Young Gunz, Thats Right

(Intro)
haha, it's about time niggaz
gangsta gangsta, a young gangsta,
what you wanna b a gangsta,
can't stop me,gangsta gangsta,
a young gangsta,
what you wanna b a gangsta

(Verse 1 - Neef)
Motha fuckas i'm comming down
where it ain't nuttin nice,
where niggaz hear that price and b at ya the same night,
try to kill ya got a knife fuck a fight snatch ya life,
i got thirty in my rim pipe and motha fuck i can fight,
they say we living but i say we just a light,
eachothers crunches and these niggaz b unlucky,
heavy and shit, unwilling to spit,
knowing i'm like em baby brotha in tha crib and u b standing on a cliff i b witnessing a fifth,
cuz i brought a lotta hollow tips just if you niggaz clipped and we ain't on tha same tip (shit),
i got to bang at ya niggaz for tha love of tha
figuers hell ya we kill eachother and kidnap they baby mothas and do dirt to ones that love us,
yeah ones like no otha sorta like ya brotha
and i got my niggaz covered as long as i'm alive they alive promise i'm gon' ride and never play bot
sides

(chorus X2)
don't bust and keep back now
i bet you get clapped clown and
you wont come back round once you hear
how that mack sounds (GUN SHOT)
i bet ya you'll back down ya know how to act now on ya life, niggaz i put a price that's right

(Verse 2 - Neef)
uh thats where we live at war,
bring it where your kids at,
we your enemies where eva you get at,
nigga you get back or get your motha fucking head cracked (TWO GUN SHOTS)
thats where we live at,
at least a hundred thousand just to get your kids back, unsolved about that kidnap all about that rift
hen you wasn't wit that ??
so loud for tha crowd you niggaz get back,
in tha clouds when you Lakers all that chit chat,
i got a fifth mag thinkin you a shit bag,
running on tha ends these niggaz put ya in them pens, staples r crazy, you fuckas shouldnt play m
multiple stab wounds caught em
slippin should a had guns up in tha backroom,
now tha lord will see em soon,
we get it all late, midnight or early
afternoon when eva where eva wit that
motha fucking chedda yep

(Chorus X2)

(Verse 3 - Neef)
Most defently niggaz wont get tha recipe,
tha flows stupid it's much more then music,
what you tryin to get at homie i've
been through it, so don't b talk foolish cuz your life
you will loose it, as soon as i pull it start the finger movement
and bullets start comming out tha top and motha fuckas yelling down tha block screaming out
somebody got shot and he left
this shit a mess, ambulence it was left,
i'm a bitch wit tha tech, i wont let ya get a breath,
if ya reach then you wacked

from your feet to ya kneck,
if you come around tha set you wont make it out to tell it, flesh rushin from tha pellets, in they clothes you can smell it,
no witnesses to tell it, you fucking wit a two time fellon and still i'll put two to ya mellon and open you up,
yeah you pussies started it but,
don't what none of Buck put ya runners up
i don't give a fuck

(Chorus X2)

(Music, then fades)