

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