

## 213 tha Gangsta Clicc

213

Hehe, yeah that's that shit right there  
Is this that shit that make a nigga just  
It remind me of, matter of fact I'ma tell y'all  
I wasn't gonna share this but I'll share it witch'all  
Check this out

I slid up in a party where some suckers was at  
Out of bounds slipping fucking with this hood rat  
My homeboy told me that the bitch wasn't shit  
But I didn't give a fuck cuz this twin a Crip  
The first young nigga with a baseball cap  
Tried to hit a nigga up until he seen how we strut  
I'm like 'Nigga, take two steps back  
now lower your voice before you get pimp slapped'  
I know you seen me on your MTV raps  
Way back in the days when I was with Fab' Five Freddy  
I told you then, I told you now, boy I stay ready  
Don't sweat it, we'll get him and then met him  
Talk shit for a minute then deal with him  
Hail Mary, call Makavelli to come and save your ass  
Cuz I'ma put my Chucks up in it so quick and so fast  
You use some act-right like LaBetty  
and let you know that I'm the king of this motherfucking city  
Like Frank White, Nino Brown, John Gotti, Tony Soprano  
Joey Banana and the great Tony Montana  
All of 'em mixed in one fixed to done  
I like playing six-to-one  
This is fun, shooting my guns, counting my funds  
and walking on you bitch niggaz that run  
I'm from

213 the gangsta clicc  
21 motherfucking 3 nigga  
All we do is the gangsta shit  
Gangsta shit, biatch  
213 the gangsta clicc  
Haha and you know it, nigga  
All we do is the gangsta shit  
Y'all know what's happening  
Haha

I shoot 'em up, I bang bang  
Or we can duke 'em up but you know you can't hang  
Still from the Beach, still a g thang  
213 in the house and you know how we came  
We came to party homie, so back up  
Plus up in the club, y'all don't have a body  
I bust guns, you bust guns  
Difference is my bullets probably touch the sun  
Want some? Come and get it  
On your marks, get set, blah!  
That's coming with it  
They won't stop, they'll get it, you don't get it  
It don't stop, still dont love bitches  
My G-niggaz, holler if ya hear me (Gangstas!)  
Speak it loud and clearly  
If you feel me raise your cups (East Side, Long Beach)

Blaze it up  
And we from

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You can call me Lil' Meeno  
Crazy motherfucker plus I'm Texas C-Notes  
His finger on the trigger but it way too slow  
You didn't see me coming so we missing his dome  
213 and we gone  
You can call me Nate King Cole  
Smooth motherfucker when it come to these hos  
All damn dimes up in every area codes  
Gangsta shit, yep and all the hos know  
When they go rolling in the stretch Navigator  
We gon' get it baby girl now or later  
she said she wanted to play so I played her  
Made a promise to pay, but never paid her  
Ain't that a hater  
It's just she's a goddamn ho  
And all of my niggaz know  
They knowin' since '94  
Wherever we go, she gon' go

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