

Z-Ro f/ Daz, Tony Montana, Law Fleze "I'm a Gangsta"

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(*talking*)

Yo yo yo (yeah man), this how we do it out here
You know I mean, ain't nothing but straight hustle
You know I mean, yeah

[Hook]

If you didn't know that, I'm a gangsta
Making that money, if you stiff me I'ma gank ya
Better off, bitch nigga I'ma bank ya
Yes nigga, I'd like to thank ya
If you didn't know bitch, I'm a gangsta
Making that money, if you stiff me I'ma gank ya
Hit you so swift, and I'ma bank ya

[Daz]

I'm just a gangsta, I fuck with gangstas
What's up to my niggaz, that don't fuck around with
prankstas
I ain't no ordinary, my commesary stay fat
Put em on they back, like this and like that
Clack-clack, niggaz'll get your strap
Get capped, we putting niggaz on they back
Now day's, you know my fucking rhyme pays
They fiend for this shit, that's how they seen us how
they grave
I'm a slave, until my fucking wicked ways
That's how I do it now-a-day's, to get paid
I drink my O.E., my homie told me
That you a bitch ass nigga, sucker and fony
Tell me what you need, that's what I really got
Your homie last week, them niggaz got shot
Stone and bombed out, I'm headed down South
Holla at my nigga Z-Ro, what we all about

[Hook]

[Tony Montana]

My whole damn life, been nothing but gangsta activity
Straight out the womb, the doctor said no possibility
For me to be a fortunate member, of the society
Been robbery robbery, intimidation and anxiety

Holler if you feel me, I'm a gangsta to the bone
Leave bullets when I'm pissed, you don't wanna cross
me homes
Indeco umbravo, estaso wando en fuego
Tony Montana a chicano, cubano who want some paper
Leave you stretched on the streets, 2-86 degrees
If gangsta living ducking prison, when you fucking with
G's
Never stopping the grind, for life I stay hustling
The real Montana, Z-Ro and Daz straight busting

[Law Fleze]

Sleezy talking bout what gangsta is, you a gangsta
bitch
I doubt it, but you green like a Heineken bottle
Plus you see through, I can see right behind you
You got broad in you, so walk like a model
You say you got gats, bet mine is bigger
Got more rockets in my house, than the Compact
Center
Z-Ro knock niggaz out, Daz he jack niggaz
But Law Fleze, I'm just gangsta nigga

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

All y'all niggaz, better recognize
Or somebody gon be a victim, of my tech tonight
I love nothing, you think I'm bluffing you can come and
try me
I'm a gangsta, and I been thugging way since the early
90's
Boss packers, get dealt with
I been busting my bitch so much, she almost melted
Had to switch up and get a chopper, cause I might get
murdered if my heat jam
But I ready to die with a AK, you don't wanna fuck with
me man
My aim, is straighter than a perm
Them big ol' bullets, make motherfuckers wiggle like
worms
Z-Ro the Crooked is not a hoe, but some niggaz think
I'm lying
Trying to stop me stacking, but hater you can't hold me
down
I'm unstoppable, but Presidential Records trying to stop
me
I'm a living breathing pistol, and road blocks will only
cock me
When I bust, ashes to ashes and dust to dust
Better get a weapon, cause it's murder when they

fucking with us

[Hook - 2x]

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