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 eiht 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