

AZ f/ Doo Wop

"Gangsta Shit"

Visit "[Gangsta Shit](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1]

Follow, I'm like a Lamborghini green Diablo
Coupe VT, it's like DVD when I flow
Feel me, I'm loved like the great late Malik Sealy
The one the player haters hate dearly, but can't near
me
Homicide can't scare me
I o-bide by the laws of these streets sincerely, a real
nigga
The type that can build with ya
Verbalize bring life to a still picture, its God given
Been blessed with Allah's vision, strength and beauty
Truly my only duty is to dodge prison
Play wit me, I'm modest 'til them strays hit me
Regardless the circumstances I'ma stay filthy
Doe forever, the live stay low forever
And fuck niggaz, cause it's hard to keep them close
together
No dependant, no wife, no co-defendant
No forms of weakness, I flow with vengeance

[Chorus]

Aiyo, holler if you with me niggaz
Swallow if you with me trick
Feel me when I talk about this (Gangsta Shit)
I got niggaz in jail for life behind this (Gangsta Shit)
We stand ride and get down for this (Gangsta Shit)
Play with me if you want to nigga
Trick where's my money at
You die fucking with me in this (Gangsta Shit)
I wouldn't have it any way beside this (Gangsta Shit)
And when I grow I want to go out on some (Gangsta
Shit)

[Verse 2]

Listen, I'm not mixed with any studios tricks
And no special effects, that you see in flicks
It's all rugged, you gotta love it
College dorm tape back niggaz gotta dub it
Was taught smart, I never had thoughts in my heart
I'm stand up

My photograph it's like a porch of art, please respect
Your ignorance could lead to your death, so don't do it
I firmly believe in finesse its no other
Come fuck with the clothe lover
Coupe pushing dro puffing paper taking hoe toucher
toast with me
It's like the ghost of Frank Nitty wrote with me
For self rock smoke a whole 50, I'm way different
Only bitch niggaz stay rifting
Show boating til they lay stiffing
Do the knowledge, smooth niggaz move lovers
Holla back it's on you daddy, you decide it
Throw the dice

[Chorus]

I'm adored by the most live
Hustler or rap nigga toured on both sides
It's all the same, spot game do a close die
Won't close shop until mother-fuckers know tie
Recognize prepare for the second rise
I'm certified, currency is what I'm specialize
So pay homage, relate like the Masonic
Knowing no man ever really escaped bondage
We all trapped, don I started all of that
Jewels and bottles, y'all bums y'all need to fall back
Ya'll all birds, speaking using wrong words
Fuck a woofer, this winter I'm rocking long furs
Loosing your face, I move with unusual grace the
games locked
Retime on proof my taste, y'all can't see me
Crab niggaz can't be me
Broke bitches regardless y'all can't G me
It ain't easy

[Chorus]

Visit [AZ f/ Doo Wop](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.