

Down/Kilo f/ Fingazz

"Gangsta Games"

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[Fingazz]

Get ready

Get ready

For the gangster, gangster

Get ready

(Verse 1)

[Down] Here we go

Put your gloves on

Load up the glock

[Fingazz] Somebody gonna get shot

[Down] Let's get ready to rock

Eastside got the biggest fuckin' balls

With some vicious motherfuckin' dogs

With the evil S runnin' through my fuckin' blood

And we ain't gonna stop

We tearin' it up

We bringing it rough

And we don't give a fuck

This is straight up

[Both] Gangsta love

[Down] For all my eses that are

All bald

Taking your wifeys and taking a car

Or sitting in the kitchen

Cooking cookies in the yard

This is strictly for the doggies

In San Quintin, sittin' behind bars

With thirteen bullets, (?) just seen it all

Walking the yard with shags, ready to brawl

This is for all y'all

From the bottom of my heart

Gangsta shit

And that's ours

Chorus: Fingazz

That gangsta shit

As you ride up and down the eastside (Yeah)

For the one time homie

It's the C-O, L-O, N-I-A

Motherfucker, we don't play games

This is that gangsta shit
As you ride up and down the eastside (Bitch)
For the one time homie
It's the C-O, L-O, N-I-A

[Down]
Down
Down
I'm Down

(Verse 2)

[Down] I'm the type of dawg that loves to look good
[Fingazz] And not like those bitches that do what they should
[Down] Bring you 501's .48's
With the chrome gun, representing the hood
Sitting on a brand new ride, so it's all good
[Fingazz] You know it's all good in Cali
[Down] I was hanging out this one afternoon
Getting all brewed
Eating some dog food
I was rollin' through the hood
Bumping some old school
Puffing on a bamboo, feeling like a player should
This is for the tailors that bumpin' the Kenwood
And for my gang
That's dressed in all blues
Sitting on chrome shoes, ready to stick a move
Looking sharper than a zoo suit
Going on a limo cruise, chugging on the deuce-deuce
Gone with some evil loc's, lookin' for the prostitutes

Repeat Chorus

Hook: Fingazz

No, you can't stop the gang from bangin' on ya
Cause you're too hard up in Oxnard, California
And motherfucker, yes, I tried to warn ya
You can't stop that gangsta shit
No

(Verse 3)

[Down] I broke the handcuffs and loaded my gun
[Fingazz] And if you step inside the wretched, you're gonna get thugged
[Down] I put the blunt to my lips and fired it up
[Fingazz] Smoke the whole damn thing, then we roll another one
[Down] I got hoes lined up
Ready to fuck
So I called up my dawgs, so I hit the rugs

It's on, doggie
Take your leash off
Tell your hoe you'll be back, and drop that bitch off
Turn all communications up
And let's get it on
[Fingazz] Baby, let's get it on, til the break of dawn
[Down] It was 9'o clock
Wrapped up a session in the studio
And shooked the spot
Locked the low-low in the air, about four knobs
Thinking like I'm drinking, throwin' signs at the top
Leaving the block
Thinking about pussy
[Fingazz] L-O, V-In'
[Down] And getting a blowjob

Repeat Chorus

[Fingazz]
Gangsta
{*Fingazz ad-libbing*}

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