

# Fredro Starr, Pranksta

(Verse 1: Fredro Starr)

You know it gotta be gangsta  
When Other Peoples Money in the place  
You ain't gangsta when otha peoples guns in ya face  
You are Pranksta already caught one...In ya face  
If you was gangsta, you woulda had ya gun in your waist  
You don't really wanna hear the glock echo  
Niggas'll get it, send shots that'll go through ya Ecko  
Look, before this rap shit, we all was glockin  
On the strip, yeah, was all was clockin  
Waitin til them semi-autos poppin  
My gun is like a club on Friday night dog, its on n' poppin  
Belvi on the rocks with the Ocean Spray, ha  
Outta the V let the toastas spray, ha  
Back in the V throw the toast away  
Cops! Pull us over, throw the roach away  
Before the sirens is comin  
My niggaz be runnin  
Because a minute ago all my niggaz was gunnin  
And all you niggaz is frontin you really don't want it  
We kill you for nothin The shotty is pumpin  
You get shot in ya stomach y'all don't really want it

(Verse 2: Begetz)

Yo, y'all know me an my dudes we clappin the Tuly  
That'll hit your top and turn ya doo rag into a coofy  
Shots'll pop ya trunk hit the back of ya huptee  
If I'm outta shells you get the back of the Uzi  
Listen, I stick with the Nina, clip in the Nina  
If you niggaz talkin slick it steam ya  
Want heat? I can get ya a fevea  
Stuffy nose cause I'm sick with the heata  
A fifth that'll lean ya, Christopher Reeve ya  
Yall get sticked in the freeza  
Body wrapped up in the plastic  
Just like the clothes y'all get from the cleanas  
Lotta lables out here think they dick in the dirt  
Til I leave em face down with they dick in the dirt  
I just started spittin and the begging and gettins won't stop  
Soon as you rippin, then I'm clickin, you spittin, you drop  
And all the G shit you niggaz you sptin you not  
You keep riffin and your lip'll be gettin you shot

(Verse 3: X-Million)

I'm gettin tired, I ain't gangsta  
But I'm in and out of courts steady  
Blunts is strawberry, the semis is sure heavy  
I'm from the hood where shots get traded like Maberry  
Or we can put the guns down get your jaw ready  
For my wolves in Hells creeps sleepin in wet beds  
Blow trial, spit it to judge, spit it to FEDs  
Just know why niggaz can feel me is real sick  
Cause I'm so wild nothin can kill me, I've been dead  
I'm on video rollin with po-po  
Them shots'll get you left lookin like Jordan logo  
Bodys get jumped, and picked up, and put in the trunk  
Stunttin for nothin, its nothin to stunt  
You get shunk in the buggy eyed 500  
Not a mile on it, gully I want it  
Put 100 thou on it nigga  
And I ain't gangsta?