

Brownsville Station

"Where the Gangstas At"

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[B-Legit] (Kurupt)
(Gangsta time)
Where my gangstas at?
(Gangsta ville)
Where all my gangstas at?
(You know it aint a gangsta ville withoout a dog pound)
And a hog nigga (caughing)
Yea, special dedication
To all my gangsta niggas and to all my gangsta bitches
(Im sick wit it tho, check it out)

[B-Legit]
I used to mash through the crowd
Makin bitches wonder "DAMN"
That nigga B-Legit's the man
It was 65 grand for the land
Fo 5 O, 4x4, hit the strip slow
windows on tint so they cant look in
Its me the kingpin hit and Mac 10
On a trip about to hit up the 6
Should I give up, them niggas run up
They fucked, now what

Huh, whos that?

(Kurupt, Mack 10)
That nigga Kurrup
G'z up, hoes down, muthafucka blaze up
D.P.G.C. muthafucka g'd up
In all blue and grey all day always
Let the dogs out muthafucka
Hear the barking
See the homies G-walking gangsta talkin
Bitches low on dick often very often
Lil beeyotch 135 pounds of all diaaack

I keep the house always stoppin them dubbs to the bay
Fina fuck with B cousin and E fo tay
From my hood to yo' town its all about the cash
Got the check and the hoe checkin off in the stash
Dont worry bout' nathan, we out there slangin

Mac n' Kurrup stay down for whobangin
Keep a fat sack of dope n' fo sho im Dealy
Maine, the first foo crossin fo sho I'll kill em'
Where the gangstas at?

[Chorus 4x]

Where the gangstas at?
Where the gangstas at?
Tell me where the homies and the gangstas at!

[Mack 10]

We gone keep it gangsta aint go to pop
Push the six double O and the Rarri drop
Get the two tickets spread on top of the hill
Niggas bellin em' chucks makin over a mill
Keep the studio full of groupie hoes and choosas
In the gut bruiskas n' three time losers
Mac 10 still thuggin, thats whats expected
And I vow to keep it ruff as long as Im connected

[Kurupt]

Man I dont give a fuck about a bitch
Man I wont ever ever give em' shit
I hit the switch about 5 times
Then I make a switch and bust 5 rymes
Swerve wit a homie that can serve 5 verbes
Man thats the life then go home to my wife
With my pistol (??) (??)
Retire a nigga, now Im a let my girl write my first verse

[B-Legit]

I hear it's funk on board, they need to let that go
Got killas gettin down for a brick of snow
And for the right doe have your head chopped
Tag the drug, bitch you fuckin with thugs
No time for pleasures, I got mills to buy judges
They rush us, tryin to touch us
They bust us, no we all burn for scraps
So tell me where the homies and my gangstas at

Chorus

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