

Cent "What Up Gangsta"

Visit "[What Up Gangsta](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

G-Unit, we in here
We can get the drama popping
We don't care
It's going down 'cuz I'm around
50 Cent, you know how I gets down

What up, blood? What up, 'cuz?
What up, blood? What up, gangsta?
What up, blood? What up, 'cuz?
What up, blood? What up, gangsta?

They say I walk around like got an 'S' on my chest
Naw, that's a semi-auto, and a vest on my chest
I try not to say nothing, the DA might want to play in
court
But I'll hunt or duck a nigga down like it's sport

Front on me, I'll cut ya, gun-butt ya or bump ya
You getting money? I can't get none with ya then fuck
ya
I'm not the type to get knocked for D.W.I.
I'm the type that'll kill your connect when the coke price
rise

Gangstas, they bump my shit them they know me
I grew up around some niggas that's not my homies
Hundred G's I stash it, the mack I blast it
D's come we dump the diesel and battery acid

This flow's been mastered, the ice I flash it
Chokes me, I'll have your mama picking out your
casket, bastard
I'm on the next level, Breitling baguette bezel
Benz pedal to the metal, hotter than a tea kettle, blood

What up, blood? What up, 'cuz?
What up, blood? What up, gangsta?
What up, blood? What up, 'cuz?
What up, blood? What up, gangsta?

We don't play that, we don't play that
We don't play that, we don't play around

I sit back, twist the best bud, burn and wonder
When gangstas bump my shit, can they hear my
hunger?
When the 5th kick, duck quick, it sounds like thunder
In December I'll make your block feel like summer

The rap critics say I can rhyme, the fiends say my dope
is a nine
Every chick I fuck with is a dime
I'm like Patty LaBelle, homie, I'm on my own
Where I lay my hat is my home, I'm a rolling stone

Cross my path I'll crush ya, thinking I won't touch ya
I'll have your ass using a wheelchair, cane, or crutches
Industry hoes fuck us, in the hood they love us
Stomp a bone out your ass with some brand new
chuckas

What up, blood? What up, 'cuz?
What up, blood? What up, gangsta?
What up, blood? What up, 'cuz?
What up, blood? What up, gangsta?

We don't play that, we don't play that
We don't play that, we don't play around
We don't play that, we don't play that
We don't play that, we don't play around

We don't play that, we don't play that
We don't play that, we don't play around
We don't play that, we don't play that
We don't play that, we don't play around

Visit [Cent](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.