

**Clint Black & Wynonna****"Keep it Gangsta"**

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[Verse 1: G. Dep]

I got enough flows to spit, the coldest shit  
Give you what you supposed to get, to close ya lip  
I got enough O's to get, and hoes to hit  
Try to stick ya nose in shit, get froze and stiff  
Talkin' 'bout load ya clip, and O's you flip  
When you ain't holdin shit but droze and dick  
Roll the spliff, take the toke  
You either gettin cake or broke, you can stay awake or  
croak  
Take a note, take a vote  
By a landslide, tell ya man slide or I'll shake ya boat  
Take ya toast, this rap shit I make the oath  
To get cake or estates by the lake or boat  
Bad hoes, insatiable  
See the snake, eat steak, leave faith they hate to go  
Yo, its to late to blow  
Ya run around pay for hoes, that's why ya paper low

[Hook: Shyne]

We them niggaz with big guns and big dicks  
Flood ya block, and keep it gangsta  
We them niggaz with big guns and big dicks  
Coke them rocks, and keep it gangsta  
We them niggaz with big guns and big dicks  
Drop the top, and keep it gangsta  
We them niggaz with big guns and big dicks  
Wylin, stylin, keep it gangsta

[Verse 2: Shyne]

Shyne Po, I keep it gully like im supposed too  
In a hard top something frontin  
I must of fired, died, came back as a rapper  
Scarface, smith and eights, in my life after  
Bone crushers on my hip, cause shit get thick  
In the mist of killas tryin to get rich  
I'm two shells from hell tell 'em I'm made for this life  
District attorney, tryin' to indict  
But I don't give a fuck, 'cause I'ma do me  
Till them hollow points, rip through me  
I was born to die, live for what?

Plush slut, bucks, guns and dust  
Spent late nights in the kitchen, wishin'  
Watchin the pot boil, mixin, sniffin  
Keepin America high, and why wouldn't I?  
Gangstas don't talk, we beat the case and walk

[Hook: Shyne]

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We them niggaz with big guns and big dicks  
Drop the top, and keep it gangsta  
We them niggaz with big guns and big dicks  
Wylin, stylin, keep it gangsta

[Verse 3: G. Dep]

Yo, I got wild fed to earn, lead to burn  
slot time, dead ya turn  
Lotta cats gotta wait til they dead to learn  
Pastor Rev. Sermon, ya learnin'  
I'ma wild card to play, guard ya pay  
Goodbye's hard to say, cause ya moms to pray  
Ya lookin odd and gay, I'm modern day  
I'ma rep till im hard and gray, pardon me  
I'ma make it hard today, bombs away  
Launch grenades, at your entourage and blaze  
Calm ya rage, I aint even on ya page  
Ya see-thru like lingerie, guns in a large array  
Hit the door, kick the raw, spit that law, then spits some  
more  
Everybody hit the floor, I'm quick to draw  
Flows like hittin bitches raw, to sick to cure

[Hook: Shyne]

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