

## King Kapisi

### "Keep it Gangsta"

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[OG Spanish Fly]

Now we be ducking and bucking and picture girls while  
they're sucking

I'm coming harder than fuck and other putos be  
rocking

Up on the mic it's cracking, I'm Maniac while I'm  
rapping

The fattest Philly I'm packing while all the Low Pros is  
jacking

In my neighborhood it's all good, the homies are deep  
I got a four-o and more, I'm getting high and it's all on  
me

Gangster'd out, no doubt, mobbing saying fuck it  
Still rolling hella deep with the homies in a bucket

I ain't giving a fuck, I started with the gang

My homies are here and they got my back

I'm drinking a brew, I'm smoking a sack

I'm blowing to the brain and I'm sporting all black

Ese don't you know I bang Sureno, I'm a fool too

Mobbing with the homies loading cuetes saying fuck  
you

Drinking, smoking, and busting lines of coke too

Dancing, freaking, and fucking all night long

On a regular basis, all to the grill, fuck at the pad then  
off to the hood

Drinking a brew and acting a fool, once again ese I  
thought you knew

[Chorus: Royal T (Lil' Rob)]

Keep it gangsta homey, keep it gangsta

(Spanish Fly tell it like it is till the day we die)

Keep it gangsta homey, keep it gangsta

(Spanish Fly tell it like it is till the day we die)

Keep it gangsta homey, keep it gangsta

(Spanish Fly tell it like it is till the day we die)

Keep it gangsta homey, keep it gangsta

(Spanish Fly tell it like it is ese)

[OG Spanish Fly]

My life is quicker than ever to grab the mic and deliver

Up on a regular basis is how we're handling cases

See me disfiguring faces on fools who tripping in  
places  
I flash my nine in the sky, I'm getting high till I die  
I let a shot in the air, cuz where it falls I just don't really  
care  
I ride till the wheels fall off and they ain't gonna fall off  
Rolling with a pistol grip sawed off  
Bang once and my name's been out  
Crazy gangster representing the South  
Westside what I'm talking about, Old Town what I'm  
talking about  
Kill him and I'm finna bust that shit  
Coming through with fifteen and a clip  
You thought that Maniac would slip  
Never me, and life's a bitch  
Cuz strapped with extra clips, air fifteen with a grip of  
Smiths  
West on mine, six to the spine, aiming to delete on  
mines  
619 down to bust a rhyme  
Rest In Peace Speedy, I keep you on my mind  
It was no doubt your cats are in the mix  
Leave us two alone and we're coming up on shit

[Chorus]

[Silencer]

The magical thug with the magical bullet  
And I'm coming around with a magical spell so  
Get away, keep away when you see Silencer coming  
out to get ya  
What you wanna do, I got the cross-bow  
Enemies are gonna die and I kill them real slow  
Picture any toon blazing up at the moon  
Your time is up, now you die from a bloody wound  
That's what's gonna happen everytime I come  
attacking  
I'm thinking of the weapon and the bodies I be stacking  
On a mission, I'm packing my ammunition  
I'm sticking these sons of bitches for snitching like  
bitches motherfucker  
What you wanna do, are you afraid  
It's all about the Silencer, that's the name  
We're some crazy motherfuckers from the West Coast  
Smoking Mary Jane and we pimp hoes  
Low Profile coming at you  
I don't give a fuck and I'm here to blast you

[Chorus]

