

## Jim Croce

# "Respect My Gangsta"

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Yeah, what up?  
New York City, what up?  
This your boy, to the Dash  
S.P., Double R  
Hell and Back  
Styles straight out the penn

[Styles P]

You don't like my shit you could bite my dick  
I got a case, I'ma fight my shit  
I got a blunt, I'ma light my shit  
I'ma chain smoke with cocaine sellers  
Stick up kid took the game over  
Niggaz hate death, still gotta break necks  
I'm at the dealer coppin shit they ain't make yet  
You think you're nigga happy, I'm just trigger happy  
Phone ring a lot, niggaz throwin figgas at me  
I got major plans, you get in the way  
And your throat is the place where my banger lands  
You don't wanna anger me, upset me or startle me  
You don't want a part of me, I'm goin for the arteries  
And I'm a colt-45 user, G-Host to the game of death  
You about to die loser  
This is Holiday and Dash-On  
We burn a whole fuckin house down so I don't need a  
mask on

[Chorus: Drag-On & Styles x2]

You don't respect my flow you gon respect my gangsta  
Or get stabbed with this motherfuckin banger  
Tell 'em P  
You don't like my shit you could bite my dick  
I got a case I'ma fight my shit  
This for the streets

[Drag-On]

Nigga don't think cause you hot today you can't be in  
the fridge tomorrow  
If you a family man I'll send you back your kids in a jar  
You bought your soldiers, nigga I was raised with mine  
I got three kids, four, five, but I raise my nine

I'll have yall niggaz missin your moms  
Then let you find her wearin long sleeves but missin  
her arms  
And ain't nothin for me to twist ya wig  
All I gotta do is puff some weed then listen to B.I.G  
Then come back and level the city  
I got my money up, my band is thirty, my bezzle is fifty  
My vest weigh fifteen, bannana hold sixty  
So I can run slow and hit you up swiftly  
Extort rappers, they break me down half of their check  
I keep a banger that'll break down half of your neck  
I done been through hell and back, jail and bail me  
back  
Drag and S.P.'ll blow off half of your chest

[Chorus]

[Styles P]

It's like a kodak moment come capture this  
How I motherfuckin fracture shit, yall niggaz talkin  
blaphemis  
Motherfuckers we make classic shit, matter fact I'll  
mash ya shit  
Yall niggaz like potatoes to me  
And I might be high but you look good with a halo to me  
And I ain't got a problem wit a problem  
Fuck 'em cause I know he gon die with a nine in his  
noggin

[Drag-On]

Yeah, Drag back with the Ghost  
You know what that means, more vests and a lot more  
toast  
I'm a lot older plus a lot more violent  
Tip of my guns covered, it's a lot more silent  
My niggaz pop off off imposters  
Murder ya kinfolks and we ain't even fuckin start wildin  
So be cautious nigga or be in the coffin nigga  
Cause we'll bring it to the hardest or the softest nigga

[Chorus)

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