

C-Bo "Big Gangsta"

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[Featuring Laroo, Lil' Bo, The Mob Figgas]
I see so many murders in these Cali streets
I load the strap in the battle, won wit death to get beat,
who ever
Thinks
Of defeat?
When in ??? ???, I keep my eyes on the prize
Cos ain't nobody killin me, I be the Big Gangsta
>From up North, no pain, no gain
Nigga, fuck the fame, slide the chips and serve caine
Cos I'ma pack a pistol til' I die, bitch, and fuck you pigs
That got me down on that hitlist, I know you're followin
me
You're round in my 500
But I commence to shake you piggies while I'm gettin
blunted
My nigga 2PAC died and now you hoes is hunted
I give a fuck, I'll buck you down and stare, whatever
you're comin
I gun em down like a chump bitch, and leave em
neckless, front seat
Like a stamp, bitch, run up and load another clip
And then I vamp, bitch, this gangbang mentality be
havin me amped
I like to smoke bomb-ator, mean and rush a hater
Put a rush in gators, shoulda seen when I sprayed her
Live fast, die early, no heart, no glory
25 with a L cos the judge couldn't feel my story
Oh no, not me, I got kids to feed
Shoot my way out any situation til' death do me
Part from the streets, it's mandatory, got packet ???
And I jack it, it's major dope when I rap it
Chorus:
I'm all in for the paper, big bases I chases
I keep a Glock on the side of my hip when in unfamiliar
places
I stay ready for ridahs, see I know how they think
It ain't no killin me before I dump caps in they bod-ies
We be the Big Gangsta, think quick, like karate
Smash all the pranksters, makin hits like a Got-ti
Drink nuttin but the best, X-O, Hennessey
And when I dies, an outlaw ridah is how they remember

me

I bounce into the club, drunk and seein doubles-

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