

# Gangsta Gangsta

Kool G Rap

What, nigga, Black [censored] Fam  
Y'all don't fuckin want it, you heard  
Listen up

Bitch either ride or collide with me, this side right  
You don't wanna wait 'til the end of the night to step outside wit me  
You know the history of the guys with me? Extortion, kidnappin'  
Murder in the first, niggaz live to die  
Hungry and they blood thirst, my Dunn guns the worst  
We can get it to poppin' off like July the 4th  
On any day of the month bitch we get it to jump  
Black [censored] Fam, my niggaz ain't scared to dump  
So what the fuck you want beef for, you squeamish  
Start to hyperventilate you see a nigga start to hemorrhage  
[censored] Fam don't start shit, we regret the finish  
Bitch nigga, we really live this, we mean business  
We even got teachers in the school where your kids is  
Nannies inside where your cribs is  
Beautician doin hair where you Wiz is  
Black {\*censored\*}, secret society bitch  
You get found with the fishes

Aiyyo, who wanna know about the life story, it's like Corle's  
Blood all over the nice Mauries  
Stutterin' bitch, who you know spit more gutter than this?  
Smack a nigga with the butt of the fifth  
We guerillas and thugs in the midst  
Was cold before I flooded the wrist  
Big heist shit, blood on the bricks  
Bag it up, bubble the strip  
One days work, a couple of whips  
Then more than double the chips  
Supreme Queens nigga with a BK click  
You just a weak fake bitches whatever nigga the heat spray quick  
Y'all niggaz can't do shit but peep the gray wrist  
CGP in the face of your chick, comin' f'real with it  
Bring the cattle to the battlefield, we'll still spit it  
No matter who the fuck you are, you can still get it  
Count that off as a loss, go 'head and peal wit it  
Far as your corny-ass click, they gotta deal wit it

[Chorus]

We the Black {\*censored\*} gangsta click (gangsta gangsta)  
Put your hands to the streets for this gangsta shit (gangsta gangsta)  
You a nigga or a bitch keep it gangsta kid (gangsta gangsta)  
Black {\*censored\*} Fam, you know how these fuckin gangstas get

Aiyyo sex money and drugs, that's my life  
Shrimp shooter with the red light, that's my wife  
Bitch prism on the late night, that's my type of hustle  
Shit make dough, that's my bubble  
No one's project beef, that's my struggle  
I never been shot - that blood there, that's your puddle  
Who the fuck wanna fire at me?  
For every shot a nigga shoot, my mac-11 firin three  
You got wars, nores, lazy {?}  
Et cetera, Black Fam, we bang harder

Bandana Montana streetsweep carver  
Shots connect, your bones I disconnect  
Bring your skull back home like I bone collect  
One year under dirt you'll be bones in bed  
Tasmania, Brooklyn that's my set  
Stop screamin out Guerilla 'fore I break yo' neck

I dare anybody play like Lazy Mike  
Not blaze like half of your block in broad daylight  
Take flight to Queens with your fake ice  
Pull you out the back of the trunk  
And put your face in the brake light  
You six deep, so what? Me I'm by myself  
But you know what? I cut one of y'all real bad  
Pops is my pops but my moms my real dad  
You runnin' round with the same heart that Steel had  
I'm the best, I don't give a fuck who said so  
Have you dope fiend like Lazy, let go  
Don't get your head gassed off my nice chain, word to my mother  
I done lost half your life in a dice game  
I don't brag shit, I'm a hustler; I don't wanna be seen  
I want the green the fame shit is for suckers  
I'm a Guerilla, so it ain't nuttin' to touch ya  
Bitch nigga recognize that or learn to suffer

[Chorus x3]