

Ghostface Killah "Gangsta Shit"

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(feat. Trife Da God & Tommy Whispers)

[Intro: Trife Da God]

Uh-huh, let's go, knowwhatimean
Lot of these muthafuckin' rappers
Talking alot of bullshit on these tracks
Youknowwhatimean, they dry snitching, throwing
indirect
Well this what we gon' 'do, man
We gon' flush all these rats out the system
Knowwhatimean, set a few traps
Get they ass up out of here, yeah, yo

[Trife Da God]

For all y'all niggaz with them Nextels, chirpin' and
bleepin'
On them walkie talkies frontin', like y'all work for the
precint
10-4 niggaz claiming they hustlers, soon as they cuff
ya
In interrogation booths, y'all confessing like Usher
Do the crime, do the time, that's the way I was taught
And fuck surrendering to jake, nigga, I'd rather get
caught
You got these niggaz on camera, frontin' hard with
they team
Wavin' they hammers, incriminating theyself on the
screen
Roleplaying, imitating some movie they seen
That ain't gangsta, real gangsta niggaz generate
CREAM
And now you wonder why the FEDS come knock me,
infiltrating the system
Don't be suprised nigga, you let those cops in
Plus the record labels is watching, you think they gonna
sign you?
You think they gonna put up that bread and get behind
you
Reality check, stupid, let me remind you
All that try'nna push ya way through the door,
deceased in 9-2

[Chorus 2X: Trife Da God]

Yah-yo, yah-yo, this is that gangsta shit
Go 'head and roll ya window down and crank that shit
Whether ya red or blue, homey, bang yo click
My New York niggaz get money, and slam those bricks

[Trife Da God]

In the hood, I'm a Legend like John, I've never been
harmed
On the block shooting dice, holding bread in my palm
Gatten Island niggaz, yeah we got a fetish for arms
Berettas tucked in our leathers, strapped with terrorist
bombs
Shorties, running around with more Gunz than Corey
Getting high off weed smoke, blowing your funds on
forties
You'll be amazed how these rappers try to run with
stories
This ain't a novel, muthafucka, this is guts and glory
Pain and struggle, the game will crush you, it's a
everyday hustle
You want to eat, you better strain your muscles
Hopeless martyrs, afraid when approached by
mobsters
With them grams, call me Sam the way I'm "coachin'"
"carters"
With starters, listen homey we can never be partners
Don't get it twisted, handle business with my hands
and revolvers
The grown man, that'll touch up your wig, like beauty
parlors
Pop niggaz, like, how we pop bottles, you do the
honors, nigga

[Chorus 2X]

[Tommy Whispers]

Spot you twenty points, and you still can't win
You can't compare Grey Go' to gin, you too thin
Ya'll niggaz is hubcaps fuckin' with big rims
If the shoe fit, then your foot in my timb
Masked up, hoodies and gems, I couldn't defend
Your title small, a deuce-deuce next to a rifle
The hackle'll snipe you, disconnect and dis-mic you
Disrespect your rivals, have you dancing like Michael
Moonwalker, uh-huh, platoon bark, goons in the dark
Only lights from the spark, boom-boom in the parks
Vocals in fumes from my darts, lead the roofs on the
part
Fuck up your happy home, daddy's back with a chrome
Snatchin' ya throne, you mimicking, you actually cloned

Finish him, I'm crackin' ya bones, diminishing
Real terror, purple men, backed off pistoling
Like them papies uptown, them hammers is whistling

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Trife Da God]

Uh, yeah, 718, criminal grind, Theodore
Trife Da God, yo Slay, what up, my nigga?
Tommy Whispers, Kryme Life, youknowwhatimeansaying
Money Come First, T.M.F. we getting money over here
Gatten Island niggaz, knowwhatimean
Where the guns go off

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