# 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
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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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