' yeah
Stop movin' aye, shot bruise 'em yeah
Two more for Cam fa takin' over the Roc Yeah, yeah, it's my year so
Yeah, it's like the whole Bird Gang's in here
Like Kurt Cobain's was here
Yeah yeah yeah yeah Still listen to gangsta music (aye)
How them gangstas do it (aye)
Shorty came to do it (aye aye aye aye)
I bang wit the five (aye), I see hate in ya eyes (aye)
You waitin' to die (aye aye aye aye) I pray for you guys, hate to keep waistin' ya lives
Love to keep bakin' new pies, strapin'
The scrapes off the side
You can love it (yeah aye) you can hate it (yeah aye)

You can want it (yeah aye aye aye aye) I'm Babe Ruth in this game, beige coupe in the lane
State Troopers they came, damn he's movin' again (aye)
I'm a better child, yous a pedophile (aye aye aye aye)
I go dough let around, my hoe slow head around
They DTP's deep throat professionals My D.I.P.'s we so professional
Got weed, coke, and ecstasy, lean, dope, and wet to sale
We blow jars of the dank, like Bob Marley was wake
Real shocked ya, fuck ya foreigners stay
I'm movin' movin' movin' (yeah)
Why all losin' losin' losin' (aye) I'm on the south side of Chicago lookin' for a real hoe
I don't see a touchdown, arms up field goal
Got some ill gold, diamonds that's still low
Lil dick you a dickhead, nah dildo
I chill though, pippin in the Range All this icin' I'm ashamed, look like lightnin' in the chain
Who was first that moved wit they fam (who)
Ask you, tattoos on they hand (who)
Slang all the white (who) cruise wit the tan (who)
Pink on they back (who) blue in they van (who)
Yellow on his ear (who) steam on the rock (who) Pupil in the air (who) green in his pocket
I ain't dissin' you dog, I'm dismissin' you
Get the R. Kelly tape and see how we piss on you
That's cool-Aid, Moutain Dew, and Cris on you
Ya family will be missin' you, there's a kiss for you

Songwriters

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