

Busta Rhymes F/ Dinco, Milo, Charlie Brown

"Gangstafied"

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[Chorus]

Mo B. Dick

We Gangstafied (Yes you know, yes you know ,yes you know)

We Gangstafied (This is for the real tru Gangstas)

We Gangstafied (Yes you know indeed)

We Gangstafied

[Kane]

Wasn't never no Mama I wanna sing

It was mamma I wanna slang

So I can show off my gold chain, gold ring

Roll through the hood on them gold thangs

Now it's world war 3 in them streets

Ain't gone never have enough police

Picture I relax, relate, release

Like this all my homies rest in peace

Disrespect this, put you in the mix

Whopping out that tec grip

Running through your click like busting on you like death wish

Spinning your head like the exorcist

(*Smack*) that's a death kiss

Viscious, foaming at the mouth like rabies

Aint no good cause in my hood we was doing bad like crack babies

(Scandalous) Like Robin Givens

(And dangerous) Dead that's how we living

Shiesty, like ganking the offering up out the church.

Putting in work spitting game on your Boo

Like when that rem and hennessy got me hurt

I'm tru

Taking everything you got with that infared dot on your knot

Down South Hustlers got on lock, with that J-L-O-C on cock

Gangstafied like them chain gangs in the Pen

P-H at your own risk, cause fool to the tip you'll be gone with the wind

Playa

[Chorus]

[Master P]

Time to chop some game with the ballers
It ain't about slanging keys flippin half ounces to
quarters
When the Task hit that mean time to throw ya rocks
My little patner got 25 years for 2 rocks.
My block be crazy my homey pushing dasies
Never had a chance to see his unborn baby
Aint that sad black rolling in the cadillac
4, 15 woofers bumping behind I'm hitting him in the
back
Dead, who gives a damn cause when you gone
Aint no coming back to my homies that dead and gone
2 stones
Label me a thug like Pac,
Cause I done got the world hooked on ice cream I
mean these gangsta rocks
I'm slanging these tapes we banging
Steady hanging on the block
Keep product in my socks ready to rock
Open up shop cause it all good (all good)
Mr. Ice Cream Man or call me Mr. Rogers of the
neighborhood
I'm bout it, rowdy, gangstafied

[Chorus]

[Abel]

It wasn't never no Mama I wanna sing
Down here it's mama I wanna gang bang
Wearing that red and blue start lying
Toting those 9's, even throwing up signs
No peace,
Got nothing live for, Deceased
By the hands of that 4-4 (Clack Clack)
Pull the hammer back (That the last)
Live fast and watch them die slow
You know I really wanna say is that they don't car about
soldiers
Falling asleep behind the whell in the Range Rover
Can't remember the last time I was sober
(Whoop Whoop) that's the Po Pos
Gotta watch those,
The got some nerve talking bout the supposed to
protect and serve
Took my money and my herb

Every player that on my team got a laser beam
Knock your head off, steal your dream
Not first you sure, ain't nutting nice serving fiends ain't
what it seems
What the south about, big money, big guns and those
big booties
I be that soldier you looking at that, judging me
While you do you jury duty
I put my hands on my bruh and we still live
cause No limit soldiers survive gangstafied

[Mo B. Dick]
soooooo, sooooo, soooo, Gangstafied

[Chorus x3]

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