

## Box Car Racer

### "Gangsta Luv Pt. 2"

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(Verse 1)

It's 1996 and I'm dippin with my G  
I'm claimin Cartel till I die, sippin hennessey  
Got the rolex on my neck and my wrist  
Dis a hoe that's all I know as the 100 spoke twist  
G's rollin tighter than a G-string hoes wanna playa hate  
The conversation's stupid 'cause forever I'ma celebrate  
And aim with my homies finger clutched on a Tec.9  
Yo bitch, you walk a thin line  
Buggin 'cause I'm rockin videos in they eyes, buggin  
me  
Packin up your shit and leavin me while I'm in Italy  
So let the dog hit you where the dog shoulda porched  
on  
In other words get the fuck on  
Tryna stack a mill ticket  
But you always get mad when my G's kick it  
But on the road it's us against the world  
For my G I would take a slug  
'Cause it's gangsta luv

(Chorus)

It's that gangsta love from the S.C.C.  
Talkin 'bout these bitches and rollin with my G's  
It's that gangsta love from the S.C.C.  
Can't get no peace because these hoes keep sweatin  
me

(Verse 2)

I'ma be a G from the nighttime to the break of dawnin  
'N the morning I clip the .9 mill when I'm yawnin  
Performin days'n days but you be trippin on my status  
Buggin me with family matters  
I'm a gangster when I mention that's the way I kick it  
Now that you addicted you tryna make me switch it  
I picture me and you holdin, blue 64  
Baby locs in the back seat hittin dips hoe  
(Bonnie & Clyde) no matter what the fuck is happenin  
You holdin my back that's even if it call for cappin  
And scrappin baby had love for G's  
Another page from the eastside trilogy

But you be buggin, couldn't deal with a gangsta's lovin  
It's nuthin that'll keep your lifestyle plush'n  
Rushin from hood to hood 'cause you think I'm caught  
slip'n  
But it's gangsta luv still dipp'n

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Blowin up my pager and you know you had the chance  
But I never call you back I hope that ass understands  
You see me dippin in a beamer 5-25  
High sippin on a Semor  
Right, now you wanna ride with a nigga  
'cause a nigga's livin large, hoe  
Posted in the Central, I drop that ass like some cargo  
Rhimeson on a path to luxuries so stop beepin me  
Hoe, your ass is history  
As my game got deep like the Abyss  
I had to make you drop the miss, prod  
And now you miss, tha  
Rollin Havikk Rhimeson and the Prode'je  
Callin all the hoes that begin with the letter "B"  
Saw you couldn't deal with this, you say I'm caught up  
in the game  
My head had blown up from the fame, I'm the same  
O.G. E-A-S-T rider  
With this gangsta luv I provide ya

(Chorus)

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