

Apathy

"Here Come the Gangstas"

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[Chorus]

"Here come the gangstas...Uh huh
and you can't see their face...Uh huh" -> 2X
"They're comin' for you"

[Verse 1]

CT all day, bad news all day
Grade school teacher moved my desk into the hallway
Trouble starter, mother/father taught me how to hustle
harder
See dough like Nino, but fuck The Carter, must be
smarter
Apply the profit 'till my pockets overflow
Any opposition tryin' to stop it and I'll overthrow
Comin' out buckin' like a cowboy on a bull at a rodeo
Throw you in a hole below the stone where the ??? go
Flows that all your homies know from Canada to Tokyo
I'm steppin on your toes like an amateur that dosey doe
Scientific, typical, a genius is the evilest
Who raised hell so high, the Eskimos are feverish
Be cool, 'cause me even dealin' with these fools
Is kinda like a rocket scientist teachin' pre-school
Y'all swear to God that ya gangsta gangsta
But reality'll rearrange ya

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Even with all the hate and love that I've received
I sit and read off the page 'till my iris bleed
I've seen it all from the backwoods, 'burbs and trees
Overseas, back to CT, home to me
To them shitty city blocks, dudes hustlin' ki's
Where the breeze blows excess weaves like
tumbleweeds
I'm up 24/7 with beats in my head
No time to sleep, son, I'll sleep when I'm dead
And I ain't really sweatin' all that MC shit
Forget 'em, I buy backpackers and trendy chicks
'Cause when I start to see success, then the envy hits
They used to love me, now I'm on their enemy list

I'm tryin' to write the right song that'll get me rich
Dip in the Hollywood hills 'till my Bentley flips
My flow's fluid as a wave that a jetski skips
My wife's Japanese and white, little sexy bitch
My pen's a MAC-10, my freestyle's a shell
My cell was set with a speed dial for Hell
So...no more thinkin' that you're gangsta gangsta
But reality'll rearrange ya

[Chorus]

[Bridge] (2X)

It's all gangstas, gangstas at the top of the list
So I play my own shit, it goes somethin' like this

[Verse 3]

I'm the icing on the cake, money in the bank
Inmates who make shanks out the mixtape case
The look on a fiend's face when his lips taste base
Is based on the fact that crack put him into outer space
Based on that, if this is just based on rap
I keep it basic and just bump bass on tracks
In fact...A lot of y'all think ya gangsta gangsta
But reality'll rearrange ya

[Chorus]

[Outro]

Yeah, Chum...another Skrilla Guerilla killa
Demigodz, Doe Rakers
What up, Celph? What up, Mo'?
What up, Hoot? What up, Spliff?
What up, E? What up, South Paw?
Yeah...uhh! Uh!

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