

Keep It Gangsta

G. Dep

I got enough flows to spit, they cold as shit
Give you what you supposed to get, to close ya lip
I got enough O's to get, and hoes to hit
Try to stick ya nose in shit, get froze and stiff.
Talk about load ya clip, and O's you flip.
When you ain't holdin shit but droze and dick.
Roll the spliff, take the token
You either gittin cake or broke
You can stay awake or (??)
Take a note, take a vote
Buy a landslide or tell ya man slide or I shake ya boat.
Take ya toast, this rap shit I make the oath
To get cake, or estates by the lake or boat
Bad hoes, (??)
See the snake, (??) leave faith then they hate to go
Yo, Its to late to blow
Ya run around pay for hoes, that's why ya paper low

We them niggas with big guns and big dicks
Flood ya block, and keep it gangsta
We them niggas with big guns and big dicks
Coat Them rocks, and keep it gangsta
We them niggas with big guns and big dicks
Drop the top, and keep it gangsta
We them niggas with big guns and big dicks
Wylin, stylin, and keep it gangsta

Shyne Po, I keep it (??) like im supposed too
In a hard top something fronten
I must of (??) died, came back as a rapper
Scareface, smith and eights, in my life after
Bone crushers on my hip, cause shit get thick
In the myths, of killas tryin to get rich
Im two shells from hell, u can tell im made for this life
District (??)
I don't give a fuck, cuase im'a do me
Till them hollow points, rip through me
I was born to die, live for what
Plush slut, bucks, guns and ?duffs?
Spent late nights in the kitchen, wishen
Watchin the pot boil, mixin, sniffin
Keepin America high, and why wouldn't I
Gangstas don't talk, we beat the case and walk

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Yo, I got wild fed to earn, lead to burn
Stop sign on ya slot time, dead ya turn
Lotta cats gotta wait til they dead to learn
Pastor Rev. Sermon, Ya learnin

Ima wild card to play, guard ya pay
Goodbye's hard to say, cause ya moms to pray
Ya lookin odd and gay, im modern day
Ima rep till im hard and gray, pardon me (may)
Ima make it hard today, bombs away
Lunach grenades, at your (??) and blaze
Calm ya rage, I aint even on ya page
Ya see-thru like lingerie, guns in a large array
Hit tha door, kick the raw, spit that law, spits some more
Everybody hit tha floor, im quick to draw
Flows like hittin bitches raw, to sick to cure.

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