

E-40, Gangsterous

Chorus: D-Shot, E-40

We gangsterous, we gangsterous (gangsterous)

We gangsterous, we gangsterous (gangsterous)

We gangsterous, we gangsterous (gangsterous)

We gangsterous, we gangsterous (gangsterous)

[D-Shot]

Well let me start again with a stiff chin, go 'head and take one

I just begun, to break yo' ass off a lump sum

with double (??), I got a (??) in the garage

And ready to mob, so get the fuck up out of Dodge

before I trip, and slap yo' ass with this new grip

One slip of the tongue'll get your monkey ass hung

Two lungs is what it takes to inhale the dank

and one cap is all it takes to put you in the paint

[The Mossie]

So beware, to stare, in the glare, of this infrared

You dread the day we pull out the glock display

One way, is what your headed down, we got the pound

So bow down, and give me the ball because we on the mound

Pitchin heat, finsta treat you to this gangster shit

Break a bitch, hog niggaz take a shit

Pitchin heat, finsta treat you to this gangster shit

Break a bitch, hog niggaz take a shit

Chorus

[E-40]

Wha-da-da-dey, wha-da-da-da-dang

Hustlin on the thirteen-hundred block slangin 'caine

Call (??) bitch (??) (??) (??)

with walkie-talkies and po-po scanners on the lookout for the pigs

I make long bread, I brought big cars

Everybody know the hustle, it's like I'm a movie star

but in the middle of the night, out the mouth they foam

Jumpers be knockin on my bedroom window

with they cats with they friendly spook on talkin about

"Can I borrow some fetti? Loan me a dimepiece til the first"

and I be like, you mean to tell me yo' uppity ass

ain't got no money in yo' purse?

"Nah but I got a Bic" A Bic?

Some dopefiend matches, a little bit of that and she'll suck yo' dick

She's a bootch, she fat, she out there bad

I promise you somethin proper Lil' Diva, the devil pleaser

The neighborhood head doctor, I give a FUCK about a chickenhead cluck

I'm tryin to get papered up, I'm gangsterous

Chorus

[The Mossie]

We import chickens from the Japanese

Drop 'em off to the young homies

If they come up short, we breakin knees, spines and spleens

Killers on the team greated at the age of thirteen

By all means makes niggaz buy cream from us

Triple beam dreams is a motherfuckin must

We slide through in a tough, black Expedition truck

If a nigga cross game they get ripped and bucked

[D-Shot]

Buck 'em up, lay 'em down nigga, we for the figures

If your money bigger, we got yo' head behind the trigger

Cough it up nigga, we want the combo to the safe

Give it up nigga, before I catch a murder case

[The Mossie]

(??) it up nigga, ain't no survivors so realize it

A half a ki, in the trunk is all mine, so penalize it

I hit the block, serve a flock of that, good white girl

Bust 'em down, bag 'em up and serve the whole damn world