

K-9**"Gangsta'd Out"**Visit "[Gangsta'd Out](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Intro)

Welcome... Detroit, Michigan

We're here at the national Khu Klux Klan Rally

Today we're gonna welcome one of our newest members

His name's Eminem

His clan name's gon' be Marshall Mathers

Heh, he, ha, I like it

Anyways, ugh... Now the honorable grand dragon is gonna be presidin'

Lookey here, boy, from now on you're gon' be a nigger lover, boy

Smile, you're gonna be a God-damned rap star

You're gon' get off your ass, and get on your Trojan, boy

And you gon' sell more records than them NIGGERS ever will!

You hear me?

You gon' get with Dr. Gay

N, W... with a dick is his mouth

N, W, AIDS... I don't give a shit

You gon' hustle your ass off, boy

Cause when they kissin' your ass, they kissin' the Klan's ass

And when they suckin' YO dick, they suckin' Hitler's
dick

Just remember one thing, boy...

Every God-damned dollar you make,

well, that's just another dollar for the Klan

(Song starts)

(Intro)

What?!

My nigga Vic rest in peace, my nigga (rest in peace,
Vic)

Yeah... Much love, nigga (much love)

You know there's no love, nigga

(fuckin' haters.. ain't no love for no haters)

Yeah... My niggas incarcerated

(all of my niggas incarcerated, keep yo head up)

Yo, yo, yo, yo, K-9...

Since it's your moment to shine on this motherfuckin'
record,

why don't you show them how we keep it out West?

(Chorus)

Gangsta'd out

For all my riders in the streets

We gangsta'd out

Still haulin' after police

We're Gangsta'd out

You niggas know what we about

We gangsta'd out

We keep it gangsta'd out

Gangsta'd out

To all my niggas c-walkin'

We gangsta'd out

To all my niggas b-walkin'

We're gangsta'd out

You niggas know what we about

We gangsta'd out

We keep it gangsta'd out

(Verse 1)

Smoke one for me if tomorrow never happens

Cause I'll probably go out blazin', in a gun fight

Cause I only got one life (sup, nigga?!)

And I'ma do what I choose, to live it

Mash, murder for cash

And pray to God this ain't our last

Days on earth (my... nigga)

You's a bitch for what she worth, and split

You see our cats represent

If you a mack, let's get bent, nigga

Pull out our pot on the corner

For all my doggs in a coma

Who died in California

From Inglewood to Watts (woo! woo!) From L.A. to the Bay

Pacoima and San Bernardino, Latinos and Filipinos

Puerto Rican hotties, lovin them big bodies

Escalate trucks... tearin' the turf up at rallies where we meet up

So roll the weed up (what up, nigga?)

Parkin' lot packed, and polishin' acts

Q 45's, if finished, my niggas sent us to win it

Like gold bend it, scrilla we spend it

Cash, Yola, the game ain't over

Hold up, soldier

(Chorus)

(Verse 2)

First ones to gaffle 6-4 cut, sag the khakis on creases (yeah)

Brought the gangster to the rap game, and tore that shit to pieces (ugh)

First to rock the ace duece, with the matches 'round the rim

The diamond in the middle, first to pend a 'hood film

Labeled The Menace to Society, my Boys up In the Hood

Gangsta rap starts, first to fuck with Hollywood, yeah

It's killa Cali, the gangsta rap capitol

And rollin' through my 'hood, boy, you better duck for the ???

True gangsta niggas... And boy, they quick to kill ya (ba!)

Lay that ass out, you backin' out?Yeah, I feel ya (uh-huh)

We keep it hard, ain't no cuts up in our 'brow

Yeah, he's alright, but, um... He dies now (whew!)

The gangsta motto... Two niggas hard to follow

Choke that ass out, like your girl before she swallow

Won't ever stop

These niggas you love to hate, true...

Gangsta riders, livin' in the... gangsta state

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

When they pronounced that the war was over

I sparked a Vega filled with Dosia

Anxious to pop, thinkin' of 'Pac

Why did nobody drop?

Who got it locked?

In Y Cal... California took a bow

Now New York turnin' the game with our style

L.A. confidential, thugs... Vibin' over instrumentals

Really ain't raw, just represent on what they saw

Casualties shook the industry

Assasination of Biggie and 'Pac

Khadafi and Stretch, got rappers tottin' Techs, up the side

Makaveli, your riders scared to ride!

The realest done died

Representin'... Ghetto politic

And the last Don, lock up the game

Sew up this coast, fresh out on bail, promotin' Death Row

???? your record sales, around the World without a tour

Pushin' Peruvian flight

Can't wait to spark a flame in Blaze

Blaze Magazine... for underatin' 'Pac

Pull out some Henn for Khadafi and Eazy

Eternally... We thuggin' in peace

Fuck the peace!

(Chorus)(2x)

(Music fades out)

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