

Mystik Journeymen

"Gangstas"

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(Intro [Snoop])

No Limit. Soldiers. (Ughhhhhhhh!)

DPGC. Gangstas. (Ha, ha!)

Look here, you got three crazy muthafuckas

In the same place at the same time.

(Yeah, Master P.)

You know this shit gon be off the hook.

(It's gon be the wildest shit you ever heard.)

For my bitches down south.

Southern hospitality.

(Representin, ya heard me!)

[Snoop]

From the cold, hard streets of the LBC

To a duet with Mystikal and Master P

Real G's ship keys and shoot dice on their knees

And put pistols to the mouths, of their enemies

Old country ass nigga with a gold in the front

Be the same muthafucka that get your bitch ass

stomped

Underestimatin hatin got you knocked out cold

Tryin to play my boy over, you was with your hoe

Them South niggas bangin off the shit that we write

Punk niggas get killed, straight on sight

No Limit ain't no gimmick

It's tragic you know, so don't be meddlin with my boy
and my hoe

Lay low, hit the floor, I'm back

Yo P, take me to the streets, that's where my heart is at

You make em say Ughhhhhhhh!

I make em say beeyatch

Together we can flip the script and get grip

You got the crack, I got the bud sack

Mystikal, smack, you got the strap

Deep in that gangsta shit on a night like that

You blast me, I blast you back, beeyatch!

Chorus: X 2

We bout to jump off with some gangsta shit

Gangsta shit!

We bout to hop off with some gangsta shit

Gangsta shit!

Know what, we're bout to jump off with some gangsta

shit
Gangsta shit!
[Mystikal]
Got this fuckin party poppin
You cappin and army braggin
Gon keep smugglin in this game shit
"Niggas ain't rappin" what you say about gangsta
rappin
You get killed forever, my nigga, every day
Where you get fucked up nigga, is where you lay
Time again I tried to tell you, but you ain't wanna heard
what I say
Damn leather dog bombin
Done made a mistake
We made (something is faded in the background)
sound so good
Keep that gangsta shit banging up and down your hood
Cause only real gangstas get down and to the bottom
Where y'all going, that much, we'll see right through ya
I'll out hustle ya, can't put up a fight cause I out muscle
ya
My really don't give a fuck attitude got ya feelin
uncomfortable
I got that there, nigga you ain't saying shit
I'm colder than a brand new pair of Stan Smiths
Fresher than a whole box of green Altimos
But I got to blow your head off and put bullet holes in
your Girbauds
Chorus
[Master P]
B-O-U-T we bout it
Real gangstas live muthafuckin rowdy
And where you from is how you come
Where you be or you're at
Fool, watch your back for these gangstas in that black
from
Long Beach to New Orleans, from every nigga in the
hood to the
Penitentiary
Tryin to, survive on these streets
Slangin dope cause the kids gotta eat
Put it in a car or a plane, Grey Hound or a train
Sixty five when it came, eighty nine when it lay
I'm in love with miss mo mo, candy painted four
Twenty skirt with convertible, fuckin polo
Bring the stylins of your talk
I mean real gangstas don't talk
Free your mind and refugee
Alive and turn your cheeks like Pras be
Chorus till fade

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