

## **Toni Braxton F/ Foxy Brown**

### **"That's Gangsta"**

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[Shyne]

Hustler, bad motherfucker  
Brooklyn to the rucker, Cali and back  
Court cases pendin, all the blood drug money spendin  
Ferrari engines leave your whole fuckin block tremblin  
I'm what niggaz wanna be, a straight G  
Whore bitches wanna suck and fuck for free  
I'm Alpo, before you snitch dog  
I switch lines and rhymes faster than I switch cars  
Ghetto star, name ring in every hood  
Heartless villain, money driven killin  
and bury my opposition, for a pot to piss in  
Knickerbock position, listen

[Chorus 2X: Shyne]

A hundred carats in the watch (THAT'S GANGSTA)  
Gettin skull off in the parkin lot (THAT'S GANGSTA)  
Bailin out when you locked (THAT'S GANGSTA)  
Takin over spots and blocks (THAT'S GANGSTA)

[Shyne]

I got a question; as serious as cancer  
Where da fuckin safe at? Somebody better answer  
before I start killin and fillin these double-I slugs  
in your mug then you spittin up blood  
Got dead gangstas rollin over like, "Yo this nigga cold"  
The way he cut his coke is murder game to his flow  
Rich is, my only reason for bein, shit  
I never had hope, until I sold dope  
Drug game is infectious, got me livin reckless  
Feds get uptight when they see my watch and necklace  
glow, fuck 'em, they can't catch me  
Murder and money, 'til they throw my ashes in the sea

[Chorus]

[Shyne]

Mac-10's, crush rocks and drops  
The best respect, the feds only fuck cops  
Coke price raisin, task force raidin  
Bustin at secret agents runnin up out the Days Inn

Roller, diamonds and mack-milla's  
Fillers and loud pipes for all my killers  
Money hungry honies around, the killer streets and the  
law  
The opium and the raw, that's what I live for  
For cuttin yea, never for today  
Extended magazines shootouts and ricochets  
Play a role and catch a bullethole, pop your blood  
vessels  
Ain't gonna wait before the smoke settles

[Chorus]

{\*scratching "Serious shit"\*

[Shyne]

Money in brown paper bags (THAT'S GANGSTA)  
Servin fiends on the ave (THAT'S GANGSTA)  
Menage red labels (THAT'S GANGSTA)  
Honies with diamonds up in they navel (THAT'S  
GANGSTA)  
Showin love to your hood (THAT'S GANGSTA)  
Leavin cowards layin where they stood (THAT'S  
GANGSTA)  
Floodin your homey's commissary up (THAT'S  
GANGSTA)  
Never missin when we bust (THAT'S GANGSTA)  
Money in brown paper bags (THAT'S GANGSTA)  
Servin fiends on the ave (THAT'S GANGSTA)  
Menage red labels (THAT'S GANGSTA)  
Honies with diamonds up in they navel (THAT'S  
GANGSTA)  
Showin love to your hood (THAT'S GANGSTA)  
{\*music fades out\*

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