

DJ Clue, Gangsta Shit

(feat. Jay-Z & Ja Rule)

Uhh And you don't stop
Rockafella y'all
Clueminati

Who got the Gangsta Gangsta Shit?
We got the Gangsta Gangsta Shit
[x2]

Understand why y'all nigga is mad at me
Sitting around like damn, that could be me
All the cars and bitches livin' lavishly
But there's only one problem you ain't as bad as me
Who could flip a record company from half a key?
And drop a gold album do the math with me
Turn and go platinum, that would be
Fuck it I lost count
Why don't you tell me the amount?
Since you gossip like groupies notice please
I never go broke my name got 2 G's
J-I-2-G-A I flip that on the platinum and be on the next day
I be right there when your mics blow out
I was there when your lights when on and when you lights go out
I right there with the same ice to light up your house
Just bright enough to see the gun 'fo I wipe you out
I'm the stuff Niggas write about
Jigga's A legend
J-Hova end of the session
Fuck with me now

Who got the Gangsta Gangsta Shit?
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[x4]

We live from the 7-1-8
Got my chick in D & V At this very second runnin' your plate
2 knocks on your door, One gun in your face
2 Blocks of C-4, I put one in your safe
Place the safe in the bath tub I got one plire
You better hope this money don't catch fire
You so soft no mask no rope one clip and I
Let this nigga run around untie
I swear to god, you know the type that talk wild
but nigga's white cloud, soft as a baby's bottom
You know Jay Z's spot him
I haven't heard him in a while
And you know how come? His little faggot in the corner dialing 911
Snatched the phone get a grip thug you supposed to be tough
What you telling the cop huh? I'm taking your money and drugs
In the underworld we take care of beef ourself
And another thing yo we police ourself
Either you follow the codes or you sell cocaine
This life will swallow your self so get outta game
Go to church every Sunday and prey hard
Drug dealer (haha) don't quit your day job

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[x4]

Nigga who else
Pop guns and rap jewels
Mean while

Burning in hell child
We the center of attention
Show me love for my nigga blazing
My niggas is made men
Gangsters shit get coke and sugar boes
Got hoes for every home
And never fuck they own
Even though the Fed's got a sweating grip in the chrome
Commuter case is closed they tapping' the telephone
Dialing' a 213 zone now
Got ?? slap a bitch up and send her down
Felling me, I wanna put this hustle behind me
But every time I look away he's hitting me blindly
I'm looking for the light baby
And here it is
As soon as the nigga smiling
Darker the night gets
That's why we Gangster and you players
Take 2 to the heart Inc.
World most murderous

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[x4]