Shyne, Thats Gansta

Shyne)

Hustler, bad motherfucker

Brooklyn to the rucker, Cali and back

Court cases pendin, all the blood drug money spendin

Ferrari engines leave your whole fuckin block tremblin

I'm what niggaz wanna be, a straight G

Whore bitches wanna suck and fuck for free

I'm Alpo, before you snitch dog

I switch lines and rhymes faster than I switch cars

Ghetto star, name ring in every hood

Heartless villain, money driven killin

and bury my opposition, for a pot to piss in

Knickerbock position, listen

(Chorus 2X: Shyne)

À hundred carats in the watch (THAT'S GANGSTA)

Gettin skull off in the parkin lot (THAT'S GANGSTA)

Feel the knot when you loft (THAT'S GANGSTA)

Takin over spots and blocks (THAT'S GANGSTÁ)

(Shyne)

I got a question; as serious as cancer

Where da fuckin safe at? Somebody better answer

before I start killin and fillin these double-I slugs

in your mug then you spittin up blood

Got dead gangstas rollin over like, " Yo this nigga cold"

The way he cut his coke is murder game to his flow

Rich is, my only reason for bein, shit

I never had hope, until I sold dope

Drug game is infectious, got me livin reckless

Feds get uptight when they see my watch and necklace

glow, fuck 'em, they can't catch me

Murder and money, 'til they throw my ashes in the sea

(Chorus)

(Shyne)

Mac-10's, crush rocks and drops

The best respect, the feds only fuck cops

Coke price raisin, task force raidin

Bustin at secret agents runnin up out the Days Inn

Roller, diamonds and mack-milla's

Fillers and loud pipes for all my killers

Money hungry honies around, the killer streets and the law

The opium and the raw, that's what I live for

For cuttin yea, never for today

Extended magazines shootouts and ricochets

Play a role and catch a bullethole, pop your blood vessels

Ain't gonna wait before the smoke settles

(Chorus)

(*scratching " Serious shit" *)

(Shyne)

Money in brown paper bags (THAT'S GANGSTA)

Servin fiends on the ave (THAT'S GANGSTA)

Menage red labels (THAT'S GANGSTA)

Honies with diamonds up in they navel (THAT'S GANGSTA)

Showin love to your hood (THAT'S GANGSTA)

Leavin cowards layin where they stood (THAT'S GANGSTA)

Floodin your homey's commisary up (THAT'S GANGSTA)

Never missin when we bust (THAT'S GANGSTA)

Money in brown paper bags (THAT'S GANGSTÁ)

Servin fiends on the ave (THAT'S GANGSTA)
Menage red labels (THAT'S GANGSTA)
Honies with diamonds up in they navel (THAT'S GANGSTA)
Showin love to your hood (THAT'S GANGSTA)
(*music fades out*)