

Documentary Of A Gangsta

Rakim

Hey yo, this right here man
Is like a documentary of a gangsta, man
The rise and fall

How them boys gone play me, they must be crazy
Baby, you better pay me
How them actors gone act up, like I ain't got back up
Back up, before you get smacked up
Why they wanna play games with me
They don't know that I'm crazy
I don't know what they thinking
They must have been drinking, but look I'm that kingpin

He said slow paper is your alto, it's like spitting
Currency is all about floss, like he can't eat his cake
And he starve, when the count low
He call the lab the bakery, he all about dough
Stuffing bread his pockets is hungry
You talking nonsense unless the topic is money
He call a hundred dollars a honey
Mami's he called them dimes
So his mind is on his money
But Mami's is on his mind
Like an O.G. focus on the come up
Think he F'ing around he approach you with the gun up
Roll the blunt up and forget it happened
Stash the dollars, bag the product and get it cracking
He get pies, he flipping them
Tricks, he tricking them, he call them heffers
He Hugh Heffing them, he pimping them
?, he getting the ones for the connects
So have the ones correct when he come to collect
But here he come

That sound like blood money
And I ain't just talking double dubbs club money
I'm talking drug money, move out the hood money
Double up money, you can catch a slug money
This kid will murder you, more than a business
If you live it for revenue, it's principle never personal
Get rid of you if you blocking the bigger picture
He on the blocking thinking of gwop and getting richer
He flips some urban blue, play with them keys
For them c-notes so he can handle the whole piano
Hammers unloading ammo if his army ain't in harmony
He kill his own famo like Tony Soprano
He's trying to take it from mine and majored in grind
But the caper is mine, it's made up and die for the paper
Crime is second nature when you love cash
Doing dirty, he turn the ave. into a blood bath
Here he come

The heater buss that mean the reaper coming
Drug money keep them bugging not the trees he puffing
Streets is buzzing about the repercussion
But he so much in love with his bread the beef is nothing
He got metals for war just like a veteran

But now he bringing cheddar in more than he ever been
Banked up, he stepped his hustle pimp smoked cold crack
Heroin game up, american gangster
Sleep with the fish while he rather loot and
You like balling, he like stealing and shooting
Comrades, customers, competition connects
And hustlers is wishing and plotting the day of his death
What's his focus? Keys is, even when karma catching up
It's hard to set him up, he's always holding heaters
But yo, they know his weakness so they gave that bread to him
Somebody put a gun to his head, guess what he said to them