

Daz Dillinger

"Gangsta Shit"

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[Daz Dillinger]

Yeah, you know when a nigga ask me and say (that gangsta shit)

That's what I give 'em y'knahmsayin

Then I turn around and whip it up and I give 'em (that's that shit)

Then we just bubble it up, countin all the money

Because you know that's that (gangsta shit)

And then when I BALL OUT on your motherfuckin ass
It's to let you know (that's that shit)

You see I'm strapped up (brrrrrrrap) nigga my pockets bulgin

Get a hole in your chest, fuck your eye swollen

The crank stolen, motherfucker yeah it's paid for
with thirty-six O-Z's of real Peruvian blow

A thousand grams, cop the whole ki

You get busted motherfucker you don't know me

Hundreds, fifties, twenties and tens

Even, fives and ones, even pennies even spend

I'm a hustler, adapt at wherever I fit in

Once I lace the whole city, everybody can get in

I ain't got no frizzends, business of this coke game

Rap game, fuck that, nigga yo it's all the same

To want revenge wrapped around a {?} seperated

Two hundred and fifty thousand, nigga you finally made it

Look at me now - can you tell the difference?

500 SLV's, a nigga dippin

The streets got my back, everybody eatin

We ain't starvin no more, we ballin every weekend

New shoes for my feet and my car

See I'm shinin like a star, takin me afar

I got work, I'm sittin with a pound and a half a ki'

750 G's, blowin bomb weed

Now count it up, nigga, imagine that

Once I recop nigga, ain't no goin back

[Chorus]

That gangsta shit

Say that's that shit

That gangsta shit
Say that's that shit

[Daz Dillinger]

You see we comin up, let a nigga have it
We keep it jumpin on the set like a fuckin rabbit
I bust me a bad-ass bitch
She don't know that I'm po' but um (that's that shit)
Say that you a gangsta, nigga go on and show me
What'chu got, homey, yo fuck your homies
Cock it back, show me what the matter fact the real is
This is what it is when a nigga in the showbiz
What it do, what it do like a pot of soup
We stay in that loop, we smokin on that bomb fruit
Strawberries, pineapples, and it smell good
Where you find this, you can't get it in the hood
On the contrary yo it's necessary
Mash the pedal now a nigga legendary
I'm gettin money, yeah a nigga laughin
Daz gettin money and I'm havin cash
Cause I, cause I

[Chorus]

[Daz Dillinger - singing]

And when we roll around the hood
You know we bang bang
VS all up the thing
A bunch of pussies sing (that's that shit)
Watch for the polices nigga
Watch out for niggaz
Keep yo' eyes opened
so yo you don't get plowed down
Stay on the grind, hand on your nine
Don't try to sho't me motherfucker cause I want mine
And if you can, speak to the man
Come do what you say motherfucker yeah yeah yeah
yeah
Yeahhhhhh motherfucker straight up in your face

[Chorus] with ad libs

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