

## Popa Wu "Gangster Theme"

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[intro: freemurder]

Gangsta niggas, what  
Gangsta bitches, what  
Gangsta killas, what  
Gangsta niggas, what  
Straight gangsta bitches  
Gangsta bitches, what  
Gangsta killas, what

[hook]

Uh, brooklyn is where we come from, come from  
U.k. known to fill 'em up with dumdums  
In the car seat, uh-huh  
Lil' free, that's where you get guns from, guns from

[chorus: freemurder]

Gangsta killas, what  
Gangsta niggas, what  
Gangsta bitches, what  
Gangsta killas, what  
Gangsta niggas, what  
Straight gangsta bitches, what  
Gangsta killas, what  
Gangsta niggas, what

[freemurder]

Party and be more, floor with four honeys  
Cars with three more, none of them hoes ugly  
'preme upstairs, nuttin on hoes tummies  
While you grindin ugly freaks, like seymour from mo'  
money  
Hard as a rock, straight up and down like sea-saws  
And free, pete rose, free ski whores  
Straight jaw bone, fuck eatin pussy  
Straight hormone jumpin when I'm beatin pussy  
Suspects keep lyin bout they weed and gats  
Till I catch them, change the subject like readin a map  
Drug off, desperado, amaretto  
Bustin berettas, up in you ghetto, alcoholic  
He's so heavy like chris wallace  
And try to get me off the floor with my shit brolic  
Like brand new gators, yo I love my shit polish

Flip on niggas, till they demolish, abolish  
Many niggas, friendly niggas turn enemy niggas  
Burn plenty of niggas, don't tick me nigga  
Little that you know, that shit don't offend me nigga  
And if one of y'all kill me, God avenge me nigga

[hook] \*'u.k.' instead of 'lil' free'\*

[chorus]

[freemurder]

Off to the telly, eyes ring me up on the celly  
All them niggas is fools, satisfy ya belly  
Niggas keep slidin thru like ky jelly  
Talkin nonsense, what you tryin tell me  
Blood gotti, rollin with a red scully  
Punk shotties, aimin out of red chevy's  
0 tray one, trade one guns, straight blood up  
Actin gigantic, till you get cut up  
Guns be titanic, make ya ass buck up  
Caught you real high standin, that's how you got stuck  
up  
On the block drippin, and read the glocks hittin  
All the cops wishin, I'm mad and not shittin  
Fuck police, we all hold four heats  
And put four d's under four seats  
And on the concrete, waitin for the coroner  
Fuck guliani, free slaughterin ya  
Little bitch, years ago, free ignorin ya  
Lil' kim bitches, free adorin ya  
Where I'm from? brooklyn, get them dum's, brooklyn  
Get the ones, brooklyn, afraid of none, brooklyn  
Uh, brooklyn is gun ho, u.k. shit we kick to let the  
Gun blow

[hook]

[chorus]

[freemurder]

Nyc, gangsta killa, brownsville  
Niggas that fake the killa, be foul killed  
Triggas await killas, free pound peel  
Niggas I hate, stealers on some we found skills  
Chill holmes, three round skill  
From the four-long, kick pressure, my forearm  
That shit had me fallin all out my stands  
Watch ya blood keep pourin all out cha man  
It's a flood, blood drorrin all out cha man  
Slugs in ya truck, now blood fallin out ya van  
And dad it up, click just banana'd up

Might as well open the door, 'cause I'm tearin it up  
Shittin all in the whip, got you scared as fuck  
Hopin that you won't die, like montana bro'  
With scarface, all in my grill, with the hard face  
Get sent on a journey to a far far place

[chorus: just sayin 'gangsta killa']

[hook]

[chorus]

[outro: shacronz (freemurder)]

Hahahaha

Yo freemurder man this is that gangsta shit man  
This is that universal gangsta shit  
You know that east coast/west coast type of shit, man  
This is that real shit, that b-life shit man  
We've been doin this shit for years man  
You know, ever since our fathers man  
You know man, the device lords, the young lords  
The black spades, the ball bustas  
We've been doin this shit on the east coast man  
Knowhati'msayin? keep that 5 alive, freemurder  
Let them know, this is the east side, killa thrilla  
Death row till we die man, word up man  
Freemurder man, b-life or no life  
(oh don't forget them tomahawks nigga, my pops'll kill  
you  
Shit is real, p-stone, paroo bloods, you real like I'm real  
This is for them gangstas across the world  
East side homies)

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