

Rappin' Ron & Ant Diddley Dog, How the Gangsta

(First Verse - Rappin' Ron)

You say you got bitches, but we got more hoes
Now it's time to dig it to the gangstafied wardrobe
'Bout to get fitted, you know that I'm a mack right?
Reached up on the shelf, snatched up my all-black Nikes
That's tight, you know you can't beat this
All black ? with them razor sharp creases
A black t-shirt, jet black beanie
Oakland on the front and bitch no you ain't seen me
But believe me, I keep all these hoes starin'
Hoop in a nugget in my ear 24-carat
So admit it, I'm fitted from the flo' up
It's nineteen ninty fro' but I still sport a low cut
Tight fade with a all-black outfit
You doubt this, and I'ma' have to knock you out bitch
I might bust you in ya' face if you jockin' me
And I keep my gat just in case animosity
I come from way back and I don't play that
I say raps and remember that I stay strapped
So what you lookin' at? It's me and my potna' Diddley
I'm ready to bust and plus I got my chopper wit' me
So settle down, don't get to juiced up
'Cause pooh-butts get faded like a crew cut
And what I'm packin' ain't nothin' like a sling shot
But it breaks hot, and it got seventeen shots
So Ant Diddley won't you cock that glock back?
Don't get 'em bucked there's no chance they'll try to pop back
You got that? My religion straight redrum
You was unprepared son, now your whole head numb
You said come, so we had to peel your dome back
Full-blooded gangsters boy yo' ass shoulda' known that

(Chorus)

All the gangsters in the world... Can you feel this?
Fuck the fakeness, we comin' with some real shit
Straight hustlin', never ever bustin'
If a nigga' fussin', he gettin' his cap peeled boy

(Second Verse - Ant Diddley Dog)

Eastside Oakland - gangsters, pimps, players and hustlers
These hoes don't trust us, police try to bust us
'Cause we comin' real with it, them busters can't deal with it
But ain't no use in tryin' to stop my cash 'cause I'ma' still get it
Ballin', haulin' - loads of cash
Redrum's ready to blast, quick to fold your ass
So if you steppin' up, you better be ready for checkin' us
'Cause when these gangsta' poets start to flow it you respectin' us
You think' I'm bluffin', but it ain't nothin' for you to get choked
Or get smoked, by me or one of my sick folks
I love revolver, so trust me I will pull it
And leave you stuck with a rusty hot steel bullet
Because I always had the tendency..
To bust caps for fun and drink rum and the hennessey
So quit jockin' women please..
'Cause I don't chase hoochies, I chase (?) Hindu with lemon squeeze (?)
I been a weed head ever since dank came
I been a sick gangsta' and I can't change
So Diddley Dog is about to start checkin' y'all
Hittin' harder than a wreckin' ball so respect the boss
You had your motherfuckin' chance nigga' but you blew it
So now you know how these real loccin' gangsters do it

(Chorus) X2

All the gangsters in the world... Can you feel this?

Fuck the fakeness, we comin' with some real shit
Straight hustlin', never ever bustin'
If a nigga' fussin', he gettin' his cap peeled boy

(Third Verse - Rappin' Ron)

Motherfucker, don't sleep just peep what the gangsters do
Comin' through with some brew, fitna' spank ya' crew
Comin' at ya' ass fast like a bulldozer
Everything is graphic makin' traffic pullover
So you to' back, man don't you know that
I'm slicker than Kojak and I'll peel ya' whole damn fro' back, so go back
The other way or you'll see this brother spray bullets, 'cause nigga' I'm a
gangsta' to the fullest
If you wanna' throw we can go toe to toe
But I'ma' let ya' know I might pull a forty-fo'
And then it's time to call the crew, always drinkin' all the brew
You don't know the things me and my partner Diddley Dog'll do
Titles we be takin', idols we be breakin'
And if you heard that Bad-N-Fluenz weak then you mistaken
Punk motherfucker, we the tightest
And when we step in the room you other fools get laryngitis
You wanted to hear a mack song, well gon' and through the tape on
Sometimes I put a cap on, but never put a cape on
You better get it straight boy, yo' ass gotta' wait
You's a motherfuckin' mark and nigga' I hated you from the gate
So just gon' and take a dip on the trip but I'ma take ya' through it
Show yo' motherfuckin' ass how the gangsters do it

(Chorus)

All the gangsters in the world... Can you feel this?
Fuck the fakeness, we comin' with some real shit
Straight hustlin', never ever bustin'
If a nigga' fussin', he gettin' his cap peeled boy