

Jim Jones "Certified Gangsta"

Visit "[Certified Gangsta](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah, East Side, said we ridin' at East Side
Say, please roll up while we [Incomprehensible]
Say, please roll up that we [Incomprehensible]

You know I keep my eyes wide
East Side high risers, West Side lowriders
Vest with the four fire, yes, I fo' sho' fire
D I P lowrider, see police, slow the ride
See scwalay, nigga

'Cause they be thinkin' that the ride stolen
Keep your head up an' your eyes open
Load the lead up while the ride rollin'
Creep up on a motha like, "What you say, fucka ?"
Well fuck him an' if he live smoke him

We don't appeal to the law
You know we ride this motherfucker till 'em wheels fall
off
An' the first bastard get fly
You know blad blad blad, was my reply

89 Wolf Pack an' we wylin'
P 89 pull gats 'cause we violent, shit
Yeah, we put coke on the strip
Don't quote me boy, 'cause I ain't said shit

Since I made a gang of bucks, nah, I ain't been hangin'
much
Still slide through fly coupes an' the chains is plush
Keep the banger tucked 'case I had to bang a fuck
'Cause we Certified Gangstaz

All day we hangin' smut dog, wit 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 Gangstaz

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 an' 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 an' the 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

Since I made a gang of bucks, nah, I ain't been hangin'
much
Still slide through fly coupes an' the chains is plush
Keep the banger tucked 'case I had to bang a fuck
'Cause we Certified Gangstaz

All day we hangin' smut dog, wit 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 Gangstaz

You know I ride through Lennox, all eyes on my
pendant
But I'm movin' like, oh, Dog was riddin' a menace
Wit that automatic weapon, blowin' live through my
tenant
While I'm breezin' through the jects, blowin' live on the
tenants

I'm pourin' liquor for the dead an' gone
An' we retaly same night, load the blinkers wit the
letters on
We come to get you till the dead an' morn
Knock, knock, wake up, mothafucker, you know who it
is

Killa an' Jones coppin' one dawn
Big birds, the rocks an' 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, "East Side"
All the time as I reply

Since I made a gang of bucks, nah, I ain't been hangin'
much
Still slide through fly coupes an' the chains is plush
Keep the banger tucked 'case I had to bang a fuck
'Cause we Certified Gangstaz

All day we hangin' smut dog, wit 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 Gangstaz

Yeah, yeah, what you seen here
Is Certified Gangstaz on this shit
Jim Jones, [Incomprehensible] status
Dipset, New York's robbin' man

Killa the dawn a.k.a King Joffrey Jo
You know how we ride out
Shout to my G's, "Keep your head up an' eyes open"
Dipset

Visit [Jim Jones](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.