

Mystikal, Gangstas

Intro (Snoop))

No Limit. Soldiers. (Ughhhhhhhh!)

DPGC. Gangstas. (Ha, ha!)

Look here, you got three crazy muthafuckas
in the same place at the same time.

(Yeah, Master P.)

You know this shit gon be off the hook.

(It's gon be the wildest shit you ever heard.)

For my bitches down south.

Southern hospitality.

(Representin, ya heard me!)

(Snoop)

From the cold, hard streets of the LBC

To a duet with Mystikal and Master P

Real G's ship keys and shoot dice on their knees

And put pistols to the mouths, of their enemies

Old country ass nigga with a gold in the front

Be the same muthafucka that get your bitch ass stomped

Underestimatin hatin got you knocked out cold

Tryin to play my boy over, you was with your hoe

Them South niggas bangin off the shit that we write

Punk niggas get killed, straight on sight

No Limit ain't no gimmick

It's tragic you know, so don't be meddlin with my boy and my hoe

Lay low, hit the floor, I'm back

Yo P, take me to the streets, that's where my heart is at

You make em say Ughhhhhhh!

I make em say beeyatch

Together we can flip the script and get grip

You got the crack, I got the bud sack

Mystikal, smack, you got the strap

Deep in that gangsta shit on a night like that

You blast me, I blast you back, beeyatch!

Chorus: X 2

We bout to jump off with some gangsta shit

Gangsta shit!

We bout to hop off with some gangsta shit

Gangsta shit!

Know what, we're bout to jump off with some gangsta shit

Gangsta shit!

(Mystikal)

Got this fuckin party poppin

You cappin and army braggin

Gon keep smugglin in this game shit

"Niggas ain't rappin" what you say about gangsta rappin

You get killed forever, my nigga, every day

Where you get fucked up nigga, is where you lay

Time again I tried to tell you, but you ain't wanna heard what I say

Damn leather dog bombin

Done made a mistake

We made (something is faded in the background) sound so good

Keep that gangsta shit banging up and down your hood

Cause only real gangstas get down and to the bottom

Where y'all going, that much, we'll see right through ya

I'll out hustle ya, can't put up a fight cause I out muscle ya

My really don't give a fuck attitude got ya feelin uncomfortable

I got that there, nigga you ain't saying shit

I'm colder than a brand new pair of Stan Smiths

Fresher than a whole box of green Altimos

But I got to blow your head off and put bullet holes in your Girbauds

Chorus

(Master P)

B-O-U-T we bout it

Real gangstas live muthafuckin rowdy

And where you from is how you come

Where you be or you're at

Fool, watch your back for these gangstas in that black from

Long Beach to New Orleans, from every nigga in the hood to the penitentiary

Tryin to, survive on these streets

Slangin dope cause the kids gotta eat

Put it in a car or a plane, Grey Hound or a train

Sixty five when it came, eighty nine when it lay

I'm in love with miss mo mo, candy painted four

Twenty skirt with convertible, fuckin polo

Bring the stylins of your talk

I mean real gangstas don't talk

Free your mind and refugee

Alive and turn your cheeks like Pras be

Chorus till fade