

# Beanie Siegel, Gangsta, Gangsta

Beanie Siegel

Miscellaneous

Gangsta, Gangsta

(feat. Kurupt)

[Beanie Sigel]

(Yo) Who wanna fuck wit', the fat boy of the Roc?

(bllddttt) stick em, ha, another victim

Mac pullin' capers again

Fuck with that money paper then

Light as a rock, gonna light up the block

Don't believe in cases, goin all out

Paintin' faces, switch my picture, like tradin' places

For that money what?

Everybody hands up, or hands down money tucked

I flip the money trucks, money I don't give a fuck

Ay money, shut the fuck up

It's only a stickup

You don't stand a chance, give it quick up

You 'bout to turn into an ambulance pickup

Enough with the cocky stuff, fuck all that stocky stuff

Don't get smacked like a hockey puck

I ain't wit' that rocky stuff

I'm strapped got this gat (Blah blah blah blah)

What?

[Chorus: Kurupt and Beanie 2x]

Gangsta gangsta, tell me how you do it

It seems so simple, like there was nothing to it

One more time run through it, everybody hands up

Alright hands down money tucked

[Beanie Sigel]

I'm on fire like a molotov cocktail

I'm high off them cocktails

Dangerous gone broke, my aim is no joke

Duct taped, roped, strangle your folks

Box cut across the throat (nope)

Bang the four 'till it's broke

Prey on niggas in a circular pattern

Catch you playin' craps, car in reverse

I'm circlin' back

Man I stay up in them dice games, fuck a ice chain

A Ice ring, I'm tryin' to come up on some nice change

Incuse a nigga might swing, they gets a might thang

Pull out the right thang, show em it's a spike thang

Make you do the right thing, like a Spike Lee joint

Bang that pussy and his right knee joint

You get the sergeant and cap couldn't tell mack (freeze)

I'm like a rat dodgin' traps when it come to the cheeze

Backwards wrapped my trough

Wont hesitate to clap ya folks

I'm on tilt like a rapid (?)

[Chorus 2x]

[Beanie Sigel]

Back now nigga, all black down nigga

Mack now, loaded up wit' black towns nigga

Frontline, clap down, backround niggas

One nine clap crowns, and smack down niggas

Keep rope to hogtie you pork ass niggas

Stuffin' the boot to shoot hoops you sports ass nigga

Wouldn't shoot a game of pool

8-ball in the corner pocket, stop it

You niggas flippin' Guess jeans profit  
Disrespectin' eshell, expectin' to sell  
You got seeds in ya weed, disrespectin' the L  
Don't got 20's on ya wheels disrespectin' the car  
You burnin rubber and that squad, disrespectin the tar  
You niggas wore ass backwards, 'vessinal gat  
Same thing with your hustle, rustled and packed  
The ball back on missions  
Drop the east the mack more vicious  
Back to snatch or crack off dishes

[Chorus 2x]

[Thanks to [outkastlayzie@aol.com](mailto:outkastlayzie@aol.com) for these lyrics]