

# 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 dubbz 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