

This Is Gangsta

Jim Jones

Dipset bitch
Juelz Santana (yeah)
2004 its a brand new muthafuckin year
I hope you know that (you already know)
And we are in total control once a-muthafuckin-gain nigga (ook)
Dipset in the building
Juelz Santana, Jim Jones, Killa muthafuckin Cam, Freeky Zeeky

Live from the bottom of the pot where crack is cooked at
I'm back like cooked crack
and I rap like cooked crack
and dats a good match
and dats cum good crack
My gun hotter then the stove is on
So hot even I thought the stove was on
But the stove was off
I was just rolling hot
I was just rome the block
Hard body I'm a rolling block
Dodge squally, I don't know the cops
I don't know them rats
No, I don't condone in that
I'm in my zone infact, ain't no holing back
The 4'll mac when the beefin is on
Niggas cheat when its on
Niggas get reef wen its on
They cant believe when its on but its me wen its on (pooh)
But it is and this is what I do so
What it is, what is be, whats the sccop yo
Normally I don't ask that
Normally I just blast that but you an exception pussy
Ya girl told me you just obsessed with pussy and you cant fuck you just upse
t
the pussy
I'm sumthin mean to watch
my machine'll pop
life off ya halipino top
Now I've been seen in drop coops oops
Radar ditectors (poop poop)
You cant catch me copper
You just upset me copper
I'm on a jet ski copper (haha)

Now if this ain't gangsta and that ain't gangsta then what is gangsta
Nigga I am gangsta, who ain't gangsta, you ain't gangsta

The truth is I'm what the games been needin
Food for thought, the fuck man you lames been eating (them lies)
I move, the streets do follow
I speed race, not through the streets (why) cuz police do follow
so watch em
These niggas throw flappy and sick (that's right)
We young cold flashy and rich
Plus we gun hoe and spz on a bitch
Cuz we don't pay for the pussy
The beef cum we don't lay for the pussy
Fuck em, Watch em, got em, spot em, pop em, drop em (lay em down)

Now Lord forgive us (pray for us)
Gangstas (say what) We all religious
And y'all wangstas I swear you give us the shivers
Dipset, the new black panthers
the boys ask us questions man we do not answer
Life's too short for me to pull my pants up
I'm tryna let my nuts hang, system out the truck bang bang
That's Certified Gangsta
You heard about me well then you heard about gangsta
Ill beat the brace off a nigga
but I'm tryna keep the tapes off a nigga
To get rich we do whatever we have to do
And when we hit the hood our bregins be grabbin you
Foul hundreds the 7th's Avenue
And niggas feel the pressure whenever we mashin through

You ain't gangsta, Listen up
I grip a pump, squeeze 3
and have any OG bitchin up
Man he a missing chump
And if not the big glock, our big shots so doc cant stith him up
I'm from the city wher its easy to make do
Easy to bake Hoes
its easy to make 4's
you gettin them pencils
the pigs and the checks know
nex week they'll have you sittin on stake road
From HOC to CF to CF
cant hold me I'm prone to this BS
So imagine Bez on the phone gettin key check
fresh outta DC lampin in the GS
That's how niggas do go get a clip or 2
fifth or glock, get a block, hit the spot, flip a few
And for a brick or 2
the led I carry, shit
I'm reditary, and ya kids could get it too

[Chorus]