

# Respect My Gangsta

Drag-On

Yeah, what up?  
New York City, what up?  
This your boy, to the Dash  
S.P., Double are  
Hell and Back  
Styles straight out the Penn

[Styles P]  
You don't like my shit you could bite my dick  
I got a case, I'ma fight my shit  
I got a blunt, I'ma light my shit  
I'ma chain smoke with cocaine sellers  
Stick up kid took the game over  
Niggas hate death, still gotta break necks  
I'm at the dealer copping shit they ain't make yet  
You think you're nigga happy, I'm just trigger happy  
Phone ring a lot, niggas throwing figgas at me  
I got major plans, you get in the way  
And your throat is the place where my banger lands  
You don't want to anger me, upset me or startle me  
You don't want a part of me, I'm going for the arteries  
And I'm a colt-45 user, G-Host to the game of death  
You about to die loser  
This is Holiday and Dash-On  
We burn a whole fucking house down so I don't need a mask on

[Chorus: x2]  
You don't respect my flow you gon respect my gangsta  
Or get stabbed with this motherfucking banger  
Tell 'em P  
You don't like my shit you could bite my dick  
I got a case I'ma fight my shit  
This for the streets

[Drag-On]  
Nigga don't think cause you hot today you can't be in the fridge tomorrow  
If you a family man I'll send you back your kids in a jar  
You bought your soldiers, nigga I was raised with mine  
I got three kids, four, five, but I raise my nine  
I'll have y'all niggas missing your moms  
Then let you find her wearing long sleeves but missing her arms  
And ain't nothing for me to twist ya wig  
All I gotta do is puff some weed then listen to B.I.G  
Then come back and level the city  
I got my money up, my band is thirty, my bezzle is fifty  
My vest weigh fifteen, banana hold sixty  
So I can run slow and hit you up swiftly  
Extort rappers, they break me down half of their check  
I keep a banger that'll break down half of your neck  
I done been through hell and back, jail and bail me back  
Drag and S.P.'ll blow off half of your chest

[Chorus]

[Styles P]  
It's like a Kodak moment come capture this  
How I motherfucking fracture shit, y'all niggas talking blphemis

Motherfuckers we make classic shit, matter fact I'll mash ya shit  
Y'all niggas like potatoes to me  
And I might be high but you look good with a halo to me  
And I ain't got a problem wit a problem  
Fuck 'em cause I know he gon die with a nine in his noggin

[Drag-On]

Yeah, Drag back with the Ghost  
You know what that means, more vests and a lot more toast  
I'm a lot older plus a lot more violent  
Tip of my guns covered, it's a lot more silent  
My niggas pop off off imposters  
Murder ya kinfolks and we ain't even fucking start wilding  
So be cautious nigga or be in the coffin nigga  
Cause we'll bring it to the hardest or the softest nigga

[Chorus)