Gangsta Shit

[G-Unit](#)

Yeah, niggas talking all that gangsta shit
Acting like my money ain't no good in the hood; you know what I mean?
Fucking head blown off, nigga; you know?They, they talking that
That gangsta shit
They ain't about that
Man, matter of fact
Hand me my strap
Show me where they at
I'll stop 'em from talking like that
They, they talking that
That gangsta shit
They ain't about that
Man, matter of fact
Hand me my strap
Show me where they at
I'll stop 'em from talking like thatI'm the topic in every barbershop and beauty salon
Cause these other niggas that rap ain't on the shit that I'm on
Cause 50 this; 50 that; 50 stay with a gat
Thirty-two shots in the clip, hollow tips in the MAC
But when I come through, shh - the talking stop
My money long now, I can make the Pope get shot
Now, we can blow an hour talking bout the stones I rock
Or the hoes I got - catchin' stunts in the drop
Now, Nas, you love the kid, 50 on that killa shit
That big mobster bad man; BGF guerrilla shit
I'm marking my music like diesel on the block
So if you with me you gon' eat, and you gon' starve if you not
Weed smokers love me like they love Buddha
I'll turn your kids to a shooter
Crip niggas love me like they love Hoover
They tell me see careful good, cause niggas wanna see like you
They ain't used to a G like you, BOW!They, they talking that
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I'll stop 'em from talking like thatYou think you a killer but we gon' just pay 'em a visit
Put the potato on the barrel so nobody hear it
I keep a holster on my shoulder like I'm John Wayne
Shooting these niggas lights out like LeBron James
Holla my name; give me a reason to see you bleeding
After you feel these hollow tips, nigga, then we even
Full of anger until there's no more bullets in the chamber
Ain't nothing like when you get popped and don't know who to blame-a
Nigga told me, "Do your dirt all by your lonely"
So I go hit them niggas 'fore 50 could even hold me
I'm waiting, anticipating to put a nigga under
Smoking like we some Jamaicans, fucking with this ganja
Ride with no hesitation, retaliation is a must
Bad as I want to, some shit I just don't discuss
So point him out and watch I knock him off
Everywhere you bitches go, I got a nigga watching ya'll, motherfucka!They, they talking that
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I'll stop 'em from talking like thatCome on, nigga, I ain't here to make no friends; just cut the checks
I got a long pump that'll put your stupid ass out the steps
Begging niggas don't understand, no
Probably cause my hand glow when I'm anticipating' the lambo
Lean out my bucket for niggas thinking they Rambo
You get one warning, so I suggest you let your man know
These rap niggas portray to be tough, nobody acting soft
Til they laid out in the hospital, eatin' apple sauce
Usually for yapping off and turn apologetic
Waving a white flag, for danger they might have
My niggas buying so much ammo
If you reach in the couch for loose change

You'll probably feel on the handle
Holding sixteens to get your bandages and broke bones
So I suggest you get alarm systems in both homes
There's only one team on top; we number one with a Glock
Fuck around and get your dumb ass shotThey, they talking that
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Lyrics provided by