

Banda El Recodo

"More Gangsta Music"

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[Intro]

Gangsta Music part 2. Dip Set
Killa, Heatmakerz, Juelz Santana
C'mon. Lets Do It
Can I get a jeah, jeah, jeah, jeah
Everywhere jeah, jeah
Up, down, left, right, jeah, jeah, jeah, jeah
Shorty's movin again jeah, shorty's loose wit the pen
jeah
Shorty do wit the wind jeah, jeah, jeah, jeah

[Verse 1: Cam'Ron]

They say I walk around like I got a S on my chest
Tech on my left, gangstaz wit me ready to step. (Jeah)
I like a chick wit big breasts on her chest
Not flat lookin like somebody stepped on her chest.
(Jeah)
What, (jeah) Shit, (jeah) Fuck, (jeah) Bitch, (Jeah)
You so crazy. (Jeah jeah jeah jeah!)
My niggaz spit the glock (oh so slow whoa)
Rude boi lick a shot (BO BO BO BO!)
Neva seen up in a pot (oh so much coke)
Cook it to a bigga rock (aye aye oh oh)
And I be wit dem gangstaz (jeah), I creep wit the
gangstaz (jeah)
Crack a dutch or Philly and cheif cheif wit the gangstaz
I stay wit a lady (jeah), she stay wit a lady (jeah)
They makin me crazy. (Jeah jeah jeah jeah!)
I spray em wit babies (jeah), in they face till they hate
me (jeah)
And I'm makin em crazy. (Jeah jeah jeah jeah!)
And they like when I do it (jeah), they like when I move
it (jeah)
They like when I work it, they like when I hurt it
I stay icy on purpose, like icy perservers
More than likely I'm the nicest you hearda. Jeah!

[Hook]

I'm movin movin movin jeah! He's movin movin movin
aye!
We movin movin movin jeah! Stop movin aye! Shot

bruise em yeah!
Two more for Cam fa takin over the Roc. Yeah... Yeah!
It's my year so
Yeah! It's like the whole Bird Gang's in here, like Kurt
Cobain's was here
Yeah yeah yeah yeah!

[Verse 2: Juelz Santana]

Still listen to gangsta music (aye) how dem gangstaz
do it (aye)
Shorty came to do it (aye aye aye aye)
I bang wit the five (aye) I see hate in ya eyes (aye)
You waitin to die (aye aye aye aye)
I pray for you guys, hate to keep waistin ya lives
Love to keep bakin new pies, strapin the scrapes off the
side
You can love it (yeah aye) you can hate it (yeah aye)
You can want it (yeah aye aye aye aye)
I'm Babe Ruth in this game, beige coupe in the lane
State Troopers they came, damn he's movin again
(aye)
I'm a better child, yous a pedophile (aye aye aye aye)
I go dough let around, my hoe slow head around
They DTP's deep throat professionals
My D.I.P.'s we so professional
Got weed, coke, and ecstasy, lean, dope, and wet to
sale
We blow jars of the dank, like Bob Marley was wake
Real shocked ya, fuck ya foreigners stay
I'm movin movin movin (yeah)
Y'all losin losin losin (aye)

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Cam'Ron]

I'm on the southside of Chicago lookin for a real hoe
I dont see a touchdown, arms up feild goal
Got some ill gold, diamonds thats still low
Lil dick you a dickhead, nah dildo
I chill though, pippin in the Range
All this icin I'm ashamed, look like lightnin' in the chain
Who was first that moved wit they fam (who)
Ask you, tattoos on they hand (who)
Slang all the white (who) cruise wit the tan (who)
Pink on they back (who) blue in they van (who)
Yellow on his ear (who) steam on the rock (who)
Puple in the air (who) green in his pocket
I aint dissin you dog, I'm dismissin you
Get the R. Kelly tape and see how we piss on you
Thats Kool-Aid, Moutain Dew, and Cris on you
Ya family will be missin you, theres a kiss for you

[Hook]

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