

# Scarface, Gangsta Rap

(feat. Crooked I, Treach)

(Verse 1 - Scarface)

Now flip with a nigga, as we dip through the Dirty  
Four-tops, spin out and bent up to thirty  
I only ride for homies, 'cause hoes ain't worthy  
Never put a bitch before your road doggs, ya heard me?  
Plus, we do shit other rappers can't feel  
Like, hangin' in the same spots we hung out for the deal  
For real, the ghetto ain't a pop song, Cutty  
The ghetto bodies get up, get out, and get nutty  
And fool, do it 'til the death if you have too  
Just get the fuck up off the cuts, 'fore they grab you  
And have you doin' penitentiary time  
Got these rap cats thinkin', if they shit to lift rhymes  
If you ain't in the streets, then nigga,  
stick to the balance, or get caught up  
Tossed up, in this bitch, like a salad  
Dedicated to my niggas out here stuck in the trap  
I deliver it just like I live it, it ain't rap  
Trust me

This is really that gangsta boggie (2 times)  
That gangsta (4 times)

(Chorus)

This is for the ballers  
Gangsta rap!  
What all the hoes love  
Gangsta rap!  
What you hop your 6-4 to?  
Gangsta rap!  
You can do what you want to  
Gangsta rap!

Yeah, this is for the ballers  
Gangsta rap!  
What all the hoes love  
Gangsta rap!  
What you hop your 6-4 to?  
Gangsta rap!  
You can do what you want to  
Gangsta rap!

(Verse 2 - Crooked I)

What did you fall in the spot?  
You could say that they callin' a cop  
I'm robbin' niggas, whether they ballin' or not  
The Steven Segal of the block  
Clock you with a pool ball in a sock  
Pop you and crawl off in a drop  
Dodger hatted-up  
I'm fly as a shot when it hovers  
A mix between Morpheous and Matrix  
In rocket in colors  
Tell me, can I...  
Rip 'em up? This a jack  
Keep them hands high  
Stick 'em up  
No Metropolis, stoppin' this apocalypse  
You couldn't see this novelist  
With positive and optimistic results from an optometrist  
G shit, that we dreeze, ah!  
I'm in that L... B... C... G

And we's, domes like two head soldiers  
I'm ghetto enough to go platinum on bootleg versions, uh-huh!  
Strapped, jumpin' outta the caravan  
Kids turn the channel, now I'm finna smoke the camera man

(Chorus)

(Verse 3 - Treach)

I got a question, what's the question?  
"What is gangsta rap?"  
Is it gangsta niggas that's rappin'?  
Or rappin' niggas that act?  
I'll tell you what, gangsta rap ain't even force  
It ain't bangin' on wax  
With dirty backs  
Gettin' slapped at The Source  
Hmmp, comin' in with your toes pointed out  
Runnin' quicker than the bitches and the hoes runnin' out  
Don't be pussy and shoot my kids  
The set trip, next shit  
And I'll make it out, to be East & West shit  
I took a ???, then bless it  
Manhandle the message  
Double my records, Death Row the best shit  
Built in L.A.!  
You lay, then pay  
Still ??? in ???  
You're laid out the same day

This is really that gangsta boggie (2 times)  
That gangsta (4 times)

(Chorus - 2 times)