

## Blade

### "Gangsta Melody"

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(MC Ren)

I'ma prisoner like I'm onna ball and a chain so  
I stand aside while I ride and my gang throws  
Bouncin around like a ball that you can catch with a mitt  
While the other motherfuckers catch a fit  
I snap necks and break arms and start storms  
But you couldn't keep warm ya trashed your uniform  
I dragged the ball, the chain was a weapon so  
But I was in the eye of the law so I kept it low  
When its time to smoke I'm no joke  
The chain'll twist around ya throat to choke  
So, ya turn red then ya dead  
But in the world that you're steppin thats minus one  
illiterate head  
Its easier said than done  
I consider it fun to smoke a nigga witta gun  
MC Ren slappin motherfuckers up with a wrench  
Witha bitch on the corner in a trench  
And you're tense cause you know I'm packin with lead  
Plus your also shakin cause your momma's there holdin  
my dick head  
So everything is movin steadily  
Cause MC Ren is lettin off with the melody  
Kick It

(Lil Nation)

Like a deciever, cold is the fever that I began with  
I loaded a clip I gatted up and I ran with  
Attempt to escape but too late cause I ran amuck  
Police was in pursuit but I didn't give a fuck  
Another unit hooked to chase  
I slowed down to let em catch up to look at my face  
They don't fuck with the kingpin of the hood  
They wanna arrest me but they never could  
Because with no hesitation I put a gun to your head and  
blast it  
Face the Nation you'll be dead so pull up a casket  
I bring descension upon on sucka  
And just for attention I go loke and smoke a  
motherfucker  
Never jock when clockin dollars I don't play

I do this shit for many hours a day  
For like 20, and for the other four I got my drawers  
around my ankles  
And got my dick in somebody's hoe  
Thats how I'm livin and I don't give a damn  
Call you a hoe, this is the kinda motherfucker I am  
Born to be insane fuck what you're tellin me  
Yo Tre, pump this shit up for Gangsta Melody

(Lil Nation)

Its like a psycho, born with my hand on a rifle  
My gauge is like a god and my bullets are like disciples  
Born to jack when I pack I go underground  
Silencers are on my gats so I can kill without a sound  
No need for yankin' my posse off the motherfuckin  
shelf  
Cause I'ma posse my God damn self  
With a vengeance to fuck a local heroism  
Yo, I'm in a show, CPO you're vocal terrorism  
First priority is make police departments a mockery  
I even got the governor jockin me  
Dissed all the law beggin me, leave my law  
Turn the macks down to minimal, I'm a criminal to em,  
but  
I want the shoots with attempt to annihilate  
I know the law but I'm destined to violate  
The fugitive offender I don't need luck to rehearse  
On my agenda fuckin up is like first  
They said gonna put me in a door tight facility  
But I'll fight back by bustin a quiet soliliquy  
Thats what I do til I die while the law tries to spoil my  
rebelry  
I be loyal to gangsta melody

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