

Dom Pachino f/ Chapel, Haxaw, Trom

"Gangsta Musik"

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[Trom] I hold it down like a true G. suppose ta Gat in the hoster, posted up blowing that joah Block cocked, fist popped, bubble like soda G-shock, wrist watch man, I'm schooling the soldiers Keep they eyes wide like Folgers and stay focused Cuz life's like a roller coaster, we play that front car Riding hard, risk ya fam, man, I sware to God Staten Island the illest, matter fact, we the realest squad New breed of killas, gorillas, with the coldest heart So when I say, put 'em up, reach for the stars Up the block, G-Grind, the movement New York, New York, Cyanide City, exclusive [Chapel] I'm a veteran of rap, everybody step back A remarkable, assassinate, deadliest tracks Blackest combat, blast 'em, do it hard Have your bitch ass flaudelent, crazy when I cock back Energy I got that, grizzlies in the napsack Fiends and all gats, on the Island of Stat Bake the contract, hand to hand, follow where the breads out We dead where you pump and make you never wanna come back Lay back, swing my style, like when the door crack The black gat, click clap aiming where ya jaw's at It's on now, pour trickle down on where your knees at Your kneecap, fold up, right up on my roll up I'm out of control, like cars crazy doing donuts Eat ya fucking food, I ain't talking bout cold cuts [Chorus 2X: Trom] This is O.G., G-Grind, gangsta musik We gon' show you how them gangstas do it, we exclusive 7 O.D. committee, yeah, we the truth, bitch Bambino, get it right, man, it's not what you used to [Haxaw] We got that fire, my guns stay with slugs for hire Dead ya supplier, don't give a fuck what's over the wire Faggot, I'm dedicated to living my life up, you niggas type what The ice up, I handle's business, get it right, what? Two nines bust, your bread or your life, chump Flex and get wiped up, fam slump, with ya Nikes scuffed I take the bread to the head, for that white stuff Flood ya block and get it righter, it's something light, yup Know what I'm repping, I'm on that G. shit I'm rolling with muthafuckas it ain't gon' be shit What in your hood, rocking jewels, popping tools Acting a fool, God forbid I black on you dudes Smack on your food, sip the cogniac and cool 7 O.D., we here to bring you back to

school So there's no need to act confused, or feel it's
something you have to prove That shit'll get you black
and blue Quick fast, I ain't study kung fu but I kicks ass
My left hook is like a sledgehammer, don't get
smashed [Chorus 2X]

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