

Nikka Costa

"Keepin' it Gangsta"

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[Jadakiss] D-Block
[Styles] True indeed
[J] Double R
[S] Yes, true indeed
[J] Desert Storm
[S] True indeed
(Sheek Lu' where you at?)
[S] True indeed
(Haha, You know how we doin' baby?)

[Jadakiss] (Styles)
Keepin' it Gangsta, uh, yeah, uh, yeah, uh, yo
How many men could you kill? (Let me count all the
bullets I got)
Many bricks could move, (you can say 20 a block)
Many niggas'll ride (you could fill a football field)
(How much money you got?) You think I signed a
football deal
(My nigga give me the word, I'm gonna kill that lane)
You know major league niggas play the kidnap game
Have the kid missin' for days, listen and pray
(And I'm kill 6 of your niggas, 6 different ways
And we still got exza of rhymes) Still gangsta
(Try to run up on the guy, that send your legs to your
mom)
And we still got kilos of coke
(Ruff Ryders to the death, ride or die nigga we know
the oath)
That's why I'm tryin' to send this metal through your
head
Cause you got me curious, you probably look better
when your dead
Nine by the spine, (5th in the holst)
Scum bag it's them D-Block boys, daddy kissin' the
ghost
(Comin' through like the "Matrix" in the A-6
Triple black leather, six-speed, with the gray stick)
Give me the safe, I spit at your face
Double clip in your mug, then have SP hit it wit mase
(And we just caught burners and do me I'll say this)
Your little niggas lookin' up to me like the walls in

Green Haven

Keep heat and we shank ya, (rob ya and say thank ya)
Now that's keepin' it gangsta (keepin' it gangsta)

[Chorus - Fabolous]

Ya'll know who
Keepin' it Gangsta
We come through
Keepin' it Gangsta
Ya'll know how we do
Keepin' it Gangsta
My whole crew
Keepin' it Gangsta

[Fabolous] (Paul Cain)

Yeah, ok, uh, yeah, uh, yo
We your favorite gangstas, favorite gangstas (do
better both)
Before these slugs sink hitters, weighs like anchors
We don't own clean guns (all our skets is dirty
I toss bullets, New York niggas gel like Testaverde
I don't keep the scope on the ratchet
And for the dope I'm gonna catch it)
Make sure the joint ain't point blank so they can't open
your casket
My whole crew (got glocks on 'em)
In a hurry to shoot, (like they put shot clocks on 'em)
All that gossip we blast, better see if they possibly has
A V12 ambulance that will get you to a hospital fast
(We done came out the cages in shackles
I ain't call a pager to track you
I'm loadin' up gauges to whack you
We been riding together
And us back and forth), it's like puttin' Saddam Hussein
and Bin Laden together
Soon as you get a crumb, they wanna bury ya
That's why I travel with a semi, like Eddie in "Coming to
America"
(Silencers, it sound like it's hummin' when I'm airin' ya
Won't know you hit, 'til your body start numbin' in that
area)
The kids don't want to see the toast of mom and daddy
Plus we rather be roastin' Charming fatties
In a toasted armor Caddy
(And we come through, with chains glisten and thangs
spittin'
Hollow shots'll leave your brain missin'
Ghetto F A B (and Paul Cain nigga)
We gettin heaps of complaints for Keepin' it Gangsta
(Keepin' it Gangsta)

[Chorus]

[Billy Danze]

Hey yo, we represent them down ass niggas (OK)
M.O.P. (OK), rip rounds at you clown ass niggas (ALL
DAY)

B Day nigga get up off snooze (*snoring noise*)
Don't make me put your gangsta on the 6 o'clock news
You ride in a what (what's up), don't get it fucked up
Or twisted, cause you'll get it twisted and fucked up
And die in that truck

(be cautious when your walkin' through, be careful who
you talkin' too, comes the boom)

It's the livest motherfuckers of the century
You niggas is killin' me, you got to be kiddin' me (ah ha
ha)

Ain't nobody takin' it and makin' it
Extra like dust, throwin' they ass on the record and
bless it like Gus

(NOW) now about them weak flows, keep those, we eat
those

As far as meat goes, we keep those, the street knows
The MO (MO) P is what's up

We in the cut, Brownsville is heatin' it up (COME ON)

{Lil' Fame}

Yo your ego, why still spit lines that your bitch
Play C low, and spit four five's at your six
Ya'll don't really wanna lose your life
So I'm gonna smack flames out ya, pick ya money up
and roof ya dice

Yo, you done know were we from (FROM) soldier, come
(COME) soldier

Jump (JUMP) soldier, you been found and your whip's
slumped over

With your gangsta ass, dead and your gone
Iced out, chain out, with ya brains out, head on your
horn (*horn noise*)

You (YOU) know (KNOW), who (WHO) be Keepin' it
Gangsta

With a truck full of goons that fakesta
And the Brownsville niggas from the past
That run up, put a hammer to ya gut, and tell ya drop it
in the bag

You gangsta, Paul whatever (haha), cause for real if I
ever ever (what)

Ever ever catch yo ass flippin', I'm gonna pop a collar
(BOOM)

Woo mack and when your bitch holla

[Chorus]

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