

## G. Dep

### "Keep It Gangsta(feat. Shyne)"

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[G. Dep]

I got enough flows to spit, they cold as shit  
Give you what you supposed to get, to close ya lip  
I got enough O's to get, and hoes to hit  
Try to stick ya nose in shit, get froze and stiff.  
Talk about load ya clip, and O's you flip.  
When you ain't holdin shit but droze and dick.  
Roll the spliff, take the toke  
You either gittin cake or broke  
You can stay awake or (??)  
Take a note, take a vote  
Buy a landslide or tell ya man slide or I shake ya boat.  
Take ya toast, this rap shit I make the oath  
To get cake, or estates by the lake or boat  
Bad hoes, (??)  
See the snake, (??) leave faith then they hate to go  
Yo, Its to late to blow  
Ya run around pay for hoes, that's why ya paper low

[Shyne - Hook]

We them niggas with big guns and big dicks  
Flood ya block, and keep it gangsta  
We them niggas with big guns and big dicks  
Coat Them rocks, and keep it gangsta  
We them niggas with big guns and big dicks  
Drop the top, and keep it gangsta  
We them niggas with big guns and big dicks  
Wylin, stylin, and keep it gangsta

[Shyne]

Shyne Po, I keep it (??) like im supposed too  
In a hard top something fronten  
I must of (??) died, came back as a rapper  
Scareface, smith and eights, in my life after  
Bone crushers on my hip, cause shit get thick  
In the myths, of killas tryin to get rich  
Im two shells from hell, u can tell im made for this life  
District (??)  
I don't give a fuck, cuase im'a do me  
Till them hollow points, rip through me  
I was born to die, live for what

Plush slut, bucks, guns and ?duffs?  
Spent late nights in the kitchen, wishen  
Watchin the pot boil, mixin, sniffin  
Keepin America high, and why wouldn't I  
Gangstas don't talk, we beat the case and walk

[Shyne - Hook]

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Wylin, stylin, and keep it gangsta

[G. Dep]

Yo, I got wild fed to earn, lead to burn  
Stop sign on ya slot time, dead ya turn  
Lotta cats gotta wait til they dead to learn  
Pastor Rev. Sermen, Ya learnin  
Ima wild card to play, guard ya pay  
Goodbye's hard to say, cause ya moms to pray  
Ya lookin odd and gay, im modern day  
Ima rep till im hard and gray, pardon me (may)  
Ima make it hard today, bombs away  
Lunach grenades, at your (??) and blaze  
Calm ya rage, I aint even on ya page  
Ya see-thru like lingerie, guns in a large array  
Hit tha door, kick the raw, spit that law, spits some  
more  
Everybody hit tha floor, im quick to draw  
Flows like hittin bitches raw, to sick to cure.

[Shyne - Hook]

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