

# Gangsta (Feat. Trick Trick)

## Royce da 5'9"

[Royce]

Yeah, yeah, yeah..[Chorus: Royce Da 5'9"]

(Gangsta!) The weight carries itself

Made man more concerned with wealth than he is his health

(Gangsta!) He pumps like 24..

24/7 just to get to heaven to pump some mo'

(Gangsta!) Heavyweight paper

Heart of a lion that beats longer than every pacemaker

Yeah! We ridin, we - gon' die foolin

Laws and rules don't apply to ME! (Gangsta!)[Verse One: Royce Da 5'9"]

... I'm a put this straight

I'm not gon' threaten you with hooks if you look this way

I'm not gon', write no songs - so please don't think

That since sometimes I'm quiet, that I bite my tongue 'Cause I will, slice you punks with knives that come with  
teeth

So leave with life as long's you come in peace

I'm the protocol of all the street rules

Soldiers, ballers please, I know all them I'm goin' all out ? for everything I believe in

Niggaz bleed behind things that I know about

Yeah, yeah (Gangsta!) Hear me roar

Feel me nigga; naw fuck that, feel me more And whoever sayin' 'fuck me' can suck me

And we can bang, I done came a long way from "you Can't Touch Me", nigga!

Yeah! I'm ridin', I am gon' die foolin'

Laws and rules don't apply to me! [Chorus] [Verse Two: Royce Da 5'9"]

... My swagger's crazy

We can, forget your momma ever had a baby

Regis; I don't care who the fuck you is

Keep yo', hands to yo'self, I will cut yo' limbs OFF Sixty shots'll quickly hit you

Pop Dixie Chicks of rap, PISS ME OFF!

Yeah, I'm strictly Pesci - you hear me a made man

I will rather you fear me than to have you respect me Yeah, the tec's good

Jammin's always out the question, call me Suge' of the Midwest wood

Yeah, the part of the poem that's deep

He will, blast you after he's had a glass of Bacardi Limon Yeah, let's get it on, I'm strictly the classic - rap

You know it's on, soon as you rip off the plastic, yeah!

Bloaw! I'm ridin, I am gon' die foolin

Laws and rules don't apply to ME! [Chorus] [Interlude]

He knows his gun and his knife (Gangsta!)

More than he knows his son and his wife (Gangsta!)

Always huntin niggaz, never hunted  
You can bet eleven-hundred ? he is.[Verse Three: Cutty Mack]  
(Yeah) As ignorant as it gets  
Cut Throat the calmest person niggaz, push me shifts  
(Yeah) Bawlin over the quickest to snap  
I'll break you then shake your soul, deliver you backTo the, the hood that raised you, bruise and mace ya  
Lose your face through picture glass, break and waste ya  
I'm the essence, of the use of violence  
Move in silence, HUSH, then I'll close your eyelids (close)I'm goin all out ? my enemies on they knees  
Harder I squeeze, bullets'll leave your brains out  
(Back up!) Watch me move  
I'll speak the language of heat, plus I'm good with the tools (yeah)So whoever want to hit me, come quickly  
Nuttin to lose, I'm no bitch nigga, please come get me - killa[Royce Da 5'9"]  
(Gangsta!) I'm ridin, I am gon' die foolin  
Laws and rules don't apply to ME![Chorus][Outro] + (Royce)  
He got yo' motherfuckin number! (Gangsta!)  
Though yo' life is second to his (Gangsta!)  
You still gon' die first.. (It's 5-9 ? gangsta!)  
Yeah! (He's a motherfuckin gangsta!)

Songwriters

BROADY, CARLOS / MONTGOMERY, RYANPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S.  
Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>