

Fat Amy

"Dat Gangsta Shit"

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Yeah, uhh, dat gangsta shit
Uhh, yeah, dat gangsta shit
Uhh, dat gangsta shit
What you love huh? dat gangsta shit
What you want huh? dat gangsta shit
Now what we live huh? dat gangsta shit
Yeah, uhh, uhh

Recognize my presence, this rap game specialized with legends
I drop shit niggaz try to memorize in seconds
You criticize me, still visualize the lessons
And when I wish to put aside the questions
Before they find out, who's the realest
Who done spoke without one joke about the illest
Shit that ever happened, in this rappin beyond rappin
Joe the God it ain't so hard to start clappin
But I lay low, create flows, for the pesos
Now we got extra hoes, wantin to chase shows
I take foes, and break em down to minerals
We went from street corner thugs to white collar criminals
Individuals, with no peace on the quest
The iced out, piece on my chest, from the east to the west
Never sleep in a sweat, keep the heat with the vest
Ready for the 'casian blazin gettin deep with the best
The police wanna test my strategy, got half of the world
Mad at me, but very few challenge me
Perhaps you will be the first to approach this, lyrical dope shit
Cartagena will bring the chrome like explosives

Now what you love huh? dat gangsta shit
What you want huh? dat gangsta shit
Now what we live huh? dat gangsta shit
Dat gangsta shit, dat gangsta shit

Yeah, uhh, uhh
Fuck the whole world, all I need is my dough and my

girl
And even she can get it, everybody go to hell
I don't need y'all, disrespect the don and i'ma see y'all
Hit you with the tech and the armor, you see-saw
That's my steez, if I don't kill you i'ma clap you these
Ask your peeps if I ain't have the beast soundin
japanese
Coughin blood, that's what you get for talkin thug
Run up on your preacher with the sweeper feature
coughin slugs
Once a thug always a thug, hallways and drug dealers
Fillers, killers, they wanna chill all day with us
They love the don, these words are more than just
another song
If I said I slit your neck, your jugular's gone
Ain't nothin artificial, joe the god, the terror squad
official
Got a lot of pistols with missiles, prayer lies with you
The shit you say'll get you sprayed with the clapper
Just remember joe the God is not your ordinary rapper

Now what we love huh? dat gangsta shit
What you want huh? dat gangsta shit
Now what we live huh? dat gangsta shit
Dat gangsta shit, dat gangsta shit

Now what you love huh? dat gangsta shit
What you want huh? kick dat gangsta shit
What you live huh? dat gangsta shit
Dat gangsta shit, dat gangsta shit

Yeah
Goin out to all the real niggaz
All the niggaz that support real hip-hop
All my niggaz on the corners
Dj's, no matter where the fuck you from
It's where's your gat, hahaha
Primo whattup nigga? yeah
Don cartagena
Terror squadian, rock the party and, what?
Beotch!!

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