

Clock

"Worldwide Gangstas"

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[Black Child talking]

What's up Chi-town?

Yeah, Murder INC. back up in ya area

On that gangsta shit ya know

Connect worldwide

Worldwide gangsta shit nah mean?

From Chi-town to Miami

Houston to mother fuckin' LA, we connect nigga

With some gangsta shit

[Caddillac Tah]

Mother fuckers, you frontin' we comin' with heat niggas

AR-15s we sweepin' up the street bigger

Guns make niggas run, we squeeze triggers

We leave niggas dead for the stacks, slumped over,
head in they lap

[Black Child]

Yo, we constantly count cream in the crackhouse

Basically, we bangin' bitches backs out

I feel like the last child

Throwin' bricks at a glasshouse

Poppin' and puffin' till I pass out

[Caddillac Tah]

This gangsta shit is for all my youngens who flip birds

And hug the block, in club they Cris and twist the bud,
nigga what

We live it up, from Chi-town to my town

We diggin sluts, long dickin' in the guts

[Black Child]

We just religious thugs, gangsta pimps

Hoes fall in love the way we throw this dick

The Hummers on dubs look like tanks and shit

We came to stop the bank, don't blink be sick

[Caddillac Tah]

Nigga all of our love is for the chips

And I don't chase hoes, just pasos and bricks

Nigga let me sum it up

Y'all niggas is dumb enough
Run on up, the guns we tuck, bust
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust

[Black Child]

Holla at us, R-O-C-K-L-A-N-D and I-N-C
With Boo and Gotti, Ferrari Black and Caddillac Tah
Nigga, we go hard

[Gotti]

I'm loud when the shells pop
Still I sell rock
Got outta jail on bail, gettin' ready to plot
Yo I kidnap niggas
Then bitch smack niggas
Give me the crack nigga or get clap nigga
I ain't one of these rap niggas
I'm a big gat spitter
Bangin' and slangin' to be a rich ass nigga
Don't get tired in these streets
My nigga died in these streets
It's only one option, provide for these streets
My peeps out here so I ride with these streets
Spent weeks out here, grind on these streets
I know the deal out here
It's real out here
Got bitch bud murder and I'm still out here
Rockland, Murder INC. you get killed out here
Chi-town, New York, blood spill out here
And thugs like me, still out here
Yeah you heard nigga, I'm still out here

[Boo]

A yo I ride up, lied up outta my mind
Black Cadillac truck nigga, loaded with nines
To my thugs on the block, holdin' it down
I got love on the block, look at my eyes
Rockland, Murder INC. what the fuck you think
Me and Gotti whole plan is to cover the streets
We don't wanna body you man, fuck the beef
We sell a lot of these grams, and clutch the heat
To many moves to be made, fake thug niggas
Get a few through they brain, I been plug nigga
It's rules to the game
Cats like me play not to lose in this game
You see this little nigga makin' moves in the Range
I see you wack niggas still crusin' with lames
Get full nigga cause it's food to the brain
Rockland nigga spit fire and flames
Get it right nigga, we gangsta

[Ja Rule]

Murder INC. gets poppin' pills, clips, however you like it
Niggas get extorted, bitches get excited
Known to start riots, the Rule and I-N-C
Got fedaraleighs watchin' me, the Y-G and I-G
Put it together family orientated through guns, drugs,
and good relations
Real conversations, we call it real talk
And that shit spreads all the way from LA to New York
And I love talk, that's when you get to smash on niggas
Catch 'em in the dark spot and put the flash on niggas
Cameras, lights, action, go buck at the master
C's and past if when I die blow my ashes
Off the shores of Costa Rica, nigga to each is own
The Rule ain't dyin' alone motherfuckers

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