

Gangsta

Royce da 5'9"

Yeah, yeah, yeah..
The weight carries itself
Made man more concerned with wealth than he is his health
(Gangsta!) He pumps like 24..
24/7 just to get to heaven to pump some mo'
(Gangsta!) Heavyweight paper
Heart of a lion that beats longer than every pacemaker
YEAH! We ridin, we - gon' die foolin
Laws and rules don't apply to ME! (Gangsta!)

I'ma put this straight
I'm not gon' threaten you with hooks if you look this way
I'm not gon', write no songs - so please don't think
that since sometimes I'm quiet, that I bite my tongue
Cause I will, slice you punks with knives that come with teeth
So leave with life as long's you come in peace
I'm the protocol of all the street rules
Soldiers, ballers please, I know all them
I'm goin all out - for everything I believe in
Niggaz bleed behind things that I know about
Yeah, yeah (Gangsta!) Hear me roar
Feel me nigga; naw fuck that, feel me more
And whoever sayin 'fuck me' can suck me
And we can bang, I done came a long way from "U Can't Touch Me", nigga!
YEAH! I'm ridin, I am gon' die foolin
Laws and rules don't apply to ME!

.. My swagger's crazy
We can, forget your momma ever had a baby
Regis; I don't care who the fuck you is
Keep yo', hands to yo'self, I will cut yo' limbs OFF
Sixty shots'll quickly hit you
pop Dixie Chicks of rap, PISS ME OFF!
Yeah, I'm strictly Pesci - you hear me a made man
I will rather you fear me than to have you respect me
Yeah, the tec's good
Jammin's always out the question, call me Suge' of the Midwest wood
Yeah, the part of the poem that's deep
He will, blast you after he's had a glass of Bacardi Limon
Yeah, let's get it on, I'm strictly the classic - rap
You know it's on, soon as you rip off the plastic, yeah!
BLOAW! I'm ridin, I am gon' die foolin
Laws and rules don't apply to ME!

He knows his gun and his knife (Gangsta!)
More than he knows his son and his wife (Gangsta!)
Always huntin niggaz, never hunted
You can bet eleven-hundred - he is.

(Yeah) As ignorant as it gets
Cut Throat the calmest person niggaz, push me shits
(Yeah) Bawlin over the quickest to snap
I'll break you then shake your soul, deliver you back
to the, the hood that raised you, bruise and mace ya
Lose your face through picture glass, break and waste ya
I'm the essence, of the use of violence
Move in silence, HUSH, then I'll close your eyelids (close)

I'm goin all out - my enemies on they knees
harder I squeeze, bullets'll leave your brains out
(BACK UP!) Watch me move
I'll speak the language of heat, plus I'm good with the tools (yeah)
So whoever wanna hit me, come quickly
Nuttin to lose, I'm no bitch nigga, please come get me - killa

(Gangsta!) I'm ridin, I am gon' die foolin
Laws and rules don't apply to ME!

He got yo' motherfuckin number! (Gangsta!)
Though yo' life is second to his (Gangsta!)
You still gon' die first.. (It's 5-9 - gangsta!)
Yeah! (He's a motherfuckin gangsta!)