

Gangsta Gangsta

Xzibit

Witness the downfall of men
I wanna kill you for your land, I don't mean to kill the reactor
Linking in Japan, I am here, got the gangsta for all your chain chains
March to the heart beat of the city
You only hear the drums when they audace and they see me
You know what time it is? Flavor with a thousand checks
It's like the ice ring surrounds my neck
I never worry about the referee, the gate keepers keep him locked for me
Push all to shallow, forever
Always will be underground X to the motherfucker Z
Fold it all for the money, can't team, where my gangstars at?
Hit the park, build at the car scene, blowing red everywhere
Look how strong we are
So there will be no war or shots
I'm about to give my city boiling hot and make 'em pray for real
And make 'em say my name, lit up more smoke than a power water drill
Concentration, determination
The very thin line between paradise and incarceration[Chorus]
Gangsters, gangsters
Gangsters, stand up and rap what you're claiming
Police roll around, shake us down, always playing and I
Gangsters, gangsters
Streets made me into this man, gotta represent who I am
They say right before you day you get the irry feeling of
peace
Then walk into the light
My soul want me take it without a fight
She says she wanna spend the whole life
But she only got me here for one night
Said it's time, better get it in. Call your best friend
I'm a call you wonder-twins
Stop and go like red light traffic, innovation made it another classic
We made it happen
And big hip hop want us gut cut
Niggas dare too much than offense popped up
Another game fucked up, because the lanes clocked up
But the content sucks
I wanna fill up some big red trucks, tour then through
The whole world, motherfuckers lining up
'Cause these tickets won't move like crap

You're tying west coast around my back
And y'all niggas saying fuck it with that[Chorus]Can't even rely on your own eyes, everything fake now
Toast to the bad guys
That will leave a whole class swimming with the fishes
Part machine, part skill, part intuition
I cooked my first album in my father's kitchen
He told me how to make a living, twenty grand and half a chicken
Now I'm shitting on myself and still I let him know
That if he turn me in a turn around, it kill us both
This is a cold world, but I'm a polar bear
Destroy the earth like a silver flare, best beware of us
In God we trust, but everybody else gotta pay cash up front
Caught there, they try to tear me down
I'm on a level now, I speak like I mean it, the focus study my literature
Clean house, taking out the trash. I'm in the fly zone
Where you past, gangsta?[Chorus]

Songwriters

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