

Black Knights, Gangsta Act

(Intro: Crisis (Doc Doom) {Kurupt})

Yeah (yeah yeah) the Black Knights (Black Knights)
{Tell these bitch niggas to snatch up
Before these bitch niggas get smashed up}
Yo, we gon' show you gangsta's get down (gangsta's get down)
North Town, Compton, Cali bound (Cali bound)
{Yeah, niggas Black Knights, Dogg Pound, we surround, nigga)
Yeah, we gon' clown (clown these bitch ass niggas)

(Crisis)

My reign of terror is endless, ghetto physical fitness
Leave ya on the floor twitchin', bitchin' cuz ya here wit
The four/fifth, we empty out and reload clips
Fuck who you roll wit, the faggot niggas don't control shit
We the opposite, lockin' shit, while y'all blow dick
Deep throat these hollow tips, let open up, lay stiff
Label the memory, should've known the clones, death's the penalty
Murderin' colonies, high jack communities, street journalist
Ghetto shit, could deaf the you and me
Dirty documents, invest every slum in the continent
The elocutionist, sharpshooter, revolutionist
Street scientist, got ya eyein' this, Crisis, about to ruin shit
I long dick tracks from the back, on the attack
Raw dog, knock all ya'll, disconnect, but stall ya'll
Run wit minutes, handle business, never stop
Until it's finished, niggas is foul, cripple ya style
Willie McGuiness, tackle tracks, break backs and snatch ya money stack
Jaw jabber bloody that, show you how a thug react

(Chorus: Roscoe)

I'm so tired of ya gangsta cats, wit ya half ass gangsta raps
Puttin' on gangsta acts, we gon' show you how a gangsta act
We run up in ya club and ya dubs get gangsta snatched
Now ain't that how a gangsta act, ain't that how a gangsta act
Now ain't that how a gangsta act

(Doc Doom)

Straight from out the bowels of killa Cal'
Where niggas don't smile at all
Stick you up in broad daylight, fuck waitin' until night fall
Snatch ya chain right off, ya neck, put ya lights out
Then jet back to the set, then dip another wet
Killa shits, all you gon' hear from the killa click
Killa Bee Gang bangers, dark hearted, lunatics
Ya mix up in heavy light, only fuck bitches that's already tight
To open they legs, so I can sweat it right
Ya damn right, we be the hardest, gangsta rap artists
In this industry, you wanna hear shit? Then call us
At 1-800-BLACK-KNIGHTS, fuck where ya fools from
If you in my hood, home-boy, you better have ya gun
On ya side, cuz I know a gang of niggas that done died
In these streets, slippin' without a heat
But I'm glad that it ain't me, that's trapped in the dirt
Cuz 'fore I go, I gotta leave my mom's a desert

(Chorus)

(Monk)

Monk rock mics over Hennessy, bitch spittin' that real nigga shit
How long where niggas don't die, we just get high and take flicks
Smoke weed and hit licks, talk shit, and hit tricks
Move weight by the bricks, and shoot kites to convicts
That killa Cal' shit, Cadillac's and Rego's and Lolo's
Slippin' on them D's, the Knights wit flat beds and lolo

Post for gangsta photos and high top chucks
Show you how a gangsta act, cuz we don't give a fuck
Young niggas off the block, that uncontrolled, unorthodox
Gettin' money, lookin' bummy, same gear for three days
Wet like a tidal wave, ya punks better behave
When the nights come through, push through like trouble makers
Unstoppable, off the top, my brigade controls the block

(Interlude: Kurupt)
Kurupt Young Gotti, hell hound number one, nigga
Check it out ... nigga

(Kurupt)
Gangsta, gangsta, bitches and hoes
Muthafuckas jack for they switches and folds
I'm concrete wit caliber's, to shade these out-of-lesson niggas
Like Excalibur in separate sections, see
Talon touch niggas like fingertips
That put anything in ya pockets in my fingertips
To touch my palm, you soak and expand my mind
Hit niggas in separable places at the same time
Poetical stand bomb, nigga, scodelic relic
Skatin' like ice, and wit the .38 to ya pelvis
Smokin' on somethin', pokin' on somethin'
Apply the pressure to the gates, rollin' on hundreds
Save ya self nigga, cuz you know you don't want it
Sixteen bitches, sixteen switches
Matrix and new glitches to canyon niggas in ditches
Black Knights and the Pound, Young Gotti the real hound, nigga

(Chorus 2X)