

# Gangsta Boo, Life In The Metro

(The Kaze)

1 - We shootin' to kill, nigga  
We shootin' to kill, nigga  
Ain't no fuckin' warning shots  
When you come around here nigga  
All the things that I got, yo  
Is shit I worked hard for  
Life in the metro's so cold

Repeat 1

(Gangsta Boo)

I'm on some other type shit  
I'm on some crazy ass shit  
I'm on some fuck with me bitch  
I'm on some get your ass kicked  
It's not the power of Miss  
The work of secret politics  
(The rumor's turned to an arena)  
Between the old and new bitch  
I think ?? that don't move to ??  
Society has been the education of ?  
Movin' up the escalator  
Risin' to the fuckin' top  
Party on, don't stop  
In the air, super hot  
Ya better beware  
What we believe is what we share  
To get rumblin' like the Bronx  
Like the Chinese folks was there  
I'm fuckin' live that is ?believe well?  
It's known to be the truth  
It's ? of hell, can ya feel Gangsta Boo nigga?  
Who's fuckin' side you think y'all on when shit pops off?  
Hypnotize Minds down to blow a nigga ass off  
With a fuckin' sawed off  
Project told you once before  
Workin' to ensure my victory  
For my side ho

Repeat 1

(The Kaze)

I'm in this world with no one to turn to  
I'm livin' kinda thuggish  
Thinkin' crooked, just to come up  
You see this fuckin' world  
And ? is without the beat  
So I kick it by my lonely  
This real G, to make my riches  
Then all these snitches be throwin' crosses  
I'm takin' losses  
Cuz ?? resurrect from all this player hation  
You see my nation is mass destruction  
And my soul releasin' all this anger for you nigga rolls  
And it's so bad because I know  
Oh they done clickin' with the quickness  
Because this system is makin' hard  
How else can I make a livin'  
And then my children  
I'm thinkin' deeply  
With wealth, it be a better future  
It ain't our fault that our enemies bleed  
When I'm smokin' weed

It entoxes me  
?? what I do to all you fake ass G's, so please  
Don't go rubbin', ?? gonna make me  
Get right down crazy  
This city has got me pacin'  
And I can't take it

Repeat 1  
Repeat 1

I'm thinkin' misery, sufferin', ambush and sorrow  
I'm filled with drama  
When I lose my soul, the ? those 3 numbers  
You wonder what's really real  
When fuckin' with G's like mack  
Pop-pop from the glock  
Curiosity killed the cat  
Bust it, we down for whatever  
Whenever, what nigga, think you clever?  
My weapon gon' have you gaspin' for breath  
Death and stormy weather  
It's thunderin' and lightening  
Plus rain is pourin' on bloody bodies  
I'm runnin' up on the scene  
??? up in a Ferrari  
I'm sorry, it's killin' season  
Killa Kaze and Prophet Posse  
The last days we lit 'em  
It ain't no time to get sloppy  
Standin' strong, holdin' on  
Competition can't stop it  
To all my foes, I let you know  
I keep that 9 in my pocket  
I pop it, straight at your ass if you ever try to apouse  
The result from all the ?  
All was left was dead souls  
To my rappers out devouring, left them holding like the Bible  
I sustain, in this game  
A mack for life, I'm out this thang, man

Repeat 1