

## Billy Jo Spears

### "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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