

Silkk The Shocker F/ C-Murder, Krazy

"Gangsta Shit"

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[Verse 1]

Triple C clique droppin' somethin' to bump
Just giving you a taste of the Central Coast fuck
See it's time to ride, Imma take you city wide
Cause my verse is flowing trough the wicked southside
From the 8-0-5 to the 2-1-3, puttin' it down
See alot of Triple C
Dedicated to my homies every wagon stone
Dedicated to the hoes that love to flow
Cause I love to drop the shit, the shit will make you ill
Stayin' true to my game, and my game is truly real
Real uh? Real hard and fast
Passing fony clique's like a thing of the past
See, were coming up smooth, with the gangsta groove
Just layin' it down, without a thing to prove
So keep on Blazin' Up, and keep that ass lit
Cuase you can't get enough of that gangsta shit

Chorus 2x:

Can't get enough of that gangsta shit
Triple C, steady droppin' hits
Can't get enough of that gangsta shit
Fuck with us, and get a busted lip (bitch)

[Verse 2]

Teerin' it up? naw the same old shit
Another hit comin' from the clicka Central Coast Clique
Walking down the street's blowing motherfuckas up
Your talking much shit, and you can't get enough
Pissed off cause a rhymin' every time
Not once in a while, but on every line
Mixing, rhyming, is every thing to me
1-3 style, won't rap for free
I do it my way, Central Coast way, all the way
To see if another mexicano rapper makes my day
Fuckin' it up on the microphone, stutt-stuttering
anything
Better leave that shit home, and take a lesson from
mexicano's that know
How to drink down, smoke, and fucking flow
So keep on Blazin' Up, and keep that ass lit

Cuase you can't get enough of that gangsta shit

Chorus 2x

[Verse 3]

From city to city, block to block
Buster dropped, to the sound of my glock
Just letting all you putos know
You gotta slow your roll, and start a gangster kinda stroll
When you live in the Central Coast, the shit is all good
But being Mexican, I miss understood
So I use my verse to get my point across
The Central Coast Clique, you down, or get tossed
It's a motherfucking family
Triple C, and that's the way it's gotta be
Keep dropping hits and taking toast's
Drinking shit, and pumpin' out smoke
Dropping shit up on whatever you do
For whatever you do, keep your fucking game true
So keep on Blazin' Up, and keep that ass lit
Cuase you can't get enough of that gangsta shit

Chorus 2x

[Verse 4]

It's somethin' about the Central Coast sound, huh?
Feelin' the beat when we get down
Flowin' to a motherfucking b-a-shit
If you got no rhythm, then you might as well quit
Step off the mic and off stage, and while your at it
Check at the crowd and check the guage
Fucking it up like we always do
Some down ass homies and your damn ass crew
So keep your ass off the mix, bitch
Or you'll find your self in another fucking fix, bitch
Fony motherfucker, studio gangsta
Little trick ass bitch, motherfucking ranker
I never told a lie when I'm flowing on the mic
Your daddy is a queer and your mama is a dike
So keep on Blazin' Up, and keep that ass lit
Cuase you can't get enough of that gangsta shit

Chorus 2x

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