Wicket Gangsta

Mastamind

the streets live and breath through me
nigga you do you let me do me
you know I spit it
Wicket Gangsta
it runs through my blood baby
you can dig it can't cha

step in the place
niggas like who dat
they wanna test me
they mens like ain't gotta do dat
thats my dog
Mastamind the cats that ball
all i did was put Detroit upon the map for y'all
rep this bitch there and back for y'all
you know how niggas do
he don't rap or ball

Im just the sickest with it
the strictest did it thats all
I watch cats fall cause half yall are wack tha-
The wicket shit I bring forever
hardcore to the G fuckin bling bling error

I spit at the clicks out to get mean chedda
I spit this shit at your bitch and your team scatter

I send suckkas to church fearin the worst
I'm gonna get rich or die tryin here on this earth

Wicket Gangster
it runs through my blood baby
you can dig it cant cha
do ya love me for this bitch or what
I'm not sorry pardon me
I hardly give a fuck
Wicket Gangster
it runs through my blood baby
you can dig it cant cha
Im never the fraud

I never pitch it hard to switch and disregard the job

I went floor time a long time ago
now time to blow the roof off
blow those styles with my flow
cause this is how it goes down ya know
automatic like that wit it maniac with this rap shit
Hell Raiser not the movie tha blast who is G
I'm a rock you can not move me
only thing moving us back
we've been playin this game since nine deuce
where were you at?
in the state of shock huh?
baby boy on the block son
Mastamind still banging cause they cant stop em
been there and done it how you gonna nock em
Im gonna skate like im a villian in Gotham

Gansta huh?
it's nothin to me
I keep it jumpin from the club to the streets
I speak to the thugs in the streets
ain't shit lovely
you can leak blood in the streets
it gets ugly
fuck your dream
fuck hoping you get lucky
nothin but cream give me steam bitch trust me
if it wasn't for the papers
if it wasn't for the haters
Mastamind would probably be on hiatus

but later for that
get the weight off the scrap
(get your mail boy)
get some pay back
get shit hot as hell boy when you say that
it's in my blood from cradle to the grave n back

Wicket Gangster
it runs through my blood baby
you can dig it cant cha
do ya love me for this bitch or what
Im not sorry pardon me

I hardly give a fuck
(x2)

Wicket
Gangsta
(x2)

Im not sorry

Lyrics submitted by John Mooney.

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