

Killa Tay, Respect My Gangsta

(Killa Tay)

I got hustle in my heart, hustle in my vain
I hustle wit my click and gotta hustle in the game
West Coast Mafia, we keepin it crackin
Deep as the Jacksons, my click stay in the midst of the action
Packin all the shows, mackin all the hoes
Stackin all the dough, make 'em wanna call the po
Real G's wit the tightest flows runnin the streets
Comin wit heat, no retreat, this game get deep
We speak in codes and ball like Jalen Rose til the end of time
we live this grind like an esse with money on my mind
24/7 Cali legend, makin paper wit Bo
My Snake Eyes glow, and I'm still puttin it down for the 'No
And K.O. so lay low, or get your chin checked like a boxer
We break 'em off proper, spray like Binaca
I still watch the time fly by on the clock
My verbal venom get up in 'em and they die on the spot

(Hook 2X: Tiffany Wilson)

It's about money, bet you I'm gon get it
Power, ain't nobody trippin
Respect, respect, respect my gangsta
My gangsta

(Spice 1)

Motherfucker I'm a villain, and nigga you's a hostage
So whenever I'm steppin, cover yo dome like an ostrich
Suckers is bleedin off this, niggaz is leakin off this
You know why? Cuz I'm a thug nigga eatin off this
Jealous, that's how they feelin eventually
That's why I pull out my pistol and bust it intentionally
Smash, that's what we do when we ride
Keep my bitches on point, and keep all my enemies hidin
It's the motherfuckin real ones, ridin for mother millions
Worldwide bosses makin decisions with precision
Thug livin on a mission, gotta stay outta prison
Hope my thug angel sittin on the star that I'm wishin

(Hook)

(Yukmouth)

Jea, jea...
I'm swingin everything from bats to gats
On the ave, I'm slangin everything from crack to wax
Tylenol, gotta grind and ball, stack my scratch
No time to stall, flip the 'Lac wit the stash wit a Mack
It's like that, outta town I got them pies and I fly back
I'm right back wit that dope wrist like an ice pack
You can't stop me, I'm too cocky
I puff broccoli in Medina Ferrari's, I'm Yuk DiBiase
On point, never see me sloppy
I'll catch a body before I let a nigga rob me at the after party
Thug Lord so I run mobs, gun high
Fill a square body up wit holes like he's Spongebob
East Oakland, Fresno to Modesto
On the block they call me Kid Rock, play wit heavy metal
And got my workers on the block slangin every pebble
Cause it's a Regime Mob nigga in every ghetto

(Hook) - 2X