

Jim Johnston

"Certified Gangsta"

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(feat. Cam'Ron, Bezel)

[Verse: Jim Jones]

You know I keep my eyes wide
East side high risers
West side low riders
Vest with the four-fire
Yes I fo sho fire
D-I-P low rider
See police, slow the ride
See scwalay , nigga
'Cause they be thinking that the ride stolen
Keep your head up and your eyes open
Load the lead up while the ride rollin
Creep up on a motha like what you say fucka
Well fuck him and if he live smoke him
We don't appeal to the law
You know we ride this motherfucker till them wheels fall
off
And the first bastard get fly
You know blad, blad, blad, was my reply
89 wolf pack and we wylin
P-89 pull gats 'cause we violent, shit, yea
We put coke on the strip
Don't quote me boy 'cause I ain't said shit

[Chorus: Bezel]

Since I made a gang of bucks
Nah I ain't been hanging much
Still slide through fly coupes, and the chains is plush
Keep the banger tucked 'case I had to bang a fuck
'Cause we Certified Gangstas
All day we hanging smut, dog with a gang of ducks
Hundred grand on the hand, Game got the range of
trucks
Kill wit the deal, still got cane to cut
'Cause we Certified Gangstas

[Verse: Cam'Ron]

We still in ages of glocks
Razors or octs

'Cause I lay in the drop
Pump the base on the pocket
Move the H on our block, in front of H&R Block
See the face on our watch, put your face on our cock
I keep the looga hug
Show you how to use the snub
Whoop-te-woo, fuck around be you I plug
I don't do the drugs, baby I move the drugs
Right on the computer love, it sound like computer love
Duck the cop-cappers
And them top-hatters
Fock flavors, harlem world we got gators
Not dead I said they alive
Lions, Tigers, Bears, oh my
It's a straight zoo
A to Z, May to April
Bring the Apes through
Fuck around you be ape food, baked food
9 bitches 8 dudes
Diamond visions, great cubes
Get it straight fool

[Chorus]

[Verse: Jim Jones]

You know I ride through Lennox
All eyes on my pendant
But I'm moving like oh dog was ridding a menace
With that automatic weapon, blowing live through my
tenant
While I'm breezin' through the jets, blowing live on the
tennants
I'm pouring liquor for the dead and gone
And we retaly same night, load the blinkers with the
leaders on
We come to get you till the dead and morn
(Knock, Knock wake up mothafucker, you know who it
is)
Killa and Jones coppin one dawn
Big birds, the rocks and our charms
He got the bird, the glocks in my palm
I got the word from King Joffrey the bomb
My nigga zeekey surely a hard rock
How he survived them 40-sum-odd shots
As we ride he screamed out eastside
All the time as I reply

[Chorus]

