

# Studio Gangster

Pooh Man

"I've seen you on the street" "Where you from?" "From Oakland"  
"Nah, you're not from Oakland, I know Oakland"

Let's take a ride with the boy from the Eastside  
Where nothing's a crime no roots to a bye-bye  
Tired of motherfuckers spitting nothing but drama rhymes  
Flapping his lips, and ain't never squeezed a nine  
Try to compete with me fool, you ain't competitive  
Stop claiming my town, before I give your ass a sedative  
Haymaker and uppercuts, hey nigga you weak as fuck  
I'm hitting like Tyson, so fool what's up?  
You and your boys, you pop a whole lot of weak shit  
Yelling "Pooh-Man is flapping" but he's fucking your bitch  
Getting ganked by your manager, did for your cash  
That's what you get with your uneducated ass  
Pooh's the pistol-toting, dank-smoking, bitch-choking  
Young player from Oakland  
I was taught by O.G.'s fool, what you stressing?  
AK's, Mac 12's fool, Smith & Wessons  
You got the audacity to false claim where you be  
R.I.P. to S-P-I-C-E  
You wanna be down with my town but my town ain't down with ya clown  
So studio gangster put your motherfucking mic down  
I'm coming for your ass, nigga, you're outta pocket  
Squeeze the trigger, eight ball in the corner pocket

A lotta stories circulating round town  
Seems my peers in this business try to put me down  
He said this, she said that  
But you know where they talking that fool: behind my back  
Never had the guts to step up  
And my fans know that I can take a rhyme and change the flow  
Somewhat of a realist, cause I stay as real as this  
And all those other brothers can do is make a wish  
Huh, so I refuse to kiss they ass  
I got something better, motherfucker (gunshots)  
More and more I find myself in the media  
Or maybe on the screen for New Line Cinema  
Yeah, your lips are flapping but my bank is still stacking  
'93 and I ain't out to do nothing but keep taxing  
Punk-ass bitch, you slimy-ass worm  
When will you learn you only get what the fuck you earn?  
I'm from the town of the motherfucking Mack  
Even my bitch draws a big black gat, huh  
So all the talking you doing gets you nowhere, player  
The "Peace to My Nine" bullshit I just couldn't bear  
Here's my glock, listen to me cock it  
The trigger is pulled, it's eight ball in the corner pocket

I'm getting tired of my name used in a bad way  
Even though I ain't around, these fools got something to say  
Claim I'm a thug, I sell drug fictitious  
Man I'm telling you, these lies be vicious  
And these same motherfuckers be all in my face  
'93 I got the pop, and they all want a taste  
You see I'm out to get richer, in otherwords more cash  
Pooh be coming in first with these niggas coming in last

So I take my nine and my sensor alarm  
And I straight go crazy and take his fucking head off  
For being all in my fucking mix  
You punk motherfucking ass hoe-trusting bitch  
Yeah your partner pump you up, you throw your chest in the air  
And then you got the nerves to badmouth a player  
If I was you I'd shut my motherfucking mouth  
Before my partner Little E blow your motherfucking head off  
You want some funk nigga, well you got it  
It's like eight ball to the corner pocket