Documentary of a Gangsta (feat. IQ)

Rakim

(Rakim)
Ay, yo this right here man, its like the documentary of a gangsta man, the rise and fallHook(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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