

Gangstas

Tha Dogg Pound

Rock this mic
Jody Breeze, Young Jeezy, Big Gee, Duke
Eazy E, Wiz, Block ENT
Boyz N Da Hood, Bad Boy, E Serm, let's go
From the A all the way to Compton
They say the new NWA is comin'
Keep your basses bumpin'
Stay away from who fake and frontin'
Try and play me, I'm ma take your face to thumpin'
I'm a gangsta, I don't need rap for nothin'
And only play games in the A or Compton
Hop by the box, Chevy murder, any man standin'
It's Boyz N Da Hood, E tell 'em where it's standin'
I got beat for the street to tha beach I'll be rolling
Neva see me strolling, 40s I'll be holding
Girls in the daisies, drive Eazy crazy
Rolled up my windows as I turned on my AC
Rolling down Crenshaw, see tha hoes jocking
Sunday nights popping, see tha foes hopping
My stereo's bumpin' that ATL funk
You can call it what ya want, either way the shit bumps
Yeah, being a gangsta is so neat, yeah
Gangsta beat 4 tha street
All this gutter, gutter, pulled up with it
This just the beginning so don't fuck with us, yeah
Being a gangsta is so neat, yeah
Gangsta beat 4 tha street
The Boyz N Da Hood will keep their heart
Come talkin' that trash and we'll pull your car
I'm in the 6-4, 5th bitch strapped, no roof, roof
The Snowman pimp, bitch shoes on the coupe
Stepped in 100 deep, deep, blew a few bucks
G'd up a pair of black strings in the chucks
My wrist so rocky and my neck so bright
My stones change colors like a disco light
Whole team strapped up, let a nigga trip
Desert Eagle in the club, better, nigga flip
From the south to the west, I stay in a vest
Fully loaded, Smif N Wess to protect my nest

Let you trip, disrespect, you get checked
More direct, you end up with a hole in your neck
I must confess there's got to be somethin in the water
Cause every year I age, I gets harder and harder
Got a team of cutthroats, niggaz with hood hoes
Tryin' to cope slum dough, whenever the guns blow
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Come talkin' that trash and we'll pull your car
Yeah, I'm crusin' down the street in my LAC
Blowin' good Kenwood, bumpin' Eazy E
With dem Boyz N Da Hood, in the hood I be
We out the fryer, freakin' hoes with Gs
Give [Incomprehensible] to sniff
For all the J's I got thanks to give
If crime pays, then we looking for a gangsta lean
You bad niggaz better tang your lip before
We fuck around and get into some gangsta shit
All black boys in the hoods, four deep
Tote heat, four speed, grow tree, in a spokes?
So, niggaz don't want beef
Nigga run up on the corner, match a barrel through your teeth
Four foot celebrate, fifth all kinda ways
Oh, he ain't gotta say he think he gonna get away
Toting that thang, I'm d-cap that-a-way
The punk went that-a-way, the punk went that away
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