

Sarah Brightman % Sir John Gielgud

"Testin' My Gangsta"

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[DJ Paul Talking]

[Verse 1: DJ Paul]

I comes from a city where they love to hate, especially
on that Triple Six
They see we really got Bentley's and Benz's and they
hate the shit
They try to come up over us, the radio even help em' at
it
But yall ain't got no flows, so hang it up you silly rabbits
I'ma keep on hurting you boys, by making this
motherfuckin' world rock
Side to fuckin' silence bitch for years and man we still
ain't stop
Still ridin' clean, makin' cheese and carrying plastic
glocks
And please don't try to test us cuz you know we'll let
these bitches pop
On you hoes, you haters, you niggaz really like us
Cuz if you thank us, then you wouldn't try to sound so
much like us
I'm the K-I-N-G of that M-P-H-M-S(Memphis)
H-C-P, to the E-N-D, others gone be less
Come prepared, man I swear they wanna be down with
my team
Don't let the shit talkin' on them CD's fool you
That ain't what they really mean
The truth can hurt so bad so look in they faces when
you play us
And watch how they look, and watch they jaw drop to
the pavement
Nigga

[Chorus: DJ Paul]

Why yall Test My Gangsta
These bitches Test My Gangsta
(Repeat 8x)
Cuz it's on now
Nigga yeah it's on now
(Repeat 4x)

[Verse 2: Lord Infamous]

Nigga don't you know that Lord can make your life a
living hell
And I mean that literally, the place where demon spirits
dwell
Empty all the buck-shot shells, make your fucking body
smell
I can fuck you up somewhere, to where you were they
cannot tell
Fuck me with me, you fucking with the best
Nigga so all you fucking with the wrong one
I will hit you with the milli-milli gun, got a millimeter gun
Blow out ya lungs
Like them old I-Tal-lans, Mafia, devil son
When you see me coming, better run for fucking cover
bum
(BLITE!) AK, SK, .44, Tre-8
This body kinda heavy, D.O.A., air away
Bitch you better take notes, 'fo you end up cut-throat
And ya on the ground bro', with your fuckin' shirt
soaked
Ini-Mini-Miny-Mo, blow a nigga out his clothes
Come out the trench-coat with a Sawed-Off, and lay me
down a hoe
So if you think ScareCrow ain't a gangsta come and
test the waters
You will be de-slaughtered, the dearly departed

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Crunchy Black]

Why you niggaz wanna test my gangsta?
Don't make a nigga run up and shank ya
Or put some cement in yo shit and sank ya
Or make you shoot yourself and then I'm thankin' ya
Throw tile over round your throat and drag ya cuz
Get nothing from me, but gangsta love
No testin' me my nigga, have you laying in blood
Or dig you a grave, cut ya bitch ass up

[Verse 4: Juicy-J] ({Yeah Hoe!} repeated threw the
verse)

You niggaz be trying to test, I ain't no slouch
I squeeze my fuckin' fist, my nig', I break the law
I call out a hit my nig', I make the fall
The handle with the bloody trig', is all they saw
'Fo yo ugly face was down, on the ground
A barrel pointed at your frown, with hollow rounds
I bet ya wanna run and shit, it's too late now
You shouldn't have been runnin' ya lip, to make me
clown

Bitch!

[Chorus]

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