

# East Bay Gangster (Reggae)

## Spice 1

Verse 1: Welcome to the ghetto, and this is the place, young niggas be throwin

They rocks up in my face

My homey g be yellin yo this like a holdup, I'm pullin my gat to make

A mutha fucka fold up

In my jag on my phone talkin business, mac 10 to my dome yo what is this

I'm tellin him drop it yo let's box and we can go a round, he dropped

His gat I picked it up and blew his ass down

I know it's scandalous but a simple fuckin dirty fact, I'd rather hear

My uzi rat-a-ta-ta-tat-tat

It's for protection not to kill or break a nigga's bones, back to the

Story, here's the story b the story on

His guts were scattered he was splattered up against the wall, my homey

G was on my phone buggin off my call

I tried to smash but I'm lookin at some high beams into the eyes of

Some mutha fuckin dope fiend

He seen me shoot him so I shot him blew his ass off, I shot my uzi up

In the air and then I smashed off

I'm rollin thicker than a milkshake, I like to eat crab but I prefer

Steak

I ain't no joke mutha fucka so don't play yourself, I flip you over fry

Your ass like a patty melt

And if you ever disrespect me i'ma bank ya, so say what up to the

Mutha fuckin east bay gangsta Meneme forgot to use my nine 'cause 5-0 bombed the ak, the 187 posse

Robbed the bank in a way. legal or illegal it's the way of the bay. the

Government keep the profit of cocaine in a way. me shootin up me

Shootin up if he don't give me my pay the niggas up on the block send

For me every day. a thousand everyday will keep the 5-0 away. just

Call me east bay g-a-n-g-s-t-a Verse 2: Looked in my mirror cose range right behind me, tinted windows up in

The benz 190

I ain't no dummy knew right off he's tryin to kill me, if I don't smash

Full of buckshot he will fill me

Hangin out the car shots scatter windows shatter trouble, I'll shoot

Him up bathed in his blood like mr bubble

187 did I do it with an ak, another day a nigga dead up in the

Alleyway

Why did I do it, it's my pistol and I packed it, I think they need to

Lock my ass up in a straightjacket

So all you suckas listen close to this warnin, while I get into your

Ass like charmin

Funky shit that so dope so open your mouth up, you ever shuck me i'ma  
 Blow your fuckin house up  
 And if you ever disrespect me i'ma bank ya, so say what up to the mutha  
 Fuckin eastbay gangsta Gi-gi-da gi-gi-da gangsta, gi-gi-da gi-gi-da gangsta kickin the funky  
 Gi-gi-da gi-gi-da gi-gi-da gi gi-gi-da gi-gi-da gangsta( ? ? ? ) g-nut  
 Because he's down with the fac, lynch mutha fuckas when we're coolin  
 The block. the x the l the a the r-g-e, the murder fac 187 posse. the  
 E-a-ski is with 187, the cmt is with 187 Verse 3: Now as I'm maxin in this mutha fuckin jail cell, with nuthin but  
 dried  
 Up funk to smell  
 I thinkin about the times that I ganked fools and why I'm coolin in  
 These fucked up county blues  
 I 've murder mutha fuckas singular and in a pair, and in the morning  
 I'll be getting the electric chair  
 But do I care, yo I could give a fuck less, the cia, fbi got it in the  
 Chest  
 Tappin my phone calls, wires hidden in my walls, I had the money flowin  
 Smooth like niagara falls  
 The glory got so I'm considered a murderous criminal, because my bullet  
 Ate his ass like a cannibal  
 Before I chopped him with ak I made him say his grace, and then i  
 Emptied the clip off up in his fuckin face  
 His partner callin for backup as I was breakin out, nigga refused to  
 Die, that's what I heard him shout  
 I hit the corner with quickness because I ain't the one, to feel the  
 Fuckin blast of a shotgun  
 And when they fry my ass, I'm goin straight hell, that's why I'm kickin  
 You tales of a jail cell  
 And if you ever disrespect me i'ma bank ya, so say what up to the mutha  
 Fuckin eastbay gangsta Dja mon, me gonna kick the funky gangsta shit mon, me kickin the funky  
 Gangsta. the gi-gi-da gi-gi-da gangsta,  
 Gi-gi-da-gi-gi-da-gi-gi-da-gi-gi-da-gi-gi-da-gi-gi-da gangsta  
 Dja mon, mida me got e-a-ski in the house mon, me got me dj xtra large  
 Mon, we got cmt in the mutha fuckin house, dja mon we got ( ? ? ? ? ) check  
 It out! Verse 4: Me pullin out me glock mon to settle the ghetto job me kickin the funky  
 Reggae kickin the funky rasta  
 Many people that I be meeting be calling me killa gangsta then shoot up  
 Your bitch and kick back and smoke a blunt in the car  
 Me fuckin with dank me fuckin with dank it's s-p-i-c-e 1 me buckin em  
 Down me buckin em down shootin lead in his lung  
 Me kickin the funky gangsta shit to get the bitch sprung, the 187  
 Faculty bitch so fuck the  
 ( ? ? ? ? ? )

Songwriters

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