

Radiator

"Gangstas Make The World"

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Master P: TRU niggaz stand...
Silkk (Master P echoing): Raise your right hand. Repeat
after me. I
pledge
allegiance, to the game of the United Streets of A-
fucking-merica. And
not to be fucked with, for which it stands, one nation,
under the
dope game, with liberty and money for all. Gangstas
that is, gangstas
that is...

Chorus: Gangstas make the world go round, Gangstas
make the world
go round,
I know, I know
Gangstas...round, gangstas..round, you know, you
know
Gangstas...round, gangstas...round, we know, we know
Gangstas...round, gangstas...round.

[Silkk]
Hah! I live and die, so I'm a die by the 9
Fuck the dumb shit, I run this, a whole life of crime
Ain't never had shit, but always had my pistol, bitch
187, don't make me whistle, bitch
I never know, for sho, picture this
Never die, bitch, never die, say a damn thang
Canes in the chains, became the dope thang
Snortin some cane will make you do some strange
thangs
I don't know why I idolize gangstas like Tony Montana,
Lucky Luciano, probably cause they went out bangin
Gangstas like Machine Gun Kelly
Rest in peace 2Pac, AKA Makaveli
He run the chamber for danger, can't understand why
these strangers
Wanna ride with us killas, but they can't fuck when we
hang em
Gangstas like Kadofy, John fuckin Gotti
Ain't fuckin with these snitches cause they got em for

his shotty
Gangstas

Chorus

[Master P]

Uuuunnnngggghhhh! Just a young nigga hangin with
the thugs
From the ghetto so a nigga learned to slang drugs,
From OZs, to flip keys,
Eye blood red shot nigga smokin dank weed
And quick to slap a bitch in a minute
Fiends better have my money, I mean every penny
Youngsta, kickin with the hustlas
Fuck school, tryin to serve a clucka
And moms, wish she never had me
Cause I'm a nigga on the block slangin candy
Ready to die for this true shit
Takin penitentiary chances tryin to get rich
My role models Frank Nitti, Scarface, and John Gotti
Real gangstas, that's bout it, bout it

Chorus

[C-Murder]

Throw your muthafuckin guns up (TRU!)
Cause I represent Gangsta Day (uh-huh)
A g-a-n-g-s to the t-a
Ain't lookin for no shit but if shit comes (what's up,
what's up)
Ready to turn your muthafuckin body numb
And fuck the pen, cause if I go to jail again
I pop a plea, and I'm free, in 5 to 10 (outee)
A nigga talk shit so I banged and I step
Another notch upon my rep (killa)
Like the last tape a nigga say fuck you hoes,
Now I'm turnin bustas, into John Does
I'm the nigga with TRU upon my back (C-Murder)
A gangsta that's strapped so you can't jack
Ain't nuthin but killas on my team, (soldiers)
And I'm hangin with the Shocker and the Ice Cream
Beware, my mental status is flawed, (crazy)
Start bangin and muthafuckas get lost,
You got drama with this muthafuckin TRU click? (uh-oh,
uh-oh)
Big Worm, this nigga need his wig split
Take him to the river, cut his head off (cut it)
Target practice for my goddam sawed off
That's how we handle shit, in my town
Cause gangstas make the muthafuckin world go round

[Mr. Serv-On]

Round and round you go,

Now tell me who's the realest muthafucka that you
know

Black Luciano, hangin niggaz out the window
like a fat pig and ?Ferejano?

Winnin gun battles like Geronimo

Say hello to my new friend, Mr. MAC-10,

With the infrared grin, I can't pretend,

Who I be, the S-E-R-V aka Billy Badgate

Jack you for your safe, with guns in your daughters
face

Catchin chase for my case for murder, you ain't never
heard of a

Nigga, with nuts big like bison,

Unified, gangstafied champ like Tyson, world
introduc'in

Young Billy Blast Em Up, I gives a fuck, all about my
double up

Catchin bubble up, now I'm here to let you know
bitch you better give it up

Don't lay it down, I'll make your world go round

[Master P]

TRU niggaz make the world go round

gangstas make the world go round (repeat 2X)

Chorus and fade

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