

Dame Dash F/ Kanye West, Beanie Sigel, Ca'Ron, You "Gangsta's Life"

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[Verse 1-Ali Vegas]

It went down in front of Shady Trace cocaine spot
You know the one who keeps his lady laced and choke
strange cops
When his brother name Square Dave rope chain
dropped
He hesitated then regulated with the dessert curtailed
Accelerated up the block and celebrated
Not knowing if his victim fellow made it
The only ones who waited was me and little Donny, with
the snotty nose
I guess his body froze when the Shoty rose
Papa's hoes ran up on ya man Chuck
Told him to stand up, let the whole fam struck
They impounded the tan truck, matter fact it was a
blood stained Rover
The brother said his thugs ain't know ya
Pulling off yelling "It ain't over"
That's when my mind flipped
He might send some fine dipped dime chick
in a recline whip to play the crime strip
Throw the gat on her and let the nine spit
Never my room we gotta find prints
Boy is found floating in the river with his spine split
But in the mean time it may be easy cause you know
how time takes

[Hook]

Ayo a gangsta's life is full of diamond rings
Pretty hoes, fast cars, and expensive things
Shoot outs, drugs, and X, and all types of schemes
In the club popping bottles with the thugs on ya team

[Verse 2-Capone]

Yo what's under the sky is foul, criminals, run down
hoods
White bags traded in styles, Indian style
Me and Vegas we take paper
Wet mines, I wet yours
War with you whipping dust off
Think you hiding when I'm next door

Keep guns stashed in the Lex door
Run fast like Kears, the ghetto cursed me
Who first to bleed?
I smoke personal, 4-4 tools
CNN news: two slain on the Q train
I flood chains and rings
QB niggas is kings
What the night bring?
Dice games with bets out a nigga price range
Slumped fiends, looking for white thing
My money moves got advice with slang
I'm 24-hours ahead of the game, like open every hour
Niggas pushing up flower, if they would only part with a
coward
Respect real, I throw a tec to your grill

[Hook]

[Capone]

Yo dun I pop the top lock

[Ali Vegas]

Yo I kick in the door

[Capone]

I grab his bitch up

[Ali Vegas]

Yo son I grab the brick out the floor

[Capone]

Watch his mans by the window dun

[Ali Vegas]

Here I go with the mac

[Capone]

Son I got em

[Ali Vegas]

Put one in his lung and his back

[Capone]

With Giraffe on the lookout

[Ali Vegas]

And Sleep on the wheel

[Capone]

We could get away clean

[Ali Vegas]

Park the jeep on the hill

Flame biscuit and cop plan tickets to Brazil

[Capone]

We could hide the coke in sand

Wash money through Poke and his man

We wild, turn Loc on the stand

[Ali Vegas]

It was shiesty, but we had to set Mikey up

Word on the street a coke head smoked Dred and cut
his wifey up

[Capone]
We might have to get Tone touched with a gem
[Ali Vegas]
Mets hat, razor tucked in the brim
Leave the truck to GM
Come back to the hood gun tucked in the Tims
[Capone]
We keep it family, never fuck with a friend
I'll body for Vegas, Vegas'll body for Pone
We got it swoon
[Ali Vegas]
Wait for the day that Guliani get body and Gotti come
home

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