

Sudden Death

"Hip Hop Gangsta"

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One two for my crew, three fo' for the dough that I'm
Makin', five six seven for the lives that I'm
Takin', eight nine ten for my singers
Start over at one because I ran out of fingers
But I got a finger for you and it's the middle
And like Batman, you'll be plagued with a riddle
Who do you think you are, and who are you gonna
Be, so you can make the money like me
I grew up on the streets of some town I never been in
I write rhymes about crimes I never did and get the
women
And when I'm done I go home and stare blankly out the
window
And get back to killin' everything...on Nintendo
Next year when my career is caput
I'll find another image that'll work just as good
But for now I'm gettin' major play on eMpTyV
So a gangsta's life is the life for me

(chorus)

We do gang-bangs and drive-bys
And when it comes to blunts we got a year's supply
But we only act tough on the video screen
'Cause we ain't really part of that gangsta scene
(repeat)

Well yeah, bow wow wow, I'm a gangsta
I'm in it to win it like the lottery thanks to
The formula for how to turn vinyl into gold
I can sit back and chill while I sell my soul
To the label that labeled me as a true G
Next week I start shootin' for a gangsta movie
And that's when the money'll start pourin' in
And sequel after sequel there'll be more of it
All this because I use my gat when I oughtta
Pup the clip, pull the trigger and it'll spray you full o'
water
Yeah, it's just a prop but it'll get me to the top
And it's the only way that I'll be gettin' any kind of props
So for now while I'm foolin' everyone in the game
I'll make song after song that are practically the same

And I'll be laughin' all the way to the bank
So I'm-a keep on livin' up the life of a gangsta

(chorus)

You hear another g-funk song and ask who is it
Is it Snoop or someone else who's equally full of shizzit
Like a rock star who only knows two or three chords
I'm-a play it and a play it till the public gets bored
And then I'm gonna play it some more and collect
More royalties from the days that I had respect
And then I can retire from this hectic life
Of writin' rhymes about crimes I never did and get a
wife
But for now this ain't bad I work an hour a day
I use someone else's music then sit back and get paid
I only sing about blunts and how I hate the police
And my posse yells "Shoot 'em up, shoot 'em up!"
Peace
I sleep all day and I party all night
I get drunk play Nintendo and maybe pick a fight
I got money, got respect and got tons o' girls
I'm a hip hop gangsta, best life in the world

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