So Gangsta

2nen Bladez

2nen Bladez -SP - SO GANGSTA!

Throw yo sets up if you keep it Gangsta for real.
So Gangsta
If you locked and loaded,aiming ready to kill
Throw yo sets up if you keep it gangsta for real
So Gangsta
Grab them rubber band and keep on stacking them bills.

Verse 1

Its the return of the Pagan.
Im fresh out the looney ben.
Once again is DJ 2nen,
that ghetto chico beethoven.

Terrorizing like Bin Laden.
Rappers Scared when guns start clappin.
They just gangsta when they rappin.
Dreaming wishing on Aladin.

But That genie crap dont happen.
Niggaz rhyme like kindergarten.
So I dump them in the garden.
With no flowers, plants or coffins.

Got no time for the theatric.
Bitch ass niggas so dramatic.
I do this for my hispanic
Latinos with automatics.

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Verse 2.

The Mic is a trigger,when I pull it.
Im spittin lyrical bullets.
Hittin niggaz on that bullshit.
Packing guns that aint gone do shit.

2nen Bladez got intuition
Cut you like a circumcision
You aint gangsta cuz you pitchin
Baking soda out the kitchen

Crack dont sell dont give you riches
No Rick James no 80s bitches
No Scarface hear what you missing
This is now a tweaking season.

So keep bragging,cooking crack
Pagan money is in the crank.
I flat line track like heart attacks.
Stuff duffle bags with double stacks.

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Verse 3.

Internet Thugs and studio gangsters.
Trying to blow since 50s wanksta
Looking like some Hammer Dancers
Calling streets that you dont answer

Claiming Blocks you only visit
My Block sells for triple digits
Triple Size like 3 feet midgets
No free shows, no promo tickets

Im strictly about making paper
Brickle Avenue sky scraper
Pimpin hoes in every flavor

Biz Markie giving you vapors

Feel the bass rattle in the trunk
2nen Bladez, machine gun funk
Everyday getting pissey drunk
Blowing purple haze in a forrest green dunk

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