

Chino XL

"B-Boy Gangsta"

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[Biggie Sample]

Dumb rappers need teaching, lesson A

[Chorus x2]

(I'm a b-boy)

I started in the park

Two turntables and a microphone makin it art

(I'm a gangsta)

To keep my money strong

What needs to be done, carry a mic and a gun

[Verse 1]

Yo, yo, yo, I'm all hip hop nigga but all thug

Slap the shit out of venus for thinking its all love

A B-Boy and a gangster both officially now

Have your body full of holes like they spots on a cow

Since I was a child ive felt that I was fallin, father

please forgive me

Jailed for robbing an organ donor for his kidney

Too angry, kicked out of anger management class

As I reduce once thought of invincible armies to ashes

I was the type of kid had spray paint can in one hand

and a nickle plated 3-80 in the other one

Thats when the trouble come, when broke had to

hussle some

They brought my mum for questioning, she like "not my son"

I'm the man dog, done songs with Big L and RZA

Dangerous as haemophilliacs running with a scissor

Sit back sip your liqour you quicker than the third millenium

Keep my pockets weight up, guns blasting you to oblivion

Blame it on the world we're living in for coke distributing

Married to this music, bout to have my third kid with it

Docters delivered it to conquer any lyricists

Its my turn but I made it like Texas hating the Dixie

Chicks

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

There ain't enough math invented to count ways I ain't
feeling you

But I show you love every day by not killing you

Skills is miniscule

Over an instrumental you

harder to understand than Lennox Lewis talking in an
interview

I got inditements you dont wanna be me

I spit sick youll probably catch SARS of my CD

Syllable sorcery still street, any beat getting laced

Left my mark on the game like that mole in the middle
of Enrique Iglesias face

From carrying crates for Afrika Bambaata Zulu Nation
'88

I penetrated the game at a crazy rate

From the place of Whitney's Houstons drug suppliers

Old New Jersey made me great

Of course the labels made me wait I never

hyperventilate

Cos they holding no weight like they hustle in outta
space

Nelly dissing KRS1? We gotta stop him

Whats next, Beyonce battling Rakim?

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Yo, I'm a B-Boy but I wild on niggaz thats what they pay
me for

But I ain't no backpack cat wearing Jansport

Your mans taught you it was silly to try me

Shit wont be pretty like India Irie

Me dying, ive got nothing to lose

Put me in heaven with Barry White being on the hook
singing to sell your cruise

Over a beat or two Jam Master Jay produced

Your crew had me outnumbered what the fuck was they
excuse?

Now I'm feeling a mess, imprisoned by my own
success

Fame done killed more celebrities than any bullets
through holes in stess

In one moment or less for my scrill you kill

But HipHops like Sway and Tech flexing Felly Fell

Emcees studied me well, but still

Give me credit like when I tell the world I studied Kool G
Rap and LL

Or Forrest Whittaker naming his first son Denzel

Cos people hear me all over your records like I'm

Pharrell

XL blowing up is probable, yet philosophical

Ashanti shaved her sideburns so anything is possible

B-Boys and gangstas throw ya hands in the air

I'm from Jerz, the home of "I couldve swore I parked my
car right here"

[Chorus]

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