

He's a he's a he he's a gangsta  
Funkmaster like Flex heavy metal remedy (BLAHOO)  
Knock ya out'cha socks put'chu out your misery (OWH)  
Homicide try'na holla they wanna question me {"we need to talk to you"}  
Cause I'm always into beef and smoke broccoli I do my dirt by my lonely I ain't tellin' on me  
I keep my mouth shut like James Beasley and Lil D, solid  
Find me guilty I do my time even if I'm sixty  
Long as I get out with my pride and my fuckin' dignity  
Real, born in it surrounded killers, dealers and robbers  
Mommies identifying bodies in they pajamas (that's my baby)  
Teenagers packing and riding 'round with them llamas (rah rah)  
Squeezing on niggas like anacondas (bah)  
I'll put tips on a nigga we can fade and we can locked up like this  
Or we can get off into some of that old shoot-em-up bang-bang gangsta shit (Blao)  
Most of the time it's over a bitch when the funk spark  
This dog gotta bite that'll back up his bark  
BITCH!

Yeah, broad daylight or midnight he'll air this muthafucka out  
(He's a gangsta)  
We don't buddy up we dummy up  
One squeeze'll bring a nigga to his knees  
(He's a gangsta)  
You didn't know, we got fireworks we'll come through and grand finale yo block  
(He's a gangsta)  
If we cross paths or bump heads, it ain't on sight it's on demand  
(He's a gangsta)

Black mobs, beaver minks and black Glocks  
Kim Cole hard bottoms nigga with no socks  
This gangsta in it dawg nah ain't got candy paint  
I beat it my cases with cash my nigga no running  
My heart pump no fear to a nobody  
You drive by material black Maserati  
One nigga, one black mack, four black bodies  
Giving niggas scared play homie like Greg Woolley  
And I ain't into playing no checkers with'chu lil niggas  
Homie I knock down pines and fuck over rooks  
I got gangstas from that lil D ear shook  
I catch ya digging in ya nose and life can get tooks  
Niggas never seen a Canali suit  
Show I showed em one and double so let'cha know I'm coppin' more than one  
When I'm yanking on sumthin' I'm poppin' more than one  
If I see ya ass and give ya a pass then ya owe me one

Err place I show up I got the pistol trippin'  
All my niggas feel safe when I'm in the building  
Make a nigga feel raped when I slap his melon  
With the ass of the cannon spot get ready  
By a hyenas  
Harder than life a level for we dine divas  
Tech cool with ya sickness of swine netter  
Never heard a tech cause these fakers a prime-retta  
Fresh up outta Tina's back in the crime bidness

Keep my lawyer paid cause she is a damn genius  
Keep my niggas paid to murder the star witness  
Never saw a reign when niggas is start snitching  
But part of the game is death so now it's just more killing  
Selling up a pack to send in him to a fella  
Who slit his fuckin neck fore he think about telling  
Eight a thousand years like a Gladys Knight breakfast and I'm in the lobby f  
ear cause

He's a he's a he he's a gangsta [x8]