

Chris De Burgh

"Pranksta"

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[Verse 1: Fredro Starr]

You know it gotta be gangsta
When Other Peoples Money in the place
You ain't gangsta when otha peoples guns in ya face
You are Pranksta already caught one...In ya face
If you was gangsta, you woulda had ya gun in your
waist
You don't really wanna hear the glock echo
Niggas'll get it, send shots that'll go through ya Ecko
Look, before this rap shit, we all was glockin
On the strip, yeah, was all was clockin
Waitin til them semi-autos poppin
My gun is like a club on Friday night dog, its on n'
poppin
Belvi on the rocks with the Ocean Spray, ha
Outta the V let the toastas spray, ha
Back in the V throw the toast away
Cops! Pull us over, throw the roach away
Before the sirens is comin
My niggaz be runnin
Because a minute ago all my niggaz was gunnin
And all you niggaz is frontin you really don't want it
We kill you for nothin The shotty is pumpin
You get shot in ya stomach y'all don't really want it

[Verse 2: Begetz]

Yo, y'all know me an my dudes we clappin the Tuly
That'll hit your top and turn ya doo rag into a coofy
Shots'll pop ya trunk hit the back of ya huptee
If I'm outta shells you get the back of the Uzi
Listen, I stick with the Nina, clip in the Nina
If you niggaz talkin slick it steam ya
Want heat? I can get ya a fevea
Stuffy nose cause I'm sick with the heata
A fifth that'll lean ya, Christopher Reeve ya
Yall get sticked in the freeza
Body wrapped up in the plastic
Just like the clothes y'all get from the cleanas
Lotta lables out here think they dick in the dirt
Til I leave em face down with they dick in the dirt
I just started spittin and the begging and gettins won't

stop
Soon as you rippin, then I'm clickin, you spittin, you
drop
And all the G shit you niggaz you spttin you not
You keep riffin and your lip'll be gettin you shot

[Verse 3: X-Million]

I'm gettin tired, I ain't gangsta
But I'm in and out of courts steady
Blunts is strawberry, the semis is sure heavy
I'm from the hood where shots get traded like Maberry
Or we can put the guns down get your jaw ready
For my wolves in Hells creeps sleepin in wet beds
Blow trial, spit it to judge, spit it to FEDs
Just know why niggaz can feel me is real sick
Cause I'm so wild nothin can kill me, I've been dead
I'm on video rollin with po-po
Them shots'll get you left lookin like Jordan logo
Bodys get jumped, and picked up, and put in the trunk
Stunttin for nothin, its nothin to stunt
You get shunk in the buggy eyed 500
Not a mile on it, gully I want it
Put 100 thou on it nigga
And I ain't gangsta?

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