

Nas F/ AZ, Foxy Brown, Cormega "That's Gangsta"

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(Chorus)

Don't make no sense (Sense, sense)
Shit's shady
Don't make no sense
No false pre-tense
That's gangsta, nigga
Don't make no sense
No false pre-tense (Tense, tense)
U-huh
Don't make no sense
Not a false pre-tense
Warren G, drop that shit, man

(Verse 1)

One for the money in the valley of the G's
Where the riders ride
Bustas die
Some may survive but the bottom line
Is if you cock your 9
You're stoppin' time
Just ask my big homie, he'll put you deep
On the quick come-up
Nigga, put the gun up
One time runnin' up
I got a clear view
I got it all telescoped in the rearview
I got a whole stash of dope
Cash of dope
Which one you tryin' to get?
I'm about to let the mack, nigga, spit
And rock off the top of your shit
I got a fiendin' for a little bit of M&M's
Run up and bust nigga from here to ???
It's gonna take 10 of them
And I'mma light 'em all
Throw a gangsta reunion
And invite 'em all
It don't matter who you are
Fuck 'em all

(Chorus)

Don't make no sense
I'm a false pre-tense
That's gangsta, nigga (Whaaat?)
That's gangsta, nigga (Whaaat?)
Don't make no sense
No false pre-tense
That's gangsta, nigga (Whaaat?)
That's gangsta, nigga (Whaaat?)
Don't make no sense
No false pre-tense
That's gangsta, nigga (Whaaat?)
That's gangsta, nigga (Whaaat?)
Don't make no sense
No false pre-tense
That's gangsta, nigga
That's gangsta, nigga (Dogg Pound)

(Verse 2)

Now all my gangsta ride
It's all do or die
Dogg Pound... Gangstas
Give it up
Show your hands in the sky
It don't stop
It don't quit
Rock a 17 Eclipse
On hollow tips
The homie just came through in a MC
Pop the trunk
(What's up, homie? Come peep this out!)
Floss the chrome M-3
(What's up, nigga?!)
He said "What's up people" (What's up people)
I said, "Everything's pleasant
(Aww man, I'm doin' cool)
Plus I got my Desert... Eagle"
But ain't no problems
It ain't no trouble
Someone cocked the 4-double
It's time for the midnight maquerade
(Come on, let's ride, niggas!)
Gotti Valentino
I'm walkin around wippin' off my shoes with c-notes
G. Gambino
I wanna own casinos (uh-huh)
But before you catch me laid
My whole centipede sprayed
Touched and did it
Indented enfragment
Life ain't nothin' but bitches and cash
I can't wait to get around your little bitch ass

Life ain't nothin' but cash
Fuck the bitches, the niggas, the weed, and the hash
Life ain't complete without the heat to blast
You couldn't do a nigga without the extra clips to mash
You ain't blastin'?
Then you only learned a fraction
You only learned somethin'
The rest is closed-captioned
How could I make it over there where the light shine?
Home
Where a nigga's not alone
Cause everywhere where I seen or turn
It seems a nigga got a lot to learn
I pose like a poster
Pull the heat out the hollster
Blast, get ghost
and shake the whole coast

(Chorus)

Don't make no sense
No false pre-tense
That's gangsta, nigga (Whaaat?)
That's gangsta, nigga (Whaaat?)
Don't make no sense (None)
No false pre-tense
Man, that's gangsta, nigga (Whaaat?)
That's gangsta, nigga
Don't make no sense
No false pre-tense
That's gangsta, nigga
That's gangsta, nigga
Don't make no sense (None)
No false pre-tense
That's gangsta, nigga (Whaaat?)
That's gangsta, nigga

(Verse 3)

Gangstas roll and ganstas ride
Dippin', trippin', slip and slide
Mash with the niggas that mash with you
Get cash with the niggas that get cash with you
Don't even trip off "he say/she say"
Don't matter what you say
Don't matter what we say
Just keep your heaters cocked and loaded
(Load it, nigga!)
Cause when it exploded
(Fuck it, nigga!)
Fuck it
I'mma get ??? 'til I pass
If you're gonna shoot, blast

(Fuck it!)

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