

Gangstas

Mystikal

No Limit. Soldiers. (Ughhhhhhhh!)
DPGC. Gangstas. (Ha, ha!)
Look here, you got three crazy muthafuckas
in the same place at the same time.
(Yeah, Master P.)
You know this shit gon be off the hook.
(It's gon be the wildest shit you ever heard.)
For my bitches down south.
Southern hospitality.
(Representin, ya heard me!)

From the cold, hard streets of the LBC
To a duet with Mystikal and Master P
Real G's ship keys and shoot dice on their knees
And put pistols to the mouths, of their enemies
Old country ass nigga with a gold in the front
Be the same muthafucka that get your bitch ass stomped
Underestimatin hatin got you knocked out cold
Tryin to play my boy over, you was with your hoe
Them South niggas bangin off the shit that we write
Punk niggas get killed, straight on sight
No Limit ain't no gimmick
It's tragic you know, so don't be meddlin with my boy and my hoe
Lay low, hit the floor, I'm back
Yo P, take me to the streets, that's where my heart is at
You make em say Ughhhhhhhh!
I make em say beeyatch
Together we can flip the script and get grip
You got the crack, I got the bud sack
Mystikal, smack, you got the strap
Deep in that gangsta shit on a night like that
You blast me, I blast you back, beeyatch!

We bout to jump off with some gangsta shit
Gangsta shit!
We bout to hop off with some gangsta shit
Gangsta shit!
Know what, we're bout to jump off with some gangsta shit
Gangsta shit!

Got this fuckin party poppin
You cappin and army braggin
Gon keep smugglin in this game shit
"Niggas ain't rappin" what you say about gangsta rappin
You get killed forever, my nigga, every day
Where you get fucked up nigga, is where you lay
Time again I tried to tell you, but you ain't wanna heard what I say
Damn leather dog bombin
Done made a mistake
We made (something is faded in the background) sound so good
Keep that gangsta shit banging up and down your hood
Cause only real gangstas get down and to the bottom
Where y'all going, that much, we'll see right through ya
I'll out hustle ya, can't put up a fight cause I out muscle ya
My really don't give a fuck attitude got ya feelin uncomfortable
I got that there, nigga you ain't saying shit

I'm colder than a brand new pair of Stan Smiths
Fresher than a whole box of green Altimos
But I got to blow your head off and put bullet holes in your Girbauds

B-O-U-T we bout it
Real gangstas live muthafuckin rowdy
And where you from is how you come
Where you be or you're at
Fool, watch your back for these gangstas in that black from
Long Beach to New Orleans, from every nigga in the hood to the
penitentiary
Tryin to, survive on these streets
Slangin dope cause the kids gotta eat
Put it in a car or a plane, Grey Hound or a train
Sixty five when it came, eighty nine when it lay
I'm in love with miss mo mo, candy painted four
Twenty skirt with convertible, fuckin polo
Bring the stylins of your talk
I mean real gangstas don't talk
Free your mind and refugee
Alive and turn your cheeks like Pras be