

## Df Dub

### "Dat's Gangsta"

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[U-God]

Brand new magnetic Killah Hill scorches  
Monster talk bosses, spank 'em, step into my office  
Crunch time steroid big boy itches  
Eyes that lay for blood money riches  
Switches thug men gunmen dirty lung sticker  
Arch-crime Hitler, lurking with the lifter  
Shift the man vs. man heavy on the hands  
Chef in the kitchen cooking love love..slam!  
Blow out the stash; keep the bundle in the bush and the  
trash  
D-up, burn brother for the real..fast  
Terrible lung split frame for reala  
One-man go low hit man guerilla  
Whispering there something of a thriller, killer  
Drift, dirty fiend snore, scratch and sniff  
Dirty tombs diggin' you and my duty  
Rudy, mighty rap now toss another beauty  
Truly yours Golden Arms New York native  
Talk, shankin' my mouth now gangsta walk

[Chorus: U-God]

(effect)..Rock! Dat's Gangsta..What?  
Dat's Gangsta  
(effect) Rock! Rock on Dat's Gangsta..what?!

[U-God]

When I pump pump you'll prepare for a lump  
Magnificent funk plus it's wild on the dump  
Suckers can't fuck with the rhymes I conduct  
I fuck this mic like some big Mike slut  
Put your big shoes on now walk your struts  
Thought your last rugged cuts was rough enough?  
Right?  
Snuff you buck you stuck in the guts  
Untenable thrust plus that hammerhead busts  
Once I splash acapella wind shaft  
This sick wild behavior can't shield from the BLAAST!  
Thrash mash the pedal now dash  
Outta town slangin' two bricks in my stash  
Sound cage of rage livin'that status

That murderous thirst that's reign of the baddest  
You heard it here first one verse then you're caught  
Everybody jumpin' out gangsta walk rock  
[Chorus : U-God]

[ U-God]

Raw, cold winds energize rebels  
All our doors swingin' killing floor level  
Explode code of silence my violence you respect  
Liver than flesh that this mic head the best  
Veteran chest never say die never say rest  
The hang time derange in this rap game divine  
Now change of the range bang with gansta our line  
Bust the falcon mic mountain men you know the  
outcome  
Define we pro dynamo I'm still scalpin'  
The body countin' rhyme drop put it on kill now  
Toil your girl in your Cadillac Seville chill  
Golden arch stolen heart no I'm robbin' fed  
Baddest women in the bed nigga mobbin'

[Chorus: U-God]

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