

## Master P "Gangstafied"

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We gangstafied  
(Yes you know, yes you know, yes you know)  
We gangstafied  
(This is for the real true gangstas)  
We gangstafied  
(Yes you know indeed)  
We gangstafied

Wasn't never no mama I wanna sing  
It was mamma I wanna slang  
So I can show off my gold chain, gold ring  
Roll through the hood on them gold thangs

Now it's World War 3 in them streets  
Ain't gone never have enough police  
Picture I relax, relate, release  
Like this all my homies rest in peace

Disrespect this, put you in the mix, whopping out that  
tec grip  
Running through your click like busting on you like  
death wish  
Spinning your head like the exorcist, that's a death kiss  
Viscious, foaming at the mouth like rabies, ain't no  
good  
'Cause in my hood we was doing bad like crack babies

(Scandalous)  
Like Robin Givens  
(And dangerous)  
Dead that's how we living  
Shiesty, like ganking the offering up out the church  
Putting in work spitting game on your Boo  
Like when that rem and Hennessy got me hurt, I'm tru

Taking everything you got with that infrared dot on  
your knot  
Down South Hustlers got on lock, with that J L O C on  
cock  
Gangstafied like them chain gangs in the Pen  
P H at your own risk 'cause fool to the tip

You'll be gone with the wind, playa

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Time to chop some game with the ballers  
It ain't about slanging, keys flippin' half ounces to  
quarters  
When the Task hit that mean time to throw ya rocks  
My little partner got 25 years for 2 rocks

My block be crazy, my homey pushing daisies  
Never had a chance to see his unborn baby  
Ain't that sad black rolling in the Cadillac  
4, 15 woofers bumping behind, I'm hitting him in the  
back

Dead, who gives a damn 'cause when you gone, ain't  
no coming back  
To my homies that dead and gone 2 stones, label me a  
thug like Pac  
'Cause I done got the world hooked on ice cream  
I mean these gangsta rocks, I'm slanging these tapes  
we banging

Steady hanging on the block, keep product in my socks  
Ready to rock, open up shop 'cause it all good  
(All good)  
Mr. Ice Cream Man or call me Mr. Rogers of the  
neighborhood  
I'm 'bout it rowdy, gangstafied

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It wasn't never no mama I wanna sing  
Down here it's mama I wanna gang bang  
Wearing that red and blue start lying  
Toting those 9's, even throwing up signs

No peace, got nothing live for, deceased

By the hands of that 4-4  
(Clack, clack)  
Pull the hammer back  
(That the last)  
Live fast and watch them die slow

You know I really wanna say is that they don't care about  
soldiers  
Falling asleep behind the wheel in the Range Rover  
Can't remember the last time I was sober  
(Whoop, whoop)  
That's the Po Pos, gotta watch those

The got some nerve talking 'bout the supposed  
To protect and serve, took my money and my herb  
Every player that on my team got a laser beam  
Knock your head off, steal your dream

Not first you sure, ain't nutting nice serving fiends  
Ain't what it seems, what the south about  
Big money, big guns and those big booties  
I be that soldier you looking at that

Judging me while you do your jury duty  
I put my hands on my bruh and we still live  
'Cause No limit soldiers survive gangstafied

So, so, so gangstafied

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