

# More Gangsta Music

## Cam'ron

Gangsta Music part 2  
Dip Set, Killa, Heatmakerz, Juelz Santana  
Come on, man, let's do It  
Can I get a, yeah, yeah, everywhere  
Up, down, left, right  
Shorty's movin' again, shorty's loose with the pen  
Shorty do with the wind  
They say I walk around like I got a S on my chest  
Tech on my left, gangstaz with me ready to step  
I like a chick with big breasts on her chest  
Not flat lookin' like somebody stepped on her chest  
What, shit, fuck, bitch  
You so crazy  
My niggaz spit the glock, oh, so slow, whoa  
Rude boi lick a shot  
Never seen up in a pot, oh, so much coke  
Cook it to a bigga rock  
And I be with dem gangstaz, I creep with the gangstaz  
Crack a dutch or Philly and chief chief with the gangstaz  
I stay with a lady, she stay with a lady  
They makin' me crazy  
And I spray 'em with babies, in they face till they hate me  
And I'm makin' 'em crazy  
And they like when I do it, they like when I move it  
They like when I work it, they like when I hurt it  
I stay icy on purpose, like icy preservers  
More than likely I'm the nicest you hearda  
I'm movin', movin', movin'  
He's movin', movin', movin'  
We movin', movin', movin'  
Stop movin', shot bruise 'em  
Two more for Cam for takin' over the Roc  
It's my year so  
It's like the whole Bird Gang's in here  
Like Kurt Cobain's was here  
Still listen to gangsta music, how dem gangstaz do it  
Shorty came to do it  
I bang with the five, I see hate in ya eyes  
You waitin' to die

I pray for you guys, hate to keep wastin' ya lives  
Love to keep bakin' new pies, strapin' the scrapes off the side  
You can love it, you can hate it  
You can want it  
I'm Babe Ruth in this game, beige coupe in the lane  
State Troopers they came, damn he's movin' again  
I'm a better child, you's a pedophile  
I go dough let around, my hoe slow head around  
They DTP's, deep throat professionals  
My D.I.P.'s, we so professional  
Got weed, coke, and ecstasy  
Lean, dope, and wet to sale  
We blow jars of the dank like Bob Marley was wake  
Real shocked ya, fuck ya foreigners stay  
I'm movin', movin', movin'  
Y'all losin', losin', losin'  
I'm movin', movin', movin'  
He's movin', movin', movin'  
We movin', movin', movin'  
Stop movin', shot bruise 'em  
Two more for Cam for takin' over the Roc  
It's my year so  
It's like the whole Bird Gang's in here  
Like Kurt Cobain's was here  
I'm on the south side of Chicago lookin' for a real hoe  
I dont see a touchdown, arms up field goal  
Got some ill gold, diamonds that's still low  
Lil' dick, you a dick head, not dildo  
I chill though, pippin' in the Range  
All this icin' I'm ashamed, look like lightnin' in the chain  
Who was first that moved with they fam  
Ask you, tattoos on they hand  
Slang all the white, cruise with the tan  
Pink on they back, blue in they van  
Yellow on his ear, steam on the rock  
Purple in the air, green in his pocket  
I ain't dissin' you dog, I'm dismissin' you  
Get the R. Kelly tape and see how we piss on you  
That's Kool-Aid, Mountain Dew, and Cris on you  
Ya family will be missin' you, there's a kiss for you  
I'm movin', movin', movin'  
He's movin', movin', movin'  
We movin', movin', movin'  
Stop movin', shot bruise 'em  
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