

# Documentary Of A Gangsta (Produced By Y-Not)

## Rakim

(Rakim)

Ay, yo this right here man, its like the documentary of a gangsta man, the rise and fall Hook(IQ)

How them boys gon' play me? They must be crazy, baby, oh you better pay me(Rakim)

I aint playin wit yall(IQ)

How them actors gon' act up, like I aint got back up, back up 'for you get smacked up(Rakim)

Where my paper man?(IQ)

Why they wanna play games with me? But they don't know that im crazy(Rakim)

Don't make me kill someone.(IQ)

I don't know what they thinking, they must've been drinkin.(Rakim)

But what?(IQ)

I'm that king pin(Rakim)He said slow papers, you're out oh.

It's like spittin', heresy is all about flow

Like he can't eat his cake and he starve when the count low

He call the lab the bakery, he all about dough

Stuffin' bread, his pockets is hungry

You talkin' nonsense, unless the topic is money

He call a hundred dollars a hunny, mommy's he call 'em dimes

So his mind's on his money, but mommy's is on his mind

Like a o.g. focused on the come-up,

Think he f-in around? He approachin' with the gun-up (bam)

Roll a blunt up and forget it happened

Stash the dollars, bag the product and get it crackin'

He get pies, he flippin' 'em tricks, he trickin' 'em

He call 'em heifers, he hugh heffin' 'em, he pimpin' 'em (where my money)

Fonzie, getting them ones for the connect

So have them ones correct when he come and collect (here he come)Hook (IQ)(Rakim)That sound like blood

money

And I ain't just talking double dubs and club money

I'm talking drug money, move out the hood money

Double up money, you could catch a slug money

This kid'll murder you, more than the business

If you livin' for revenue its principal never personal

Get rid of you if you blockin' the bigger picture

He on the block thinkin' a gwop is gettin' richer (get them ones)

He flipped some urban blue, played with them keys

For them c-notes, so he can handle the whole piano

Hammers unloadin' ammo, if his army ain't in harmony

He kill his own fam-o, like tony soprano

He's tryin' to take it from minor to major and grind for the caper

His mind is made up, he'll die for the paper  
Crime is second nature when you love cash  
Do 'em dirty, he turned the ave into a blood bath (here he come)hook (IQ)(Rakim)The heater bustin' mean the  
reaper comin'  
Drug money keep him buggin' out the trees he puffin'  
Streets is buzzin' bout the repercussion  
But he so much in love with his bread, the beef is nothin' (ain't nothin' man)  
He got medals for war, just like a veteran  
But now he bringin' cheddar in, more than he ever been,  
banked up, he stepped his hustle - pimp, smoke, coke, crack  
Heroin game up, American gangsta (uh huh)  
Sleep with the fish while he ran the loot and  
You like ballin'? He like stealin' and shootin'  
Comrades, customers, competition connect (don't matter)  
Some hustlers is wishin' and plottin' the day of his death (bring it on man)  
What's his focus? Keys is.  
Even with karma catchin' up, it's hard to set him up, he always holdin' heaters (whoa)  
But yo, they know his weakness, so they gave that bread to him  
Somebody put a gun to his head, guess what he said to 'em?hook (IQ)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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