

Michael W. Smith**"Who Got Some Gangsta Shit?"**

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(Lil' Style)

Nine in the mornin, feds at my door (my door)
Lou Cortez creakin cross the hardwood floor (right)
Dippin thru the alley I made my escape
Didn't even get a chance to grab my Snoop Dogg tape
Man with no music but happy he's free
Bailin fast as I can bail down 19th Street
I got my sacks in my pocket and at least a grand
Gold on my knuckle, my pistol's closed in hand
I'm a Dogg Pound Gangsta from the LBC
Remotely controlled by the bomb-ity
But just livin in big city is a serious task
Didn't know what the feds wanted, didn't have time to ask

(Snoop Doggy Dogg)

We're comin with that G shit, that C shit that makin
niggas sick
How does it feel to see a G from your clique?
Wake up, jumped out of bed wit my grin on (why?)
Last night's dice game got my win on
About a G and a half is what I come with
but twenty five G's is what I left with
?Teatley? was the word I heard
I went deep in my pockets and threw my stars on the
cone
Gimme the dice so I can break you niggas
I threw a C (C-I-X) so my point was the biggie
Seven-four-four-tre back to back
I sent two fools back to their lizzack

(KuruPt)

See now I'm off to the graveyard shift
and I gots ta pay my dues to make my grip
But I chill cos my ho might call
Ain't no thang cos I sleeps all day and slang when night
fall
And I takes a quick walk up the block

with my Glock cocke, ready to make a stop where I set
up shop
on 59th and 8th Ave where all the homies be hangin
That's where a nigga'll be slangin
I'm makin a cool grip of shit, this ain't me
so I put my chips together and cops a quarter ki
And now the shops on deck
and everything that's mines I protect with a Tek, I don't
half step
Now I got ends
and I'm rollin a Lexus, fuck a Benz, and so many new
friends
But I could only trust a few
and unawarely I trusted you
But if only G

(Snoop)

It's Snoop, homies from the motherfuckin get-go
Devoted and quotin, back in '84
I was thirteen, G was a year older
but I still wadn't afraid to throw him from his shoulders
Gettin good on the hood was the anticipation
and yeah, King Park was the destination
Every nigga that I knew was at the Park that night
even the smokers that be levellin gettin sparked
tonight

(Lil' Style)

Back on the streets, straight blue and grey
cos I represent like every day
Nigga you can't tell me I don't be on the spot
when I can tell you all the homies that done get shot
From at least about five years ago
when I was in junior high goin to Marshall
The homey use to come up to the school and rock
and leave and have the bitches flockin his jock
Damn them was the days of the past
but since the Pizzound formed we been whippin
people's ass
And everybody a blast
and if you don't believe me nigga you can axe the
homey Daz
And that's your ass
Fucked around and let Young Swoop take your cash (ha
ha)
He didn't even run, he walked away (bust)
cos I let it sit that day
I wished I was there I would've clowned
but that's why we axed your bitch ass from the Pound

Cos he wouldn't even squad back
Man we can't fuck with no niggas like that
He'll get us all cracked
If the police was behind us, he wouldn't even jump out
with the strap
Now that's what I call a beeyatch! (Beeiyitch!)
I second the emotion you was dropped the clique (yeah
yeah)

(Snoop)

Some of these nigga are bitches too
And some of these niggas look just like you
So if you've ever been *?toetone?*
go out and get your roll on you punk ass nigga, you'll
get stole on

(Dat Nigga Daz)

It's 5:30 in the mornin, now I'm yizzawnin
Now as I perceive to get G to a tee
And before I bail to school you know I blaze up a sack
Another day, another dollar for the gangsta mack
Bitch act like you know, show me some sex and
affection
and let me dial slow, flossin, tossin a bitch (bitch)
Yeah Dogg, one more thing I forgot to mention
Shoot five niggas, shoot ten
Shoot the piece, slip to your fiends
Seven, goddamn it, when it deal
A '64 for the honeys, straight ho for the G
Young Daz, little nigga you can't fuck with me

(Snoop)

Now I knew that them niggas couldn't get at you
So what made them niggas try to spit at you
Disrespect a gang that snitch on you
Y'all punk ass niggas, man y'all some bitches too

(Young Swoop)

Who got some gangsta gangsta shit? (ha ha)
Swoop G, I heard somebody's speakin up on you
Cos when I drop mines there was no more nickels and
dimes
just quarters, ounces, half ounces and quota
PC is the season and I don't smoke blunt
It sees the indo with skunk, I might as well get drunk
To smoke some stress, that shit'll put a hole in your
chest

I only want another twenty dollar, sure got me fucked
up
My hood is gettin hot and niggas is tryin ta plottin
Come up off a young nigga, call his shots
Swoop G ain't the one, I do its to be done (aah)
Al-ways have my gun and my G from 2-1
It's Cerritos but you don't hear me though cos you don't
really know
about the you-know, I'm Cerritos, silly ho
Swoop G by the fuckin L-B's-C
None of these nigga wanna fuck with these (aah)
Swoop G, Swoop G, G

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