

Alfamega

"You Ain't Gangsta"

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[50 Cent]

Look If you ain't worth a mil, you ain't far from broke
Got anought heart to sell weed but you scared of dope
I wouldn't snitch on my peoples if the feds grabbed me
Yo ass would hit more notes than Ron Isley
I wouldn't rhyme about Rolleys if I had no watch
Wouldnt write about crack if I ain't had no spot
You talk six coupe shit you only pushing a trey
Got bitches shutting you down in the C.L.K
For cats like you, crime don't pay
You just linger in the hood, them niggaz blow you away
You the type to get paper when I'm locked up, get yo
jewels rocked up
Then have to tuck em in when I pop up
Niggaz in the hood sayin "50's Grimy"
Cause they hit me wit Kosami and now they can't find
me
If you see it how I see it, my watch is yo whip
And I can cop anotha one afta each assist

[Chorus x2]

You ain't no gangsta
You'se a busta, a customer, a sucker
You fake fraudulent motherfucker
You ain't a gangsta
I should cut ya, cock back and bust ya or stomp you out
cause
We don't trust ya

[50 Cent]

You owe a nigga? You don't wanna pay him?
Kill him, that's what they said ta ta disapper him
Y'all ain't got to believe me
When I'm done with this rhyme if theres time I'll hit a
flick
Wit Mariella this connect bitch, Peruvian chick
She ain't hot but eevrytime I fuck the coke right drops
When it's time to get it on (what)
I pull over the thong (uh huh)
Fuck till I nut then get up, I'm gone (yeah)
Usualy hit it watchin tele way out in L.A.

I like it when she say "Papi I feel it in my Belly"
Call up all my niggaz in New York on the celly
First thing I'm sayin is "Nigga what da deally"
Pack a trey pound up under my Pelle Pelle
Y'all niggaz want war, clap clap, Oh really?
I watch niggaz slang packs in front of the deli
Got 20 inch chrome sittin on my perili
Lorenzo on the Benzo nigga you feel me?

[Chorus x2]

You ain't no gangsta
You're a busta, a customer, a sucker
You fake fraudulent motherfucker
You ain't a gangsta
I should cut ya, cock back and bust ya or stomp you out
cause
We don't trust ya

[50 Cent]

Fix the cell, blast the room devil spray, turnin proof
Hoe whip, bulet proof, yopu ain't fuckin wit me, duke
Bricks from Filipe, 19 five, what we pay
Cop on a week mad hard to catch him on the weekday
Niggaz backed up, slugs to the gut, that'll bet him up
Gettin fed thru his arm in a hospital wil slim him up
Get it thru yo head, 50 Cent don't care
I cock triggers light the blockup, iller than times square
Real shit, you spit it cause you seen it
I spit it cause I did it and I mean it
Man, I don't like none of y'all
Fuck around I'll run in y'all pop one in y'all
Had the whole hood talkin bout what I done to y'all
Listen I don't give a fuck if you blood or cuz
I got love for thugs niggaz firing slugs
Stage rapping ass niggaz ain't sold no drugs
Gotta show me some love cause my sins are bluffed

[Chorus x2]

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