

Ill Bill "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 don't know if you can trust
you
Ecstasy react to what the cocaine and the dust do
Go against the I'll 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 drug hustlers
Where my gangstas at?
[Cuts]
"Is you a gangsta?"
"With gangsta rap"

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