

12 Stones

"That's Gangsta"

Visit "[That's Gangsta](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Shyne]

Hustler, bad motherfucker
Brooklyn to the rucker, Cali and back
Court cases pendin, all the blood drug money spendin
Ferrari engines leave your whole fuckin block tremblin
I'm what niggaz wanna be, a straight G
Whore bitches wanna suck and fuck for free
I'm Alpo, before you snitch dog
I switch lines and rhymes faster than I switch cars
Ghetto star, name ring in every hood
Heartless villain, money driven killin
and bury my opposition, for a pot to piss in
Knickerbock position, listen

Â

[Chorus 2X: Shyne]

A hundred carats in the watch (THAT'S GANGSTA)
Gettin skull off in the parkin lot (THAT'S GANGSTA)
Feel the knot when you loft (THAT'S GANGSTA)
Takin over spots and blocks (THAT'S GANGSTA)

Â

[Shyne]

I got a question; as serious as cancer
Where da fuckin safe at? Somebody better answer
before I start killin and fillin these double-I slugs
in your mug then you spittin up blood
Got dead gangstas rollin over like, "Yo this nigga cold"
The way he cut his coke is murder game to his flow
Rich is, my only reason for bein, shit
I never had hope, until I sold dope
Drug game is infectious, got me livin reckless
Feds get uptight when they see my watch and necklace
glow, fuck 'em, they can't catch me
Murder and money, 'til they throw my ashes in the sea

Â

[Chorus]

Â

[Shyne]

Mac-10's, crush rocks and drops
The best respect, the feds only fuck cops
Coke price raisin, task force raidin
Bustin at secret agents runnin up out the Days Inn

Roller, diamonds and mack-milla's
Fillers and loud pipes for all my killers
Money hungry honies around, the killer streets and the
law

The opium and the raw, that's what I live for
For cuttin yea, never for today
Extended magazines shootouts and ricochets
Play a role and catch a bullethole, pop your blood
vessels

Ain't gonna wait before the smoke settles

Â

[Chorus]

Â

[*scratching "Serious shit"*)

Â

[Shyne]

Money in brown paper bags (THAT'S GANGSTA)

Servin fiends on the ave (THAT'S GANGSTA)

Menage red labels (THAT'S GANGSTA)

Honies with diamonds up in they navel (THAT'S
GANGSTA)

Showin love to your hood (THAT'S GANGSTA)

Leavin cowards layin where they stood (THAT'S
GANGSTA)

Floodin your homey's commisary up (THAT'S
GANGSTA)

Never missin when we bust (THAT'S GANGSTA)

Money in brown paper bags (THAT'S GANGSTA)

Servin fiends on the ave (THAT'S GANGSTA)

Menage red labels (THAT'S GANGSTA)

Honies with diamonds up in they navel (THAT'S
GANGSTA)

Showin love to your hood (THAT'S GANGSTA)

[*music fades out*]

Visit [12 Stones](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.

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