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 gangstaMeneme 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-aVerse 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 youever disrespect me i'ma bank ya, so say what up to the mutha
Fuckin eastbay gangstaGi-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 187Verse 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 gangstaDja 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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