

Gangsta Boo

"We Starvin'"

Visit "[We Starvin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Krayzie Bone, E Feezie Fonzareezie
And Gangsta Boo, what

It's the endin' of the world
And still niggas ain't got no satisfaction
(We can't get no)
It's the endin' of the world
And still niggas ain't got no satisfaction
(Satisfaction)

It's the endin' of the world
And still niggas ain't got no satisfaction
(We can't get no)
It's the endin' of the world
Motherfuckers ain't got no satisfaction

We starvin' as we chase the paper
Ain't just a man, nigga, man, niggas hate 'cha
Fuck 'em, get 'cha guns, get 'cha cheese
We got just a little time left
(Little time left)

If I'm not mistaken the year is '99
But we don't really know when we gone die
But shit, most niggas don't know how they still alive
On this unmerciful wicked planet
If you can't pay for ya life ya gonna vanish
(Vanish)

You're lookin' at livin' proof
Renovated, condemned, duplex, pots and pans, leaks
in the roof
Dirty dishes, no dishwashing soap, no medical
coverage
Bad case of strep throat, mama's think she got arthritis
My neighbor caught hepatitis from a simple yawn
They say it's airborne, we ain't got no street lights they
all broken
Just take a trip through Vallejo, Richmond, and Oakland
Everyday it's a funeral

He was my numeral uno, but I can't bring him back
All I know is he was stressin', takin' anti-depressants
They found him dead in the trunk of his Cadillac
And I'm so thrall'd all I can think about is revenge
Always check up, always pullin' licks, doin' dirty works
for dividends
He took the bullet for me, I'm the one that really robbed
the place
Though I've been tryna to paper chase

We starvin' as we chase the paper
Ain't just a man, nigga, man, niggas hate 'cha
Fuck 'em, get 'cha guns, get 'cha cheese
We got just a little time left
(Little time left)

If I'm not mistaken the year is '99
But we don't really know when we gone die
But shit, most niggas don't know how they still alive
On this unmerciful wicked planet
If you can't pay for ya life ya gonna vanish
(Vanish)

I done grew up in the game, baby
Ain't nothin' changed, little money, little fame, baby
I'm still the same, baby
Lady gotta make it, I can't be takin' no losses
I'm the bomb at the party

Always askin', "Where are the dollars?"
Now I know you hate me
'Cuz I hooked up with Krayzie, baby
I'm with whatever they pay me
Gangsta Boo be with it, be winnin', so what the fuck
I'll see you at the end of the year, so good luck

We starvin' as we chase the paper
Ain't just a man, nigga, man, niggas hate 'cha
Fuck 'em, get 'cha guns, get 'cha cheese
We got just a little time left
(Little time left)

If I'm not mistaken the year is '99
But we don't really know when we gone die
But shit, most niggas don't know how they still alive
On this unmerciful wicked planet
If you can't pay for ya life ya gonna vanish
(Vanish)

I made it and I know it's almost over, call in the soldiers
Gonna be ready to bomb back on 'em, know ya

Enemies position at all times
Where they at, and how much power they hold
And how many soldiers they got down to roll
But in the meantime
You make your money, even if you strike it rich
You better hustle like you hungry for ya paper, paper,
paper

These days only ways that pays can save you
Livin' your life is like a task if you ain't got the cash
Nigga mad at the world, as I put my mask over my face
And grabbed the magnum pistol with the stash in the
bag
I'm doin' a pop, pop, so drop and take it as a loss and
chalk it
Now you can take your life and keep on walkin'
(Just keep on walkin')
Or be killed for tryna deny me a meal

I do what I gotta do, let's keep it real
For niggas in the hood up, on the the block
Let 'em know they understood
Buckin' shots, nigga we livin' raw mentality war
So paranoia got me sleepin' on the floor, watchin' the
door
This no win situation of tryin' to stay alive until we die

And anyway you go we won't make it
No way, to shake, fake it
Better take advantage of ya life while you can
Get rich, kick back, relax, spend ya money
I'm all about paper, sorry no party tonight
The year is 1999, last year to get your money, right

We starvin' as we chase the paper
Ain't just a man, nigga, man, niggas hate 'cha
Fuck 'em, get 'cha guns, get 'cha cheese
We got just a little time left
(Little time left)

If I'm not mistaken the year is '99
But we don't really know when we gone die
But shit, most niggas don't know how they still alive
On this unmerciful wicked planet
If you can't pay for ya life ya gonna vanish
(Vanish)

That's real, ya undersmell me
Suckers do what they can
Players do what they want, dig it?
Charlie Hustle every time up in your talk

Yeah, face it
Krayzie Bone, Gangsta Boo, fuckin' they nose like this

That's how we fuckin' they nose up, dig it nigga
Yeah, paper chase nigga, paper route
(Paper route)
You undersmell me? We starvin'
You undersmell me nigga?
Don't let the mobbers control you
Chest high-up in the mobbers, nigga

Visit [Gangsta Boo](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.