

George Smith**"G-2000"**

Visit "[G-2000](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

What y'all know about this shit man, okay
Yeah (niggaz desperate to be) nationwide baby
(But don't really know what it means to be)
A new millenium (a real true G)
Niggaz say, there's gotta be a whole different crew on
the set
(Gangsters live and gangsters ride)
Just to rearrange the whole game (it's hard to survive,
either do or die)
And that's what my niggaz is doin (in this gangster life)
That's what we doin, come check us out, yo

[Verse One]

Us young niggaz came up with nothin but hopes and
dreams
Obscene intentions, picture perfect for the pinchin
A new invention to this dope game, I'm slingin CD's
instead of cocaine, meanwhile takin it in and gainin
mo' game
My background descended from the hustlers and
pimps
True redemption for you niggaz, I blew up like the
blimp
Strong attempts to make these power moves,
nationwide we devour crews
My momma told me never follow fools

[Verse Two]

On the backstreets, gat beats, had her runnin like track
meets
Tax freak, class G, servin up them crack trees
Joe Rizza, rhyme blizza, from the streets 'til I take my
roll
I take control, bank fold, ain't never gon' sell my soul
I stay committed, when shit go down in my town they
say I did it
I gots ta get it, and when yo' stash look touched you
know I hit it
You won't admit it, we bring it hella from that Detroit
city
Nitty gritty, kick so much ass it gets my gators shitty

[Chorus: singer]
Niggaz desperate to be
But don't really know what it means to be
A real true G
Gangsters live and gangsters ride
It's hard to survive, either do or die
In this gangster li-iiiiiiiife

[Verse Three]
Dirty repercussions, nasty destruction, I'm talkin I'm
bustin
Dumpin bullets in my foes, trigger pullin on you hoes
Born with the soul of a soldier; you don't even know
what it means
to be a G well fuck with me and I'ma show ya
The definition, of a killer nigga, get that nigga
Bring him to me but don't kill him, let me deal with him
Cause I'ma peel him with my scalp, wodie shoulda kept
his mouth closed
Now it's gonna scream high notes, like some altos

[Verse Four]
My nigga the war is true to down my haters and
imitators, smash niggaz to pieces
Slash the anger from my gun crucify you bitches like
Jesus
Squash beef, respect those when my niggaz roll
through
You claimin a side I'm claimin trues when you make yo'
move I make my move
Showtime fool, as I think about how you chin checked
Any minute they drop like two bitches beggin to get wet
Have some respect, cause on my team, a nigga marine
Stayin a foot off you scrubs, showin no love to all these
hoe fiends

[Verse Five]
360 degrees fool! Shit, I burn like a Pyrex
So which one of you motherfuckers wanna step up, and
die next?
Appetite for mutilation, gangster 2000
An operation no time for debatin, my troops is waitin
We roll like Dayton, wires, we keep yo' block on fire
Not Juvenile, but I crush empires, fuckin with me
I hurt you, like a Jamaican {?}
My bitch get evil like {?} a nigga murder mad

[Chorus]

[female singer]

Gangster (*8X*)
To all the true gangsters
Gangster (*8X*)
To all my true gangsters

Visit [George Smith](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.