

Evthanazia

"Gangsta Shit's Like A Drug"

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[Tray Deee]

Yeah again, another group collaboration

Verse One: Tray Deee

From the second I get dressed to get to steepin I'm on
one

Fillin up the 4-4 if pop-po want some

I ain't runnin from a motherfucker

Dust a sucker off if he soft then fuck him if he suffer

Another One Bites The Dust like the song say

Bust em in the wrong way, caught up in the gunplay

One day, some say, we all gon' die

Human lives to my eyes, take a size and bye

You're on your own, give em all and go explode

It's a cold that aroze when you chose your clothes

Blue or red, who will care if we all was rich?

Ballin tills, haulin chickens, flossin grips

I give a damn bout the next fool, my Tek rule

Ol' school nigga bout to take it to the next school

This gangsta shit is like drugs, runnin with thugs

Puttin slugs in your motherfuckin mug

Chorus: Squeak-Ru, (Tray Deee)

This gangsta shit is like a drug, (I got to ride)

and live for the hood to show my love

repeat

(*singing*)

This gangsta shit is like a motherfuckin gangsta drug

Crips and Bloods, ooooh

repeat

Verse Two: Squeak-Ru

I got to bang on my enemy

I got make sure they know, they ain't afraid of me

So I'm gon' ride on they hood

Leavin nuttin but obituaries til they get it understood

You know that Squeak-Ru capped em

I wantcha homegirl photo book to be full of em

I'll be the gossip for ya block
When y'all explain to each other how I creep with the
Glock
The 4-5 nigga did the damage
I took two to da dome, so, nigga, fuck a bandage
And all you got was a bodybag
Accommodations to the morgue, equipped with a toe tag
Now you know I'm a killer
You cross my name out on the ward, it lets me know
y'all remember
Mashed on your hood and got a trophy
If you really want revenge, nigga, come get me

Chorus

Verse Three: Mack 10

This gangsta shit is a must, and plus I bust
and puff angel dust for the headrush
I like the way the Teks spit when I'm lit
I feel like "Fuck the police" and "a bitch ain't shit"
Plus I represent my curb to the fullest
and them, so-called hogs be like track stars when I pull
this
Beat out, get the sheet out when I roam
Cos the first fool caught slippin on my block gettin
done
So fuck a job, dogg, I jacks for my figures
Plus I live by the trigger and I ride for my niggas
On all-gold twisters on a front and back Caddy
Every broad in they ghetto wish I was their baby daddy
So which lucky ho wanna be Miss Mack 1-0
You gotta have a gang of ass and be a dick-suckin pro
I wanna down bitch for my bride and when we ride
Gotta love this gangsta shit and be down for the
homicide

Chorus:

This gangsta shit is like a drug, (I got to ride)
and live for the hood to show my love
repeat
(*singing*)
This gangsta shit is like a motherfuckin gangsta drug
Crips and Bloods, ooooh
repeat x3

[Mack 10] Rest in peace to all the soldiers
we lost to this gangsta shit

