

# More Gangsta Music

## Cam'ron

Gangsta Music part 2

Dip Set, Killa, Heatmakerz, Juelz Santana

Come on, man, let's do It Can I get a, yeah, yeah, everywhere

Up, down, left, right

Shorty's movin' again, shorty's loose with the pen

Shorty do with the wind They say I walk around like I got a S on my chest

Tech on my left, gangstaz with me ready to step

I like a chick with big breasts on her chest

Not flat lookin' like somebody stepped on her chest What, shit, fuck, bitch

You so crazy

My niggaz spit the glock, oh, so slow, whoa

Rude boi lick a shot Never seen up in a pot, oh, so much coke

Cook it to a bigga rock

And I be with dem gangstaz, I creep with the gangstaz

Crack a dutch or Philly and chief chief with the gangstaz I stay with a lady, she stay with a lady

They makin' me crazy

And I spray 'em with babies, in they face till they hate me

And I'm makin' 'em crazy And they like when I do it, they like when I move it

They like when I work it, they like when I hurt it

I stay icy on purpose, like icy preservers

More than likely I'm the nicest you hearda I'm movin', movin', movin'

He's movin', movin', movin'

We movin', movin', movin'

Stop movin', shot bruise 'em Two more for Cam for takin' over the Roc

It's my year so

It's like the whole Bird Gang's in here

Like Kurt Cobain's was here Still listen to gangsta music, how dem gangstaz do it

Shorty came to do it

I bang with the five, I see hate in ya eyes

You waitin' to die I pray for you guys, hate to keep wastin' ya lives

Love to keep bakin' new pies, strapin' the scrapes off the side

You can love it, you can hate it

You can want it I'm Babe Ruth in this game, beige coupe in the lane

State Troopers they came, damn he's movin' again

I'm a better child, you's a pedophile I go dough let around, my hoe slow head around

They DTP's, deep throat professionals

My D.I.P.'s, we so professional

Got weed, coke, and ecstasy

Lean, dope, and wet to sale We blow jars of the dank like Bob Marley was wake

Real shocked ya, fuck ya foreigners stay  
I'm movin', movin', movin'  
Y'all losin', losin', losin'I'm movin', movin', movin'  
He's movin', movin', movin'  
We movin', movin', movin'  
Stop movin', shot bruise 'emTwo more for Cam for takin' over the Roc  
It's my year so  
It's like the whole Bird Gang's in here  
Like Kurt Cobain's was hereI'm on the south side of Chicago lookin' for a real hoe  
I dont see a touchdown, arms up field goal  
Got some ill gold, diamonds that's still low  
Lil' dick, you a dick head, not dildoi chill though, pippin' in the Range  
All this icin' I'm ashamed, look like lightnin' in the chain  
Who was first that moved with they fam  
Ask you, tattoos on they handSlang all the white, cruise with the tan  
Pink on they back, blue in they van  
Yellow on his ear, steam on the rock  
Purple in the air, green in his pocketI ain't dissin' you dog, I'm dismissin' you  
Get the R. Kelly tape and see how we piss on you  
That's Kool-Aid, Mountain Dew, and Cris on you  
Ya family will be missin' you, there's a kiss for youI'm movin', movin', movin'  
He's movin', movin', movin'  
We movin', movin', movin'  
Stop movin', shot bruise 'emTwo more for Cam for takin' over the Roc  
It's my year so  
It's like the whole Bird Gang's in here  
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