

Cypress Hill F/ MC Eiht "Like a Gangsta"

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[KL]

Yo, here we go
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah y'all, yeah y'all
That new Screw shit y'all
This is what y'all been worrying right? Uh-huh
This is that new Screw shit right here

[Poet]

Uh-huh, uh-huh
Screwball; Poet, KL...introducing Matrix
Back up, I'm 'bout to wage out
I'm 'bout to pull my shit
Clit a spip out
Y'all niggaz don't know nothing about
The dangerous routes
The roads I travelled, the walls, the battles, the coke
The spots, the money, the rains that fall from the top
And still survive the bust shots
Spit flames; Niggaz gettin' slaughtered in flames
'Shit's not a game
I'm flowin' like a hurricane
I come through you town and let murder rain
Acid from the planes
When it's time to bang I bang out
I'll leave you on the corner with your fuckin' brains out
Creep up on you were you love to hang out
Like Old Dog and Kane when they pulled them thangs
out

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Walk like a gangsta; talk like a gangsta
Gats done squeezin'; make 'em buck like a gangsta
Though cats; grillin' em
Bad bitches fillin' em
Thuns keep it real with em
Bitch niggas; killin' them

[Matrix Bars]

We live life like niggaz who can die any day
But you forget it's heaven, but we lie anyway
Smoke live ever lade, three times everyday

We spark three Scotts, my climb all day
My light in all directions, move in all ways
I travel like smoke that creep through hallways
Seep through doorways... cracks and crevices
My gage just die from lack of
How many niggaz that you know that can mop a D?
Know we dead ass won't, won't, won't, cop the pleat
But then you never met a nigga that's as cocky as me
Pull a flame, throw it out, make 'em drop and then
freeze
Let 'em know I ain't playing; pop one in his knee
Have his team and cops come gunning for me
Have gat men coming; have 'em running from me
Where them missiles come from?
From Matrix B, nigga

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[KL]

Ay yo, I'm low key
What the fuck you look like tryin' approach me?
Put your brains out on the ground with the debris
I rob with each, my whole click cop your squeeze
We don't get money niggas, fuck them petty thug
niggas
I'm that gangsta nigga; pop slugs in your wick
I'm that gangsta nigga; said fuck what you did
I'm that gangsta nigga your bitch wanna be with
New gel like hair grease
Just leave it on a small piece
But the picture's bigger than you
I'm living from Screw, Lou!
Open the gates 'cuz I'm sending 'em through
I got the semi and the Henny and a mob that smash
All you over night thug niggaz just won't last
Got enough thuns and gun that'll come and blast
We could duck on you bitch ass niggaz and keep our
freedom
Murk you on the low and tell your click when we see 'em
Fuck y'all, kiss our ass, we got cash now!

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[Outro: KL]

Yeah, yeah...you know, you know
Did about some game shit right?
Here we are again, r-right now...Screwball
Yeah, this shit ain't fucking dying down yo'
'Fuck y'all doing? Screwball right here
And we still popping off nigga, we still popping off
We ain't slowing nothing down

We gone' be dropping albums like mix tapes nigga
'Bout to make the game hard
And next time it's gone' be on your motherfucking jaw
Screwball...Hyped Entertainment...let it speak nigga,
yeah
One album, Screw some shit
Y'all ain't ready for this type of shit yet
Shot niggaz down
FUCK a major label...eat a dick
....This is that shit

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