

Bleach

"Gangsta Boogie"

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[TWIN LOC]

Gotta watch my back to see these niggas got it fucked
up
But I keep my heater on me daily, nigga what's up?
You're fucked up!
Then put these shells with the .9 Nina
Releasin' vapors on that ass like Biz
This like not misdemenour
So take notes I skit throats up of a rhyme byter
Bump your bitch
Just spliff her on 'em all nighter
Gangsta haters
Can't stand to see me comin'
With this Tec-9 creepin' nigga and straight up dumpin'
Now let's roll
Until you loose control
Steady reachin' for the sky watch this game unfold
For this real Eastside Rida man, it's all about that
cheddar
Tryin' to live my life better
Tryin' to buy them fly sweaters
Throw the Macs in the cut
Keep it right, keep it strong tight
Never loose my head as I be dead keep my game right
In the city there's no pity
So I exercise my game
Better watch your front cause I be back
Crippin' it up again

Up jump tha Boogie to the Gang Bang Boogie
To the rhythm of the streets it don't stop
I say up jump tha Boogie to the Gang Bang Boogie
To the rhythm of the streets it don't stop
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[MAC-11]

Lord have mercy on the young black
I shoot up shit with the Tec then where my pride at?

My will is empty all I do is 'pose I'm daydreamin'
I've seen it all but couldn't tell you what life mean
What's my purpose?
What's a city, hittin' and hurt and suffer
I show no love for these
Busta-ass motherfuckers
Convicted fellow a criminal mind that they can't get a
job
So when I'm home we do our starve to death row or
robs
Oh my god
I only call on you when I need ya
You know a nigga get you high back before he feature
The only child runnin wild still on parole
I got a son he don't know me
And he's 12 years old
Sadness and madness, they hurt me in the worst ways
The Jury say I missed all my son birthdays
Moment of silence means quiet on the fuckin' set
Lord please don't let my son walk my footsteps
He couldn't handle it
He sees to many crucifixe
Plus he got to be proud of his friends high and close
his eye
And bless his momma, she's a money hungry lyin' rat
Didn't mean to call her that
But damn that's how the fuck she act
I've been locked down for three long whole summers
Fuck the block they test a motherfuckin phone number
I'm needin' help but can't did it from a damned soul
But the homie
And they just gave him life without parole
Lord have mercy

[BIG FREEZE]

For sure when I bust verbally
???? label me a threat to society
Maybe it's because I spit with force
Or I'm too
Underground of being seen in their Source - Magazine
But well of course I take one of those game machine
Fullies
With the 15 round clip and an infrared beam
Crime scene
Knowin' fellas death strugglers
A gathors representer by players, killers and hustlers,
now bust
He be down stomped out and jacked
Act city by ?? tellin' you Watts niggas it's like that and
fat
I don't know no more niggas like my niggas old schools

squads
Rhyme besides the robbers with the
50 Caliber
Semi-automatics can't stop
Refused to quit we gotta let these busters have it
Strategically seem shared dreams in infrared beams
Screamin breakin' the demons
Trying to step by all means
And I know I'ma have to pop just to protect my turf
Or be a bitch and trying to cream wind up in the hearse
Oh no, now Freeze I keeps it real no faking
Cause the hood's for death loc
I just can't shake this is talent
We was raised by G's
From the good old days
Laced with this gangsterizm just playin' these cold
ways
How crime pays and fully K's mean power
Trippin' a few ?island? in that ass some lead shower
And that jump the more death
More tape empty shells and my soul might
Burn in hell
I can't tell you to outcome cause I don't know
But one thing I know for sure was everybody gots to go

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