

Brad Paisley F/ George Jones, Bill Anderson, Buck

"Livin Tha Gangsta Life"

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[Man talking]

He repeats an alleged conversation

Between Snoop and an unnamed L.A. sheriff's
lieutenant

Officer: I think I know who killed Tupac

Snoop: I do too, the guy who was seated next to him

Officer: You mean, Suge Knight?

Snoop: Yes

[Daz Dillinger]

Awww shit!

How the fuck can you niggas be on TV live

On channel 13 but call yourself a gangster?

Nigga, ya better stop doin all that dry snitchin

When you know it ain't real, 'fore somebody come
getchu

This Big C style, Dogg Pound gangster for life

[Xzibit]

I move bricks and lilel, I freeze 'em with ice

I keep my business seperate from my personal life

My and me niggas hustle enough, move enough weight

To buy real estate, vehicles, paperwork straight

Little niggas try to calculate the money I make

I ain't havin it, I keep the gauge cocked in kitchen
cabinet

Grabbin it, for any altercation

Catch a permanent vacation, fuckin with the Son of
Satan

And I ain't waitin for the one time they catch me

Arrest me, and rape me, humiliate, distress me

Telephone rang, when I answered then they hung up

Three niggas kicked the front door with they guns up

Cover my son up, and let the lead off

Pumped the pump, Xzibit took them niggas heads off
Be-atch

Chorus: Kurupt (Daz)

Livin the gangsta life (Livin the gangsta life)

Livin the gangsta life (Livin the gangsta life)

We live the gangsta life (Live the gangsta life)

Livin the gangsta life (Hah, hah, hah, hah)
Live the gangsta life (We live the gangsta life)
Livin the gangsta life (Live the gangsta life)
We live the gangsta life (We live the gangsta life)

[Daz]

I wake up five in the mornin, smoke a sack in the head
Sneak out the back, ground was trackin, thuggin,
dodgin the feds
Slangin, hangin on the corner, regulatin the hood
Bangin and robbin, transportin the goods
Hop in the Buggy and throw my cell in my pocket
Grab my strap, cockin to see my homie, hop in the fo'
(Sup cous')
Watch the young hoes jockin that gangsta life
Niggas is heated, down to jump on site, nah
I just swerve the boulevard and maintain the status of a
G
Cuz ain't nothin but the hog in me
Niggas around my way don't get along with me (Why?)
Cuz they jealous that I packin more than thirty G's,
nigga
Cocaine and weed was the only factor in my life, I'm
comin up
I'm runnin on anybody who postin rent up
Everbody in my family path was dead
Heaven to Hell, that's where my homies'll dwell
Straight gangstas

Chorus: Kurupt (Daz)

Live the gangsta life (Livin the gangsta life)
Livin the gangsta life (Livin the gangsta life)
We live the gangsta life (Livin the gangsta life)
Livin the gangsta life (Livin the gangsta life)
Live the gangsta life (Livin the gangsta life)
Livin the gangsta life (Livin the gangsta's life)
We live the gangsta life (And live the gangsta's life)
Livin the gangsta life (Hah, hah, hah, hah)

[Kurupt]

Yea, and if ya bang say, what, gangsta life
Give it up to all the homies say, gangsta life
Check it out
Gangstas let it all go, no games
No snitchin allowed, spittin no names
I'm G (I'm G) and you ain't (you ain't)
I can (I can) and you can't (you can't)
Ever since you dropped names, you outta sight
Snitchin on ya homeboys - that ain't right
I always grew up since eighteen and up
With somethin to throw up, the hood we threw up

(Look at this Dogg Pound Gangsta)
Flashbacks, of times we got bust at
Turn around bust back then scat
Movin on up to the top of the map
Cuz gangstas'll be here 'til the Curl come back
This is our world - land of the gangsta macks
Patrolled by the blue and red rags
Out here we ain't into ice
Just bangin, dicin, the gangsta life (homie)

[Chorus - Kurupt] 2x
Livin gangsta life
Livin the gangsta life
We live the gangsta life
Livin the gangsta life

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