

Mystikal "Gangstas"

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No Limit Soldiers
(Ugh)
DPGC, gangstas
(Ha, ha)
Look here, you got three crazy muthafuckas

In the same place at the same time
(Yeah, Master P.)
You know this shit gon' be off the hook
(It's gon' be the wildest shit you ever heard)
For my bitches down south, southern hospitality
(Representin', ya heard me)

From the cold, hard streets of the LBC
To a duet with Mystikal and Master P
Real G's ship keys and shoot dice on their knees
And put pistols to the mouths of their enemies
Old country ass nigga with a gold in the front
Be the same muthafucka that get your bitch ass
stomped

Underestimatin' hatin' got you knocked out cold
Tryin' to play my boy over, you was with your hoe
Them South niggas bangin' off the shit that we write
Punk niggas get killed, straight on sight
No Limit ain't no gimmick, it's tragic you know
So don't be meddlin' with my boy and my hoe
Lay low, hit the floor, I'm back

Yo P, take me to the streets, that's where my heart is at
You make 'em say ugh, I make 'em say beeyatch
Together we can flip the script and get grip
You got the crack, I got the bud sack
Mystikal, smack, you got the strap
Deep in that gangsta shit on a night like that
You blast me, I blast you back, beeyatch

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Gangsta shit
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Know what, we're 'bout to jump off with some gangsta

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Got this fuckin' party poppin'
You cappin' and army braggin'
Gon' keep smugglin' in this game shit
Niggas ain't rappin' what you say about gangsta
rappin'
You get killed forever, my nigga, every day
Where you get fucked up nigga is where you lay
Time again I tried to tell you

But you ain't wanna heard what I say
Damn leather dog bombin', done made a mistake
We made sound so good
([Unverified])
Keep that gangsta shit banging up and down your hood
'Cuz only real gangstas get down and to the bottom
Where y'all going, that much, we'll see right through ya

I'll out hustle ya, can't put up a fight 'cuz I out muscle
ya
My really don't give a fuck, attitude got ya feelin'
uncomfortable
I got that there, nigga you ain't saying shit
I'm colder than a brand new pair of Stan Smiths
Fresher than a whole box of green Altimos
But I got to blow your head off
And put bullet holes in your Girbauds

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B O U T we 'bout it
Real gangstas live muthafuckin' rowdy
And where you from is how you come
Where you be or you're at
Fool, watch your back for these gangstas in that black

from
Long Beach to New Orleans
From every nigga in the hood to the penitentiary
Tryin' to survive on these streets

Slangin' dope 'cuz the kids gotta eat
Put it in a car or a plane, Grey Hound or a train
Sixty five when it came, eighty nine when it lay
I'm in love with miss mo mo, candy painted four
Twenty skirt with convertible, fuckin' polo
Bring the stylins of your talk, I mean real gangstas
don't talk
Free your mind and refugee
Alive and turn your cheeks like Pras be

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