

## Speedy f/ Method Man, Prodigy, Roscoe "Gangsta Rapperz"

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[Intro: Prodigy & Method Man talking] [Chorus: Prodigy (Method Man)] Yo they get smoked up fuckin with these gangsta rappers (These niggas ain't rappers P, they fuckin actors) Might get locked up fuckin with you crazy bastards (What's hood nigga, get fucked up and then blasted) Mess around, might catch these slugs, don't put me in them caskets (Down south you call them choppers, up here we call the rachets) If you don't do it, nigga then you know what's happenin (Funny style niggas is clowns, but we ain't laughin) [Method Man] Who tryin to question my ghetto? Ya'll need to stop that I'm tryin to see how the kettle call it hot black I call my flow next level cus this is not rap Ya'll pop shit I pop back C'mon if you need a hot sixteen who do you call? Meth, lord of the underground, trick I do it all I'm angry at the baller, the game angry at ya'll I'm angry that I'm six feet tall and can't ball M-E-Th lights some bomb ass weed, I have to be So next time you hit the herb spot up, ask for me Let them know how I'm living this life fast and free I can't slow down, I'm somethin like Puff, pass the trees Let it go round, and I ain't feelin you clowns Like fake friends who look away when they be givin you pounds Some ho trying to act like she ain't feelin my style Till her legs are in the air, I bet she feelin me now [Chorus] [Speedy] I'm a gold nigga, paroled and hit the streets And ain't none of you rap niggas fuckin with me And stop fuckin for free, you ain't fuckin so your homies can see That bitch made nigga can't stand with me You get hit for just playin with me Cus I'm an east side nigga, a west side nigga Give a fuck side nigga, ride or die nigga, I'm still hot nigga Yeah crack your face, he had a gun on his waist Boy just erase, dubs and wide turns, weed we burn Big V12 nigga, four-five shells nigga We got the heat on us And you bitch made niggas gon squeeze on us You better ask somebody, I'm Gotti Gotti Get my grind on baby, get my shine on baby Feel me, just white tees and khaki shoes and got loose Still g'd in my suit, stil sing to my lou With the suade on my roof, 21's on the roof See the electric roof, with the gun so small, I'll hold down Snoop With a gun so small, I'll hold down

you, now tell me what the fuck I'm supposed to do  
Because your lil homie lift his shirt He got hit then your  
lil homie hit the dirt Yeah P, yeah Meth, tell them how  
that work [Chorus] [Roscoe] Sick in the head,  
derranged my brain iller The black Max Payne, these  
ain't no pain killers Game's realer, so proclaim  
Illadelph No shame in my game, I came from caine  
dealers I hang from the ceiling and drink liquor Slizzer,  
slur on the mic and speak easy My enemies just die  
when they see me And wifey wanna rock the mic, she  
freaky It's the admirable, admiral Roscoe the black  
Bobby ?Boshey?, so watch what you say Me and my boy  
?? make a rush for the border Lean out my Tahoe and  
yell "Yo Quiero Taco Bell?" My glock throw shells that'll  
rock your bells, phony nigga like taco shells Get hectic,  
dodged and got it You top notch? Got it, drop top and  
got it [Chorus]

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