

## Fabulous "Keepin It Gangsta (Remix)"

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**(feat. Styles, Jadakiss, Paul Cain, M.O.P.)**

*[Jadakiss]* D-Block

*[Styles]* True indeed

*[J]* Double R

*[S]* Yes, true indeed

*[J]* Desert Storm

*[S]* True indeed

(Sheek Lu' where you at?)

*[S]* True indeed

(Haha, You know how we doin' baby?)

*[Jadakiss (Styles)]*

Keepin' it Gangsta, uh, yeah, uh, yeah, uh, yo

How many men could you kill? (Let me count all the bullets I got)

Many bricks could move, (you can say 20 a block)

Many niggas'll ride (you could fill a football field)

(How much money you got?) You think I signed a football deal

(My nigga give me the word, I'm gonna kill that lane)

You know major league niggas play the kidnap game

Have the kid missin' for days, listen and pray

(And I'm kill 6 of your niggas, 6 different ways

And we still got exza of rhymes) Still gangsta

(Try to run up on the guy, that send your legs to your mom)

And we still got kilos of coke

(Ruff Ryders to the death, ride or die nigga we know the oath)

That's why I'm tryin' to send this metal through your head

Cause you got me curious, you probably look better when your dead

Nine by the spine, (5th in the holst)

Scum bag it's them D-Block boys, daddy kissin' the ghost

(Comin' through like the "Matrix" in the A-6

Triple black leather, six-speed, with the gray stick)

Give me the safe, I spit at your face

Double clip in your mug, then have SP hit it wit mase

(And we just caught burners and do me I'll say this)

Your little niggas lookin' up to me like the walls in  
Green Haven  
Keep heat and we shank ya, (rob ya and say thank ya)  
Now that's keepin' it gangsta (keepin' it gangsta)

*[Chorus - Fabolous]*

Ya'll know who  
Keepin' it Gangsta  
We come through  
Keepin' it Gangsta  
Ya'll know how we do  
Keepin' it Gangsta  
My whole crew  
Keepin' it Gangsta

*[Fabolous (Paul Cain)]*

Yeah, ok, uh, yeah, uh, yo  
We your favorite gangstas, favorite gangstas (do  
better both)  
Before these slugs sink hitters, weighs like anchors  
We don't own clean guns (all our skets is dirty  
I toss bullets, New York niggas gel like Testaverde  
I don't keep the scope on the ratchet  
And for the dope I'm gonna catch it)  
Make sure the joint ain't point blank so they can't open  
your casket  
My whole crew (got glocks on 'em)  
In a hurry to shoot, (like they put shot clocks on 'em)  
All that gossip we blast, better see if they possibly has  
A V12 ambulance that will get you to a hospital fast  
(We done came out the cages in shackles

I ain't call a pager to track you  
I'm loadin' up gauges to whack you  
We been riding together  
And us back and forth), it's like puttin' Saddam Hussein  
and Bin Laden together  
Soon as you get a crumb, they wanna bury ya  
That's why I travel with a semi, like Eddie in "Coming to  
America"  
(Silencers, it sound like it's hummin' when I'm airin' ya  
Won't know you hit, 'til your body start numbin' in that  
area)  
The kids don't want to see the toast of mom and daddy  
Plus we rather be roastin' Charming fatties  
In a toasted armor Caddy  
(And we come through, with chains glisten and thangs  
spittin'  
Hollow shots'll leave your brain missin'  
Ghetto F A B (and Paul Cain nigga)  
We gettin' heaps of complaints for Keepin' it Gangsta

(Keepin' it Gangsta)

*[Chorus]*

*[Billy Danze]*

Hey yo, we represent them down ass niggas (OK)  
M.O.P. (OK), rip rounds at you clown ass niggas (ALL  
DAY)  
B Day nigga get up off snooze *[snoring noise]*  
Don't make me put your gangsta on the 6 o'clock news  
You ride in a what (what's up), don't get it fucked up  
Or twisted, cause you'll get it twisted and fucked up  
And die in that truck  
(be cautious when your walkin' through, be careful who  
you talkin' too, comes the boom)  
It's the livest motherfuckers of the century  
You niggas is killin' me, you got to be kiddin' me (ah ha  
ha)  
Ain't nobody takin' it and makin' it  
Extra like dust, throwin' they ass on the record and  
bless it like Gus  
(NOW) now about them weak flows, keep those, we eat  
those  
As far as meat goes, we keep those, the street knows  
The MO (MO) P is what's up  
We in the cut, Brownsville is heatin' it up (COME ON)

*[Lil' Fame]*

Yo your ego, why still spit lines that your bitch  
Play C low, and spit four five's at your six  
Ya'll don't really wanna lose your life  
So I'm gonna smack flames out ya, pick ya money up  
and roof ya dice  
Yo, you done know were we from (FROM) soldier, come  
(COME) soldier  
Jump (JUMP) soldier, you been found and your whip's  
slumped over  
With your gangsta ass, dead and your gone  
Iced out, chain out, with ya brains out, head on your  
horn *[horn noise]*  
You (YOU) know (KNOW), who (WHO) be Keepin' it  
Gangsta  
With a truck full of goons that fakesta  
And the Brownsville niggas from the past  
That run up, put a hammer to ya gut, and tell ya drop it  
in the bag  
You gangsta, Paul whatever (haha), cause for real if I  
ever ever (what)  
Ever ever catch yo ass flippin', I'm gonna pop a collar  
(BOOM)  
Woo mack and when your bitch holla

*[Chorus]*

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