

Mr. Shadow

"Gangsta Stepp'n"

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feat. GPA
[Mr. Shadow (Talking)]
Yeah, what's crackin, ha ha
Mr. Shadow
With my diggty dawg bow wow
GP to the A
We keep it gangsta all day
In Killafofn I-A
You know, shit
We all gangsta thugs and hustlers
Mothafucka

Hoes we brake laws
So shut your jaws
Feel the combination
From this San Diego south paw
Bitch I'm your down fall
Bustin roll calls on property walls
On Don Robbery's and Shoppin Malls
Gangsta walk through your grandmother's house
And if the hoe says a word
She's gettin smacked in the mouth
I gives a fuck what you're goin through
Fuck what you're down for
It's Woptown for you busters on the platform
For your concern on the daily we burn
Multiple rounds of chronic
Runnin the streets in a hurry
We all gangstas smugglin
Strugglin and daily hustlers
And we gettin paid
Without workin a muscle
Life is like a puzzle
Got to get it together
Now my shit's legal
Still puttin down for what ever
Berretas never let up
Mothafucka breath again
Don't ever try to fuck with this
Amichi Park Mexican

[Chorus: Mr. Shadow]

Here we go again on a gangsta fied mission
Mr. Shadow, GPA straight dippin
Fuck you fools, who don't like us
Just because we're thugs and roll with murderers
[2x]

[Mr. Shadow]

If you's a smoker where's the mothafuckin bud at
What you think you're blazin my sack
Fuck that
Tuck my nine on my waist at all times
Look where I got slangin nickels and dimes
And I'm still growin
Flowin P's and K's over the border
Mothafuckas pay me in cash
Car keys or money orders
I know you heard of us
Thugs and murderers

How nobody can handle us
Cause we're so scandalous
Plus we're down to bust headeral
If not all my federal
Hollow slugs at all you bitch homosexuals
Actin like you got it crackin
But nothin goin on
But your mothafuckin lips smackin
You see fools like you get wacked in the streets
Out here it's no joke and fake hoes get beat
If you sleep you're losin little homie fuck snuzzin
So light up a blunt and start brain cell abusin

[Chorus]

[GPA]

Who the fuck ya'll ballin
Pistol grippin just for bittin
Spray paintin on the wall
Territory gang fightin
In get this feeling as I begin to write down shit
Lyrics get tossed on to a beat when it's on hit
For ever I'm bustin
And rats I never trust em
Hoes I never love em
And haters I say fuck em
Cause I can get crazy on em
Not only in raps
Ain't scared to put hands on em
Fuck talkin we scrap
Gettin my lok on

Get ready and hold on
I bang when I'm bustin
Want it all when there's nothin
Ain't got shit to prove
High as fuck and feel my groove
Gotta take a moment
Under pressure when I flow it
Lyrics surprised all those actin phony
Slip and slide in my street slang
With the mic that I'm holdin
On the run mothafuckas
Packin gun mothafuckas
Just for fun mothafuckas
Any dumb mothafuckas
Right here be the Wicked side
Let me take you for a ride
Drunk as fuck like my raps
This is Deigo pride

[Mr. Shadow (Talkin)]
You know how that shit goes
Now tell me
Can one of you fuck with us
Uh un.... I don't think so
So tuck you tail and go home
Mothafucka

[Chorus]

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