

Gang Bang 4 Real

Tha Eastsidaz

Yeah, (yea yea) uhh, yeah
Fred Wreck in this motherfucker
Yeah Tha Eastsidaz
Back once again to drop that Crip Hop shit

We gets payed to steal, gang bang for real
Slang thangs at will, known to blaze the steel
Niggas ain't for real, cats who claim to peel
Say you game to kill, but I don't think you will

Little Goldie Loc, these niggas hoes to me
Lemme tell these motherfuckers how it's 'sposed to be
See crime merrily and better see ya rep to death
Squeeze ya enemies until they can't catch they breath
Don't sleep, tote heat, seven days a week
Whether to work or to church, snow, rain, or sleet
And don't bang with weak - motherfuckers who ain't wit it
Ain't no snitchin, take the deal and get convicted, stay committed
This mission is a vision to control the globe
Leavin scents where we step back and hold our own
Hold that zone, it won't be long, we keep it pushin
Livin on the edge and ain't lookin for no cushion
It's all in the hardcore game of death
Cuz you can't change ya steps, once you have claimed the set
Ain't no tattoo removal, fool, bang ya block
Or you could shake the spot, cuz now your face is hot
All that goin outta town, tryin to set up shop
And you ain't win up nothin buster, better check yo' props
Keep the sag hangin, rag swangin, gangsta walk
Leave opponents hood smokin, with the tape the chalk
Young homies to the G's stay swollen with cheese
Insane to the brain, rollin twenty's on D's
Throwin C's up, ease up, or get rubbed out
Cuz my whole squad hot and we stay thugged out

Tray Deee, O.G., these niggas holdin me
Lemme show these motherfuckers how it's sposed to be
Mama, they got me in the shell again
But this time I think I'm headed for the state pen
I got too many problems, and I sure don't need 'em
As I fall to my knees and I begs for my freedom
Listen for my name, so I can get chain
I'm headed for court but this time I feel strange
With my eyes on the gate, with handcuffs on my wrist
I'm tryna find a way out, to hoppin the fence
5 o'clock, they might shock, to leave these shackles on my feet
I feel the heat it's gettin deep, both eyes open when I'm asleep
The big situation got me stuck in a drought
I've been squabblin everyday so my time didn't count
The major deal is that my brother told me, "Take no shit"
Cuz I might end up gettin out and comin home real quick
The plan for the lick was to do it overseas
Come back to the L.B., spendin 24 G's
Now you know me - straight up to no good
Little nappy head nigga always bellin through the hood
I kept my strap on my lap, and steadied the clip on the seat
All eyes on me, when your fuckin with a G

I was dedicated to seein the gangsta cuz
I keep my head on straight, with my brain on buzz

Ay B-A-D (whattup) These niggas hoes to me
Lemme show you motherfuckers how it's 'sposed to be
Keep a, bag of money with the grocery
And when I'm on the move I groove with the fo'fifth heat

Check it out Eastsida, these niggas hoes to me
Now lemme show you motherfuckers how it's 'sposed to be
I'm just a Eastside, low-life nigga to death
We gone ride in any car, show with niggas the best
Peep the nigga that test, you shoulda put on ya vest
You shoulda, covered ya wig, 'fore I hitcha with this
It ain't no motherfuckin give back, when knees is crackin
If it ain't a gun war, we finna use 'em for jackin
And it's money 'round here, it's just hard to see it
And when you spot it, don't be so fuckin sure that you got it
You make it happen or not - you still grindin on the spot
You gotta give it what you got, still livin how it pop
It's a do-it-all-day type of thang, make it crack-a-lak
Fuck a jail cell, I'm on the beach in a Cadillac
Fleetwood, seven deuce nigga with the rag back
Bangin ol' deez like a cold O.G.
Used to smoke wet 'til my day looked black
Used to pack techs 'til my pay looked fat
I have bitches transport them llello packs
Still the sam ol' nigga, I just slang dope raps
Hate, I feel like "so what", smash and get my dough up
You know what, point some heat at'cha when ya show up

So niggas don't be runnin up up on the B-A-D
Cuz he be packin heat, and this is D-P-G-C
Uh-huh, it's off the hizzy
For real, beat by Fred Wrizzy
Makin them niggas get dizzy
For real Gangsta shit, lemme get some girl
Yea this shit to gangsta for the motherfuckin streets
Eastsida, be-atch!