

Crooked Fingers

"Gangsta Rap"

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feat. Scarface, Treach

(Verse 1 - Scarface)

Now flip with a nigga, as we dip through the Dirty
Four-tops, spin out and bent up to thirty
I only ride for homies, 'cause hoes ain't worthy
Never put a bitch before your road doggs, ya heard
me?
Plus, we do shit other rappers can't feel
Like, hangin' in the same spots we hung out for the
deal
For real, the ghetto ain't a pop song, Cutty
The ghetto bodies get up, get out, and get nutty
And fool, do it 'til the death if you have too
Just get the fuck up off the cuts, 'fore they grab you
And have you doin' penitentiary time
Got these rap cats thinkin', if they shit to lift rhymes
If you ain't in the streets, then nigga,
stick to the balance, or get caught up
Tossed up, in this bitch, like a salad
Dedicated to my niggas out here stuck in the trap
I deliver it just like I live it, it ain't rap
Trust me

This is really that gangsta boggie (2 times)
That gangsta (4 times)

(Chorus)

This is for the ballers
Gangsta rap!
What all the hoes love
Gangsta rap!
What you hop your 6-4 to?
Gangsta rap!
You can do what you want to
Gangsta rap!

Yeah, this is for the ballers
Gangsta rap!
What all the hoes love
Gangsta rap!

What you hop your 6-4 to?
Gangsta rap!
You can do what you want to
Gangsta rap!

(Verse 2 - Crooked I)
What did you fall in the spot?
You could say that they callin' a cop
I'm robbin' niggas, whether they ballin' or not
The Steven Segal of the block

Clock you with a pool ball in a sock
Pop you and crawl off in a drop
Dodger hatted-up
I'm fly as a shot when it hovers
A mix between Morpheus a

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