

George Michael & Mary J. Blidge**"Gangsta Stepp'n"**

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[Mr. Shadow (Talking)]

Yeah, what's crackin, ha ha

Mr. Shadow

With my diggty dawg bow wow

GP to the A

We keep it gangsta all day

In Killaform I-A

You know, shit

We all gangsta thugs and hustlers

Mothafucka

Hoes we brake laws

So shut your jaws

Feel the combination

From this San Diego south paw

Bitch I'm your down fall

Bustin roll calls on property walls

On Don Robbery's and Shoppin Malls

Gangsta walk through your grandmother's house

And if the hoe says a word

She's gettin smacked in the mouth

I gives a fuck what you're goin through

Fuck what you're down for

It's Woptown for you busters on the platform

For your concern on the daily we burn

Multiple rounds of chronic

Runnin the streets in a hurry

We all gangstas smugglin

Strugglin and daily hustlers

And we gettin paid

Without workin a muscle

Life is like a puzzle

Got to get it together

Now my shit's legal

Still puttin down for what ever

Berretas never let up

Mothafucka breath again

Don't ever try to fuck with this

Amichi Park Mexican

[Chorus: Mr. Shadow]

Here we go again on a gangsta fied mission
Mr. Shadow, GPA straight dippin
Fuck you fools, who don't like us
Just because we're thugs and roll with murderers
[2x]

[Mr. Shadow]

If you's a smoker where's the mothafuckin bud at
What you think you're blazin my sack
Fuck that
Tuck my nine on my waist at all times
Look where I got slangin nickels and dimes
And I'm still growin
Flowin P's and K's over the border
Mothafuckas pay me in cash
Car keys or money orders
I know you heard of us
Thugs and murderers
How nobody can handle us
Cause we're so scandalous
Plus we're down to bust headeral
If not all my federal
Hollow slugs at all you bitch homosexuals
Actin like you got it crackin
But nothin goin on
But your mothafuckin lips smackin
You see fools like you get wacked in the streets
Out here it's no joke and fake hoes get beat
If you sleep you're losin little homie fuck snuzzin
So light up a blunt and start brain cell abusin

[Chorus]

[GPA]

Who the fuck ya'll ballin
Pistol grippin just for bittin
Spray paintin on the wall
Territory gang fightin
In get this feeling as I begin to write down shit
Lyrics get tossed on to a beat when it's on hit
For ever I'm bustin
And rats I never trust em
Hoes I never love em
And haters I say fuck em
Cause I can get crazy on em
Not only in raps
Ain't scared to put hands on em
Fuck talkin we scrap
Gettin my lok on
Get ready and hold on
I bang when I'm bustin

Want it all when there's nothin
Ain't got shit to prove
High as fuck and feel my groove
Gotta take a moment
Under pressure when I flow it
Lyrics surprised all those actin phony
Slip and slide in my street slang
With the mic that I'm holdin
On the run mothafuckas
Packin gun mothafuckas
Just for fun mothafuckas
Any dumb mothafuckas
Right here be the Wicked side
Let me take you for a ride
Drunk as fuck like my raps
This is Deigo pride

[Mr. Shadow (Talkin)]
You know how that shit goes
Now tell me
Can one of you fuck with us
Uh un.... I don't think so
So tuck you tail and go home
Mothafucka

[Chorus]

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