

Bill Ramsey

"Gangsta Melody"

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(MC Ren)

I'ma prisoner like I'm onna ball and a chain so
I stand aside while I ride and my gang throws
Bouncin around like a ball that you can catch with a mitt
While the other motherfuckers catch a fit
I snap necks and break arms and start storms
But you couldn't keep warm ya trashed your uniform
I dragged the ball, the chain was a weapon so
But I was in the eye of the law so I kept it low
When its time to smoke I'm no joke
The chain'll twist around ya throat to choke
So, ya turn red then ya dead
But in the world that you're steppin thats minus one
illiterate head
Its easier said than done
I consider it fun to smoke a nigga witta gun
MC Ren slappin motherfuckers up with a wrench
Witha bitch on the corner in a trench
And you're tense cause you know I'm packin with lead
Plus your also shakin cause your momma's there holdin
my dick head
So everything is movin steadily
Cause MC Ren is lettin off with the melody
Kick It

(Lil Nation)

Like a deciever, cold is the fever that I began with
I loaded a clip I gatted up and I ran with
Attempt to escape but too late cause I ran amuck
Police was in pursuit but I didn't give a fuck
Another unit hooked to chase
I slowed down to let em catch up to look at my face
They don't fuck with the kingpin of the hood
They wanna arrest me but they never could
Because with no hesitation I put a gun to your head and
blast it
Face the Nation you'll be dead so pull up a casket
I bring descension upon on sucka
And just for attention I go loke and smoke a
motherfucker
Never jock when clockin dollars I don't play

I do this shit for many hours a day
For like 20, and for the other four I got my drawers
around my ankles
And got my dick in somebody's hoe
That's how I'm livin and I don't give a damn
Call you a hoe, this is the kinda motherfucker I am
Born to be insane fuck what you're tellin me
Yo Tre, pump this shit up for Gangsta Melody

(Lil Nation)

Its like a psycho, born with my hand on a rifle
My gauge is like a god and my bullets are like disciples
Born to jack when I pack I go underground
Silencers are on my gats so I can kill without a sound
No need for yankin' my posse off the motherfuckin
shelf
Cause I'm a posse my God damn self
With a vengeance to fuck a local heroism
Yo, I'm in a show, CPO you're vocal terrorism
First priority is make police departments a mockery
I even got the governor jockin me
Dissed all the law beggin me, leave my law
Turn the macks down to minimal, I'm a criminal to em,
but
I want the shoots with attempt to annihilate
I know the law but I'm destined to violate
The fugitive offender I don't need luck to rehearse
On my agenda fuckin up is like first
They said gonna put me in a door tight facility
But I'll fight back by bustin a quiet soliliquy
That's what I do til I die while the law tries to spoil my
rebelry
I be loyal to gangsta melody

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