

# Gangsta

## Jim Jones Ft. Max B & Shiest Bubz

[Intro] All points in the region related gangsterish  
Serving dark dishes of true pimp horror  
Warriors stormy nights on leathery wings  
Sexy sirens in dreams of king Stephen killer mike  
Mad stalking midnight

[Chorus: repeat 2X] Westside riders keep it (gangsta)  
Southside hustlers keep it (gangsta)  
Eastside killers keep it (gangsta)  
Northside monsters keep it (gangsta)

[Killer Mike] See I in the V.I. staggerin and weed eyed  
Stumbling and laughin rollin in with 'kast 'nem  
Cold weather bubble goose 4-5er mashin  
From G.A. to L.A. Force 1's be my fashion  
Disrespect my space I'll push yo fuckin back in  
Spit in your face and hand your faggot ass a napkin  
Everything you did mu'fucka we done done done  
Ran streets took over traps carry gun gun  
I'm from a hood full of junkies and pastor sons  
We don't give a fuck how hard you come we don't run  
Our moms ain't raise no faggot ain't nothing queer nigga  
We don't give a fuck blood'll smear right here nigga

[Chorus][Killer Mike] Shit  
Them killers in the cut they conspiring they conniving  
Aint no fifth for them niggaz them niggaz shit we ride with  
Them fur coat and champagne suckers better hide when  
They peep a team of gully motherfuckers bout to slide in  
These bullets leave you shakin like that dance from N.Y. and  
I put that on my children and my young nephew Ty and  
And my nigga Kimjohn years away from frying

He send me letters telling me how grown men be crying  
When they surrounded by rapists with lustful eyes in  
The belly of the beast where they don't let no light in  
Red velvet robbin crews totin lead pipes in  
To your suburban home throwin on kids and wife and  
You go spaghetti when these killers strike like lightning  
Niggaz go spaghetti when these killers strike like lightning

[Chorus][Killer Mike] Shit  
We don't give a fuck bout who your homeboy friends is

We don't give a fuck bout what series your benz is  
All we gives a shit about is up all night trappin white  
Cop that yay weigh it right till lay lay equals glass pipe  
My side of town don't act right  
Every damn day is fight night  
These motherfuckers don't act ok  
These motherfuckers just spray they k  
Down the block over rocks hot 4-5's be coughin  
Mothers who couldn't afford shoes and socks  
They purchase coffins  
You scared motherfucker you scared (rich nigga)  
You scared motherfucker you scared (bitch nigga)  
You scared motherfucker you scared (snitch nigga)  
You scared motherfucker you scared (trick nigga)  
[Chorus] - 2X  
[Talking]All those who oppose higher glory beware  
For candelit crypt comes open and monsters see  
Two big rested vamps doin the snake-dog dance

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