

## Hippos

### "Gangsta Rap"

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Hey yo, I smoke dust and shoot cops, sold guns to  
Tupac  
Smoked blunts with Biggie Smalls and sold drugs on  
newlots  
I was too young, couldnt get up in clubs back in the old  
days  
We used rob and terrorize kids in front of homebase  
If Funkmaster Flex was inside, rockin the whole place  
We was outside, smacking kids and snatchin gold  
chains  
Baggin mad pigeons, catchin mad digits, bad bitches  
And when they husbands came around we had to blast  
bisquits  
A bunch of bad Brooklyn kids that always had pistols  
Broken dreams and broken homes, we always had  
issues  
And mad problems worshipping gangstas and  
bankrobbers  
Watchin star fade startin fights and rap conscience (?)  
Until we realized how to get the real money  
Steal money, kidnap money, kill money  
Its funny how the money make the whole world love you  
Jealous cats hate you, dime pigeons  
Little ghetto children run up on you, wanna touch you  
Got the IRS lookin at you, wanna fuck you  
Sniffin so much blow, you dont know if you can trust  
you  
Ecstasy react to what the cocaine and the dust do  
Go against the Ill Bill, and Non Phixion will crush you,  
bust you  
Leave you with a tube and ya throat to suck through (?)  
We truck jewels, we dust brothers fuck mothers  
You thugs love us, ? the gunslingers and drughustlers  
Where my gangstas at?

[Cuts]

"Is you a gangsta?"

"With gangsta rap"

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