

DJ Clue, Jay-Z & Ja Rule

"Gangsta Shit"

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Uhh And you don't stop

Rockafella y'all

Clueminati

Who got the Gangsta Gangsta Shit?

We got the Gangsta Gangsta Shit

(Repeat 2x)

Understand why y'all nigga is mad at me

Sitting around like damn, that could be me

All the cars and bitches livin' lavishly

But there's only one problem you ain't as bad as me

Who could flip a record company from half a key?

And drop a gold album do the math with me

Turn and go platinum, that would be

Fuck it I lost count

Why don't you tell me the amount?

Since you gossip like groupies notice please

I never go broke my name got 2 G's

J-I-2-G-A I flip that on the platinum and be on the next
day

I be right there when your mics blow out

I was there when your lights when on and when you
lights go out

I right there with the same ice to light up your house

Just bright enough to see the gun 'fo I wipe you out

I'm the stuff Niggas write about

Jigga's A legend

J-Hova end of the session

Fuck with me now

Who got the Gangsta Gangsta Shit?

We got the Gangsta Gangsta Shit

(Repeat 4x)

We live from the 7-1-8

Got my chick in D & V At this very second runnin' your
plate

2 knocks on your door, One gun in your face

2 Blocks of C-4, I put one in your safe

Place the safe in the bath tub I got one plire

You better hope this money don't catch fire

You so soft no mask no rope one clip and I

Let this nigga run around untie

I swear to god, you know the type that talk wild

but nigga's white cloud, soft as a baby's bottom

You know Jay Z's spot him

I haven't heard him in a while

And you know how come? His little faggot in the corner
dialing 911

Snatched the phone get a grip thug you supposed to be
tough

What you telling the cop huh? I'm taking your money

and drugs

In the underworld we take care of beef ourself

And another thing yo we police ourself

Either you follow the codes or you sell cocaine

This life will swallow your self so get outta game

Go to church every Sunday and prey hard

Drug dealer (haha) don't quit your day job

Who got the Gangsta Gangsta Shit?

We got the Gangsta Gangsta Shit

(Repeat 4x)

Nigga who else

Pop guns and rap jewels

Mean while

Burning in hell child

We the center of attention

Show me love for my nigga blazing

My niggas is made men

Gangsters shit get coke and sugar boes

Got hoes for every home

And never fuck they own

Even though the Fed's got a sweating grip in the
chrome

Commuter case is closed they tapping' the telephone

Dialing' a 213 zone now

Got ?? slap a bitch up and send her down

Felling me, I wanna put this hustle behind me

But every time I look away he's hitting me blindly

I'm looking for the light baby

And here it is

As soon as the nigga smiling

Darker the night gets

That's why we Gangster and you players

Take 2 to the heart Inc.

World most murderous

Who got the Gangsta Gangsta Shit?

We got the Gangsta Gangsta Shit

(Repeat 4x)

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