

Where The Gangstas At

B-Legit

Gangsta time
Where my gangstas at?
Gangsta ville
Where all my gangstas at?

You know it ain't a gangsta ville without a dog pound
And a hog nigga, yea, special dedication
To all my gangsta niggas and to all my gangsta bitches
I'm sick wit it tho, check it out

I used to mash through the crowd
Makin' bitches wonder damn that nigga B-Legit's the man
It was 65 grand for the land
450, 4 by 4, hit the strip slow

Windows on tint so they can't look in
It's me the kingpin hit and Mac 10
On a trip about to hit up the 6, should I give up
Them niggas run up, they fucked, now what

Huh, who's that? That nigga Kurrup
G'z up, hoes down, muthafucka blaze up
D.P.G.C. muthafucka g'd up
In all blue and gray all day always

Let the dogs out muthafucka
Hear the barking see the homies G-walking gangsta talkin'
Bitches low on dick often very often
Lil' beeyotch 135 pounds of all diack

I keep the house always stoppin' them dubbs to the bay
Fina fuck with B cousin and E fo tay
From my hood to yo' town it's all about the cash
Got the check and the hoe checkin' off in the stash

Don't worry 'bout Nathan, we out there slangin'
Mac an' Kurrup stay down for whobangin'
Keep a fat sack of dope an' fo sho I'm Dealy
Maine, the first foo crossin' fo sho I'll kill 'em

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Tell me where the homies and the gangstas at
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We gone keep it gangsta ain't go to pop
Push the six double O and the Rarri drop
Get the two tickets spread on top of the hill
Niggas bellin' 'em chucks makin' over a mill+

Keep the studio full of groupie hoes and choosas
In the gut bruissas an' three time losers

Mac 10 still thuggin', thats what's expected
And I vow to keep it ruff as long as I'm connected

Man I don't give a fuck about a bitch
Man I won't ever ever give em' shit
I hit the switch about 5 times
Then I make a switch and bust 5 rhymes

Swerve wit a homie that can serve 5 verbs
Man that's the life then go home to my wife
With my pistol Retire a nigga, now I'm a let my girl write my first verse

I hear it's funk on board, they need to let that go
Got killas gettin' down for a brick of snow
And for the right doe have your head chopped
Tag the drug, bitch you fuckin' with thugs

No time for pleasures, I got mills to buy judges
They rush us, tryin' to get too fast to touch us
They bust us, no we all burn for scraps
So tell me where the homies and my gangstas at

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