

## Keep It Gangsta

213

Keepin' it gangsta  
Niggaz and niggettes  
Keepin' it gangsta  
Niggaz and niggettes

I was raised in the church but spent more days raised in the turf  
And crime pays so I spent my days on the search  
Parade with a smirk, fresh fade with a church  
Nextel wave alert, renegades about the dirt  
Hurt the fresh white t-shirt, that's when we skirt  
These jerks ain't trying to flirt with the fellas  
Besides, these rappers ain't doing no telling  
Bailing with an attitude and that ain't nothing  
and ain't no telling if dude gonna blast you  
But got it confused, I break rules, take nothing from fools  
I make it so that there's something gon' move  
I move slow, bowguard the 'do low  
Hit the Sillabard in a blue '64  
Sitting kind of low in everywhere we go  
We keeping it gangsta and that's for sho'  
Come on!

It's that gangsta music that they adore  
All the gangstas take the floor  
When we step on stage, all the ladies scream for more

It's that gangsta music that they adore  
All the gangstas take the floor  
When we step on stage, all the ladies scream for more

My sister's cousin's told me  
Her sister heard some stories  
We were so gangsta growing up  
We got the girls excited  
Sluts up front just give their bodies  
Take them straight to the after party  
Two homeboys in the closet hiding  
Ain't no fun if they can't ride it  
I can't be faded  
I'm a nigga from the motherfucking streets  
Trump tight and you can't deny it  
Fuck up everyone who's tried it  
I remember when it started  
Seems like yesterday morning  
Blame it on us, yeah we did it  
Took 'em probably got gangsta with it

Real flow, this is steel-toed biscuits  
213 yeah we on that pimp shit  
Mix in with some Crip shit, that's how it's scripted it  
Bag it up, sack it up, give it to your dips  
and bring me half back  
I'm trying to get some spinners for that brand new Cadillac  
Ride with me, roll with me, slipping down the runway doing about 450  
I'm living the jet, clearing the deck, steering a 'Vette  
You bitch niggaz ain't hearing me yet  
So I pull out my hollow with heaters

Pop 'em and bleed 'em you niggaz better follow the leader  
Skippity we boop we rock scooby doo  
What would life be nigga without Big Snoop?  
Don't trip cuz I'ma always G for y'all  
Hate on the law and LBC on ya dog

Yeah

It's 213, 213

Yeah it's 213

Yeah it's 213

Yeah we all so G for real

This 213

EAST side and LBC

This 213 you know and we all so G