

B.P/Da Hitman**"Gangsta"**Visit "[Gangsta](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1]

Yo I'm gon send shots through ya body
like irv gotti
send rounds through ya chest
put ya ass in cardiac arrest
bitch you no I'm betta den da rest
n I know u don't want wit it my crew
we frontline soljas trough n trough
wont hesitate to murda
think somethin make u eat da mac
Chromed out wit a bit of black
bitch wut u gunna do when i got u in check
U betta think fast befo I send shot through ya neck
N nigga don't try lie
din fa sho ya ass gon die
I stay wit 2 D's, a few gats, I'm ready for beef
U neva know wut gon' happen in da streets
so if u wanna talk bitch make it be brief
my tempa is hot, blood in my veins cold
fake niggas fold, n i unload
fuckin wit niggas mentally, can't help but ta mention
me
but bet u neva catch my black ass in a penitentiary
Nastradamus predicted me as da future, n dai right
money
cuz a nigga came from dark ta sunny
tell ya wut pop told me
catching a nigga stuntin, sho da nigga sumthin mean
son make money by any means
even if u need da problem solva ta do ad damn thang
trey eight revolve registered in my name
Street life ain't no game

[Course]

I'm gangsta
Yeah dats wut I be
I'm gangsta
Dats why niggas don't fuck wit me
I'm gangsta
I am not anybody's prodigy
I'm gangsta

Real niggas is all dat roll wit me
I'm gangsta
Continue ta proceed
I'm gangsta
Make money by any means
I'm gangsta
Muthafuckin killin machine
I'm gangsta
Nigga u don't want it wit me
I'm gangsta
Da one n only B.P
I'm gangsta

Visit [B.P/Da Hitman](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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