

Nuthin' But The Gangsta

MC Eiht

Geyeah, we in the motherfuckin house
Eiht hype in the motherfuckin house, geyeah
1/2 oz in the motherfuckin house
My niggaz on the run in the motherfuckin house
Lil hawk and burn in the motherfuckin house, geyeah
And ain't no love in the nine-fo' hoe

It makes me want to jack motherfuckers in the fog
Let them hood rat bitches know the true meaning of a dog
Makes me want to be a nigga, for hire
Let five-oh feel the motherfuckin, fi-yah
Hold my nuts and make my cash
Break this ten and a half off in your ass, uhh
Walkin with a strap and a bad ass rap
You get off first, before your enemy tries to peel your cap, uh-huh
And bitches can't hang with the pack
Fools talkin smack, it makes me smack you right back
Niggaz got beef 'cause eiht hype's a mack
And since the age of thirteen, I've been packin
Fool I slang a gang of twenty bags
Thick stuff in my pocket makes my khakis sag
Always on the lookout for the, helicopter
Blast from the ak fill the fuckin copper
It's do or die, motherfuckers die
Niggaz from the compton streets so don't even try, nigga
You get slugs from the stub for offendin me
Nuthin but the gangsta in me

Nuthin but the gangsta, geyeah (3x)
Spice 1 come down

I am a g, yes I'm only a g
Walks like a g, talks like a g
So a to the motherfuckin k
It's your one-eight-seven crew ass nigga from the bay
Murder-be-pullin-my-gat-quick, to slap shit, pistol-whip they ass
I'ma do the blast, then eiht you get cash in
Dash, the fuck out the cut
Fifty bullets up in the nuts, nigga that's how we runnin up
I-pulls-my-hat-to-the-back-when-i-smile-but-a-motherfucker-peelin-his-cap
Picked-up-my-nine-millimeter-uzi-barrel-pump, handle plastic
Say killamatic, killamatic, killamatic, killaman with me glock
Piggedy pop motherfucker, watch em drop, motherfucker
Just a g, comin up out the bay with a ak
Put it in your face to split your wig nigga, zag to zig nigga
Disrespect me i'ma bank ya
'cause I'm nuthin but a motherfuckin east bay gangsta

Nuthin but the gangsta (3x)
Ha ha, come on nigga

Check it out
Oh my god! I destroy cities like the blob
Droppin trunks of funk and I blast a punk from here to cape cod
Fuck a job, my organization runs like the mob
The original joe pex flex, redman bitch you better ask somebod
Prepare to slam from here to japan with jams

I'm from the jersey section and I keep it real for ninety-four and
I can't march on swap meets, y'all duck sects I dissects
But I pack a nine gat and the cops, still don't know where mines at
Black, huh!! I snatch the beauty from the beast
It's that funk deceased nigga comin thru bitch so grab your hairpeace
I got the gangsta in me plus I'm not friendly
To a bitch-ass whose mouth runs more laps than the indy
Now let me spice the track up, mc eih pass the bone so I can get lifted
And a head can get blown when bronx pass the biscuit
I drop the funk and drop a body to show I'm serious
The gangsta means I'm live, rappin from new jersey, period!!

Nuthin but the gangsta (8x)

Hit the weights everyday like popeye the sailor
Bailin with my squashed up khakis and chuck taylors
Just touched down from san quentin
Hand me that fresh ass pendleton, uhh!
It's nuthin but the gang, thing
Makes me hit the corner and slang
Board and quarter about a hundred times
Don't be servin no dubs and dimes
But I do it, no hesitation
Fuck it, i'ma violate probation
No one gave a mad fuck about me
Since the age of eight I roamed the halls of lb
Pops thrown out never had a big brother
Put on the set when I could pick the right color
The homey put me down on a half a bird
Turned it into key now they bomb for me
Rollin in the trey on fuckin gold d's
Nuthin but the motherfuckin gangsta in me, geyeah

Nuthin but the gangsta- geyeah
Nuthin but the gangsta- come down
And that's how it's going down
That's how it's going down, uhh
1/2 oz in the motherfuckin house
Niggaz on the run, lil hawk and burn
Nuthin but the gangsta (4x)
Geyeah