

Yo, somethin dangerous man... (gangstaa...)

Woooo, do you wanna pimp wit this guy  
Do a buck on a ninety-five  
Run with them hookers when they payin sheen  
Talk of sex-appeal, I was born gangsta...  
Shittt, don't play wit me, and in the game I'm as real as they come  
Threw the knife, baby, out of the sun  
Even a susperstar, Cuz I'm a gangsta...

Now let's get one thing straight  
You fuckin with a nigga thats liable to catch a case  
I'll turn ya birthday into your worst day  
Bitch I'll have you on a high-speed chase on the first day  
Umm, try 'n throw, I'm so, affiliated  
This greenery got me sedated, I'm feelin faded  
Hood life, the life of a robber on chrome wires n switches  
A nigga wit mo' crimes to riches  
A ghetto jumpstart, Post it up with the tiny homies in my momma's front yard  
A hood pioneer, can't function without the smell of gunpowder  
And fish fryin' in the air  
I'm a sheist nigga, Check for ice nigga  
Bitch, You got the wrong nigga if you want a nice nigga  
I'm Dub C, fuck a MC, catch me in a MC on a buck twenty, Bitch fuck wit me..  
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Some bitches don't believe I can spit that 'Izm  
Till they wind up wit dick all in 'em.  
Till they find theyself pullin' off denim  
Intoxicated, off this venom  
I kick game, big game, Nickname  
Insane, Ice Cube spit flame  
Yall niggaz gone feel it down-range  
Body feel strange (Blah!!) No brain  
I'm a throwback, that know how a gangsta do it and a hoe' act  
Get off tha dick if you don't wanna blow dat  
Cuz bitches trip the Bulls, act like Prozac.  
Now there's Gangsta-ism, and tribalism  
I'm only fuckin, wit survivalism  
Fo-fo to the do' is my religion, Now wha's yours  
Pray, before I bust yours...

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Wooo! La la laa la la la la la la la, gangsta...  
Wooo! La la laa la la la la la la la, I'm a gangsta...

Every time I come around bitches starin at me  
Point nigga Mack 10 from the Dub S-C  
Wit a L.A. fitted hat and a fresh white tee  
Fulla flair and pizzazz but I'm a straight up G  
Cocky cuz I'm rich, look good and I know it  
But I'm confused on what to be, a deep boy or poet  
Head is mandatory, bitch, there's so much to blow it  
If I do fall for you I refuse to show it  
So if you think I ain't pimpin, Man that shit is absurd  
I stay hard on 'em, fulla 'izm, fuck what chu heard  
You say you down for me, shit but thats only words  
Wanna show me love bitch, I wanna play wit a bird  
So regardless of the weather, bitch don't get the chedda'  
And keep big daddy ridin' two-three's or betta  
Wood on the dash wit the peanut-butta' leather  
And like that Al Qaeda love we can blow up togetha', Holla...

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