

Deburgh Chris

"Certified Gangstas"

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[Intro: G.A.M.E. (Jim Jones)]

(R.I.P Eazy-E) That Westside (Capo), that city where them
tec's fly (Dip-set!)

We ride in that Westside (Eastside), that no seeds in
our stress side (Lets ride)

[Verse 1: G.A.M.E.]

Jim Jones swirvin, I got that purple I'm blowed
Tight grip on the Escalade pole
Yeah, Harlem's jus' like Compton, that's jus' how I roll
Red bandana wrapped around the chrome .44
Gun smokin' like Suge cigar
Show me how you stunt you thrown outta movin' car
If that thing come out, its murder she wrote
If Doc come out, its 30 Impalas on the boat
Nigga, we do this everyday
Llamas under the thermul, waitin' by ya stairs like Mary J
Beat niggaz ride dirty like Jazze Pha, Cassius Clay
Knock a nigga out on the ave today
Bring the mack ya way me and Santana
Blowin' in the crowd like Donnie Hathaway
Westside blood-gang, niggaz know what I'm about
And they know I'm ruff ridin' so they knockself out

[Chorus: Bezel]

Now I ride with my vest, .45 and my tech
Big 4 in the '64, like I'm in the West
Not petrified to put 5 in ya chest
Cause, we Certified Gangstas
Stash the mill' in the house
And I kill in the drowt
That's the chill, when I pump, get it crunk in the South
Icegrill, like a nice meal in my mouth
Cause, we Certified Gangstas

[Verse 2: Jim Jones]

You know I keep my eyes wide
Eastside high-risers
Westside low-riders
Vest with the four-fiver

Yes I fo' sho fire
D-I-P low-rider
See police, slow the ride up
You see squally nigga
Cause we switchin four lanes(speedin'!)
To see my niggaz(gangsta!) that bang up
In the middle of the 'jects(Foster!), while the pitchin'
raw
caine(gettin it!)
G'd up posted tough on the turf(uh huh)
Long johns and some jeans, fuck a button up shirt(we
keep it gully!)
Compton, see the blockers they bangin'(G's up!)
My ghetto passes good, be on blocks while they
slangin'(in the dope
house!)
Houston, the purple potion I sip(Texas)
While I'm screwin' up my music in a roaster with
Flip(Clover Geeees!)
NY, you know the City is ours(Capo!)
You know I'm Peter Gotti, we the niggaz with power(DIP-
SET!)
As we ride we screamed out "EASTSIDE"(G's up!)
All the time as I replied(come on!)

[Chorus: Bezel]

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[Verse 3: Cam'ron]

We put the lazars on glocks(glock)
Razor or ox(ox)
As I lay in the drop(drop)
Pump the base on the poc(kets)
Move the H on our block, in front of H&R block
See the face on our watch, put ya face on our
cock(head)
I keep the Luger hugged
Show you how to use a snub
Whopty-whoo, fuck around be you I plug(you)
I don't do the drugs(nah), baby I move the drugs(yes)
Right on the computer love, it sound like computer
love(computer love)
Duck the cop-capers(capers) and the top haters(haters)

Foch flavors, Harlem World we got gators(what's that!?)
Not dead, I said they alive(live)
Lions(lions), tigers(what), bears, oh my(oh my)
Its a straight zoo
A to Z, May to April
Bring the apes through
Fuck around you be ape food, baked food(food)
9 bitches, 8 dudes
Diamond visions, great cubes
Get it straight fool

[Chorus: Bezel]

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Cause, we Certified Gangstas
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And I kill in the drowt
That's the chill, when I pump, get it crunk in South
Icegrill, like a nice meal in my mouth
Cause, we Certified Gangstas

[Outro: Jim Jones]

We ride in that Eastside
We roll up while we ride
We ride in that Eastside
Please roll up that weed high..

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