

# Gangstas

## Boyz N Da Hood

Rock this mic  
Jody Breeze, Young Jeezy, Big Gee, Duke  
Eazy E, Wiz, Block E-N-T  
Boyz N Da Hood, Bad Boy, E Serm, Lets Go

From the A all the way to Compton  
They say the new N-W-A is coming  
Keep your basses bumping  
Stay away from who fake & fronting  
Try and play me, I'mma take your face to thumping  
I'm a gangsta, I don't need rap for nothing  
And only play games in the A or Compton  
Hop by the box Chevy murder any man standing  
Its more than the hood, E, tell em where its standing

I got beat for the street to the beach I'll be rolling  
Neva see me strolling, 40s I'll be holding  
Girls in the daisies drive Eazy crazy  
Rolled up my windows as I turned on my A-C  
Rolling down Crenshaw see the hoes jocking  
Sunday nights popping, See the foes hopping  
My stereo's bumping that A-T-L funk  
You can call it what ya want, either way that shit bumps

Being a gangsta is so neat yeah  
Gangsta Beat 4 The Street  
All this gutter gutter, pulled up with it  
This just the beginning so don't fuck with us  
Being a gangsta is so neat yeah  
Gangsta Beat 4 The Street  
Them boyz in the hood will keep your heart  
Come talking that trash and we'll pull your car

I'm in the 6-4 5th, bitch strapped, no roof  
The Snowman pimp, bitch shoes on the coupe  
Stepped in 100 deep, deep, blew a few bucks  
G'd up a pair of black strings in the chucks  
My wrist so rocky and my neck so bright  
My stones change colors like a disco light  
Whole team strapped up, let a nigga trip  
Desert Eagle in the club, better, nigga flip

From the south to west, I stay in a vest  
Fully loaded, Smif N Wess to protect my nest  
Let you trip, you disrespect, you get checked  
More direct, you end up with a hole in your neck  
I must confess theres got to be something in the water  
Cause every year I age, i gets harder and harder  
Got a team of cutthroats, niggaz with hood hoes  
Trying to cope slum dough, whenever the guns blow

Yeah, I'm cruising down the street in my L-A-C  
Blowing good kenwood, bumping Eazy e  
We them boyz in the hood, in the hood I be  
We out the fryer, freaking all the g's  
I got paint to sniff, for all the J's I got thanks for you  
If crime pays, we looking for a gangsta lean

You bad niggaz better tang your lip  
You gonna fuck around and get in some gangsta shit

All black boys with them toys four deep  
Tote heat, four speed, grow tree, in a spokes ??  
So, niggaz don't want beef  
Nigga run up on the corner, match a barrel through his teeth  
Four foot celebrate, Fifth all kinda ways  
Oh he ain't gotta say he think he gonna get away  
Toting that thang, I'm d-cap that-a-way  
The punk went that-a-way, The punk went that-a-way