

Collins James M**"So Gangsta"**

Visit "[So Gangsta](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Dutch:] Put two trees on mine

[Spade:] Okay home boy

[Dutch:] So gangsta

[Gilly:] Gangsta!

[Spade:] An A+, we gon' stay up

[Dutch:] I said get back nigga

[Spade:] This shit gangsta

[Chorus - Dutch (Gilly)]

Ev-ery-time we drop its gangsta, so gangsta
(Gangsta!)

Ev-ery-time we drop its gangsta, so gangsta

You know whats up (CMR)

You niggas can't fuck wit us (Figga for life)

Cause everytime we drop its gangsta, so gangsta

[Spade]

We gon, keep it gangsta and drop it like its hot cause

Muh-fuckas ain't gon' rock it if its not

You say them whores modelin, them whores swallowin

When you in the Bently Azure with the Halogens

We CMR so hunnies see the bling and we

Out the car screamin money ain't a ting

Throwin hundreds out the window, blowin on some
endo

CL, spendin Sprewell's on the Benzo

[Gilly]

I never claim to be the toughest or the hardest nigga

But you know I ain't the softest nigga

What you want a coffin nigga?

Philly baller like A.I., I stay fly

Hit a nigga with three, but not from the key

From the Desert E hand gat

You get your mans clapped (when?)

When I pop up on his ass like anthrax

So who you ridin with? And who you slidin with?

If it ain't the Kid and them bitch get ridda him

I'm so gangsta!

[Chorus]

[Chops]

You catch Dirty at the dice game
Bets hittin the concrete
When the bricks and bones meet
Jags gettin new sneaks
Chrome dip size 20 on the feet
Plus the name gettin stiched in the Coach butter seats
Where I'm from we get tossed birds, never cross words
Act tough get your wig bust with the Mossberg
Philly nigga, four stars, I'm high rank
Played the pie, now I grind sellin denk countin bank
nigga

[Dutch]

If you ain't got shit
Lemme here you scream life is a bitch (its a bitch)
If you ever hadda take a niggas shit (gimme that shit!)
Put your gun in the air and wave it (yeah)
Yeah, yeah like that
Man I ain't listen to pop but I listen to Pac
Once again its Dutchman with Spade to the you-know
You know you know what you don't want
Dutchman sittin in your crib with the pump bitch!

[Chorus]

[Ab Liva]

Its beautiful when gangstas meet
See I had to learn, watch crawl slow
Gangsta to the crossroads
I speak in codes
Got the foresight for soft white
The yay brighter than them Porsche lights
(With poor sight) Thugs fall victim to the jakes
On my block (was on all night like a portch light)
You niggas is borin, I'm snorin, ignorin
Your cars' on Drexlers, my shit on Jordans
Two three, who we, heartfelt
I riddle my life over looseleaf, heartfelt
I scribble my life over looseleaf, thugs relate
Bout to break the thin line between love and hate
Thugs debate, glocks show, caskets come
Shots blow past, half masked, flags is up
Drop low fast, too late, gasp it up
So gangsta how I hit you bastards up

[Chorus x2 (to fade)]

