

# Gangstas

Mystikal

No Limit. Soldiers. (Ughhhhhhhh!)  
DPGC. Gangstas. (Ha, ha!)  
Look here, you got three crazy muthafuckas  
in the same place at the same time.  
(Yeah, Master P.)  
You know this shit gon be off the hook.  
(It's gon be the wildest shit you ever heard.)  
For my bitches down south.  
Southern hospitality.  
(Representin, ya heard me!)

From the cold, hard streets of the LBC  
To a duet with Mystikal and Master P  
Real G's ship keys and shoot dice on their knees  
And put pistols to the mouths, of their enemies  
Old country ass nigga with a gold in the front  
Be the same muthafucka that get your bitch ass stomped  
Underestimatin hatin got you knocked out cold  
Tryin to play my boy over, you was with your hoe  
Them South niggas bangin off the shit that we write  
Punk niggas get killed, straight on sight  
No Limit ain't no gimmick  
It's tragic you know, so don't be meddlin with my boy and my hoe  
Lay low, hit the floor, I'm back  
Yo P, take me to the streets, that's where my heart is at  
You make em say Ughhhhhhhh!  
I make em say beeyatch  
Together we can flip the script and get grip  
You got the crack, I got the bud sack  
Mystikal, smack, you got the strap  
Deep in that gangsta shit on a night like that  
You blast me, I blast you back, beeyatch!

We bout to jump off with some gangsta shit  
Gangsta shit!  
We bout to hop off with some gangsta shit  
Gangsta shit!  
Know what, we're bout to jump off with some gangsta shit  
Gangsta shit!

Got this fuckin party poppin  
You cappin and army braggin  
Gon keep smugglin in this game shit  
"Niggas ain't rappin" what you say about gangsta rappin  
You get killed forever, my nigga, every day  
Where you get fucked up nigga, is where you lay  
Time again I tried to tell you, but you ain't wanna heard what I say  
Damn leather dog bombin  
Done made a mistake  
We made (something is faded in the background) sound so good  
Keep that gangsta shit banging up and down your hood  
Cause only real gangstas get down and to the bottom  
Where y'all going, that much, we'll see right through ya  
I'll out hustle ya, can't put up a fight cause I out muscle ya  
My really don't give a fuck attitude got ya feelin uncomfortable  
I got that there, nigga you ain't saying shit

I'm colder than a brand new pair of Stan Smiths  
Fresher than a whole box of green Altimos  
But I got to blow your head off and put bullet holes in your Girbauds

B-O-U-T we bout it  
Real gangstas live muthafuckin rowdy  
And where you from is how you come  
Where you be or you're at  
Fool, watch your back for these gangstas in that black from  
Long Beach to New Orleans, from every nigga in the hood to the  
penitentiary  
Tryin to, survive on these streets  
Slangin dope cause the kids gotta eat  
Put it in a car or a plane, Grey Hound or a train  
Sixty five when it came, eighty nine when it lay  
I'm in love with miss mo mo, candy painted four  
Twenty skirt with convertible, fuckin polo  
Bring the stylins of your talk  
I mean real gangstas don't talk  
Free your mind and refugee  
Alive and turn your cheeks like Pras be