

Popa Wu, Gangster Theme

(Intro: Freemurder)

Gangsta niggas, what
Gangsta bitches, what
Gangsta killas, what
Gangsta niggas, what
Straight gangsta bitches
Gangsta bitches, what
Gangsta killas, what

(Hook)

Uh, Brooklyn is where we come from, come from
U.K. known to fill 'em up with dumdums
In the car seat, uh-huh
Lil' Free, that's where you get guns from, guns from

(Chorus: Freemurder)

Gangsta killas, what
Gangsta niggas, what
Gangsta bitches, what
Gangsta killas, what
Gangsta niggas, what
Straight gangsta bitches, what
Gangsta killas, what
Gangsta niggas, what

(Freemurder)

Party and be more, floor with four honeys
Cars with three more, none of them hoes ugly
'Preme upstairs, nuttin on hoes tummies
While you grindin ugly freaks, like Seymour from Mo' Money
Hard as a rock, straight up and down like sea-saws
And free, Pete Rose, Free ski whores
Straight jaw bone, fuck eatin pussy
Straight hormone jumpin when I'm beatin pussy
Suspects keep lyin bout they weed and gats
Till I catch them, change the subject like readin a map
Drug off, Desperado, Amaretto
Bustin Berettas, up in you ghetto, alcoholic
He's so heavy like Chris Wallace
And try to get me off the floor with my shit brolic
Like brand new gators, yo I love my shit polish
Flip on niggas, till they demolish, abolish
Many niggas, friendly niggas turn enemy niggas
Burn plenty of niggas, don't tick me nigga
Little that you know, that shit don't offend me nigga
And if one of y'all kill me, God avenge me nigga

(Hook) *'U.K.' instead of 'Lil' Free*

(Chorus)

(Freemurder)

Off to the telly, eyes ring me up on the celly
All them niggas is fools, satisfy ya belly
Niggas keep slidin thru like KY Jelly
Talkin nonsense, what you tryin tell me
Blood Gotti, rollin with a red scully
Punk shotties, aimin out of red Chevy's
0 Tray one, trade one guns, straight blood up
Actin gigantic, till you get cut up
Guns be titanic, make ya ass buck up
Caught you real high standin, that's how you got stuck up
On the block drippin, and read the glocks hittin
All the cops wishin, I'm mad and not shittin

Fuck police, we all hold four heats
And put four D's under four seats
And on the concrete, waitin for the coroner
Fuck Guliani, Free slaughterin ya
Little bitch, years ago, Free ignorin ya
Lil' Kim bitches, Free adorin ya
Where I'm from? Brooklyn, get them dum's, Brooklyn
Get the ones, Brooklyn, afraid of none, Brooklyn
Uh, Brooklyn is Gun Ho, U.K. shit we kick to let the
gun blow

(Hook)

(Chorus)

(Freemurder)
NYC, gangsta killa, Brownsville
Niggas that fake the killa, be foul killed
Triggas await killas, Free pound peel
Niggas I hate, stealers on some we found skills
Chill holmes, three round skill
From the four-long, kick pressure, my forearm
That shit had me fallin all out my stands
Watch ya blood keep pourin all out cha man
It's a flood, blood drorrin all out cha man
Slugs in ya truck, now blood fallin out ya van
And dad it up, click just banana'd up
Might as well open the door, cuz I'm tearin it up
Shittin all in the whip, got you scared as fuck
Hopin that you won't die, like Montana bro'
With Scarface, all in my grill, with the hard face
Get sent on a journey to a far far place

(Chorus: just sayin 'gangsta killa')

(Hook)

(Chorus)

(Outro: ShaCronz (Freemurder))
Hahahaha
Yo Freemurder man this is that gangsta shit man
This is that universal gangsta shit
You know that East Coast/West Coast type of shit, man
This is that real shit, that b-life shit man
We've been doin this shit for years man
You know, ever since our fathers man
You know man, the Device Lords, the Young Lords
The Black Spades, the Ball Bustas
We've been doin this shit on the East Coast man
Knowhat!msayin? Keep that 5 alive, Freemurder
Let them know, this is the East side, killa thrilla
Death row till we die man, word up man
Freemurder man, b-life or no life
(Oh don't forget them Tomahawks nigga, my pops'll kill you
Shit is real, P-Stone, Paroo Bloods, you real like I'm real
This is for them gangstas across the world
East side homies)