

Gangsta Boo **"Life In The Metro"**

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[the kaze]

1 - we shootin' to kill, nigga
We shootin' to kill, nigga
Ain't no fuckin' warning shots
When you come around here nigga
All the things that I got, yo
Is shit I worked hard for
Life in the metro's so cold

Repeat 1

[gangsta boo]

I'm on some other type shit
I'm on some crazy ass shit
I'm on some fuck with me bitch
I'm on some get your ass kicked
It's not the power of miss
The work of secret politics
(the rumor's turned to an arena)
Between the old and new bitch
I think ?? that don't move to ??
Society has been the education of ?
Movin' up the escalator
Risin' to the fuckin' top
Party on, don't stop
In the air, super hot
Ya better beware
What we believe is what we share
To get rumblin' like the bronx
Like the chinese folks was there
I'm fuckin' live that is ? believe well?
It's known to be the truth
It's ? of hell, can ya feel gangsta boo nigga?
Who's fuckin' side you think y'all on when shit pops off?
Hypnotize minds down to blow a nigga ass off
With a fuckin' sawed off
Project told you once before
Workin' to ensure my victory
For my side ho

Repeat 1

[the kaze]
I'm in this world with no one to turn to
I'm livin' kinda thuggish
Thinkin' crooked, just to come up
You see this fuckin' world
And ? is without the beat
So I kick it by my lonely
This real g, to make my riches
Then all these snitches be throwin' crosses
I'm takin' losses
'cause ? ? resurrect from all this player hation
You see my nation is mass destruction

And my soul releasin' all this anger for you nigga rolls
And it's so bad because I know
Oh they done clickin' with the quickness
Because this system is makin' hard
How else can I make a livin'
And then my children
I'm thinkin' deeply
With wealth, it be a better future
It ain't our fault that our enemies bleed
When I'm smokin' weed
It entoxes me
? ? what I do to all you fake ass g's, so please
Don't go rubbin', ? ? gonna make me
Get right down crazy
This city has got me pacin'
And I can't take it

Repeat 1
Repeat 1

I'm thinkin' misery, sufferin', ambush and sorrow
I'm filled with drama
When I lose my soul, the ? those 3 numbers
You wonder what's really real
When fuckin' with g's like mack
Pop-pop from the glock
Curiosity killed the cat
Bust it, we down for whatever
Whenever, what nigga, think you clever?
My weapon gon' have you gaspin' for breath
Death and stormy weather
It's thunderin' and lightening
Plus rain is pourin' on bloody bodies
I'm runnin' up on the scene
? ? ? up in a farrari
I'm sorry, it's killin' season
Killa kaze and prophet posse
The last days we lit 'em

It ain't no time to get sloppy
Standin' strong, holdin' on
Competition can't stop it
To all my foes, I let you know
I keep that 9 in my pocket
I pop it, straight at your ass if you ever try to apouse
The result from all the ?
All was left was dead souls
To my rappers out devouring, left them holding like the
bible
I sustain, in this game
A mack for life, I'm out this thang, man

Repeat 1

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