

Gangsta Gangsta

Lil' Scrappy

Zone 3, Aye!!
We finna crunkin' bitch up (BME!)
Show yall what some real gangstas is at
Some of yall niggaz just dunno (G-Unit!)

I'm a (Gangsta gangsta), 2-4-5
Gotta charge on the boost, baby girl you wann' ride?
Wit a (Gangsta gangsta), Aye!
Yea dat's me, tinted out ridin' durrrty - comin' down ya street
I'm a (Gangsta gangsta), Git triggas squeez'd up!
Got fitty killas with me, Strap'd down - G's up!!
Cuz I'm a (Gangsta gangsta), Yea top of the list
BME motherfucker - Git cha mind right bitch!

So many ways, you can spray, git hit
With tha' K, anyday, ain't gon' motherfuckin' say (Aye, Aye!!)
Dat you might git touched
Cuz em gangsta ass niggaz, they don't talk too much
Come around, fuck with me, and then you might git rushed
Nawh, I ain't with the yappin', but I make the gat go bust
Keep fuckin' with us, we off the danger-ous
Show you the meanin' of Ash 2 Ash, is just a Dust
If you laid back in the 'Lac
I dunno If them hatas gon' handle dat
Keep my motherfuckin' hand on my fuckin' gat
Aye, yall motherfuckers betta git back
Yea, all the young ladies call me +Get It Mayn'+
I don't know if yall lames gon' undastand
You can see the phat stacks off, in my pants
Tried to keep it like a lame, you ain't got a chance bwoi, cuz

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Guerilla Unit motherfucker - Git cha mind right bitch!

What cha lookin' at? - Yee'in hard like granite!
Hardest nigga on the planet, err punch I throw landed
Yee'in gon' be standin' afta me, Goddammit!
Knock you off ya balance, if ya ass try to challenge
Who, me?! Nawh, I ain't say I was no killa
I just sayd dat I ain't no bitch nigga
Yee'in think I was gon' pull it up now, did cha?
Besides, dat's my lil' hommie pullin' dat trigga
I hit the mall by my self, the hood by my self
When I'm in L.A. I rock the Kakhi's with the belt
On the Beach of Miami rock Versace with the silk
I'm so gangsta - I eat the cereal out the milk
And nawh I ain't actin', I'm just real like dat
Make my grill look good with the 45 stack
Some of yall motherfuckers ain't built like dat
I got gangsta in my blood, so you can kiss my ass

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Got the white walls on the Old School (Dat's gangsta!)
When I whip up, all the ho's choose (Dat's gangsta!)
I git money like I fuckin' posed to (Dat's gangsta!)
Yea, I know I'm gangsta - but how 'bout you (Not gangsta!)
All black shirt with the black out shoes
Black tube socks and a matchin' hat too
And my G-Unit jeans straight raw blue
Cuz where I'm from bein' a playa is gangsta smooth
I'm a Guerilla on it all, keep my lil' pimpin' straight on G' mode
All up in the club with my pockets on swole
Oh, you think I'm sweet?! - Then try me ho'
Git stomped to the flo'
I was born in the A, raised in the A
When I did my durrt nigga, I ain't gon' say
Shiit, I was gon' grow up and be a gangsta anyways
Gotta couple of war wounds on the gangsta face

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