

The Beatnuts

"If It Ain't Gangsta"

Visit "[If It Ain't Gangsta](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo
(I'm afraid you're carrying some large metal objects)
Feel this, Big Pysch, let me tell you how we livin yo

(JuJu)
I know niggas with no ice and no life
That put a couple rounds in you for a very low price
Risk they freedom, and buck back at the poor life
Nothin's guaranteed like when you roll dice
Keep your eyes open, with no time to snooze
No time to lose, no time to chose
Who got the hottest product in the market
The logo's a target for any hip-hop ???
That wanna purchase it, pop it in your CD
And get thoughts (I'm a murderous...)

(Les)
Yo, it's lookin kinda ugly outside
It's unbelievable what niggas gotta do to survive
If you scared better keep it inside
Guarantee it I'm a eat you alive
There's no where to run, no where to hide
It's war in every sense of the word
I'm a beat you 'til your vision is blurred
Tryna' rock me to sleep, you a nerd
We been doin this for way too long
and I'm tellin you I'm way too strong, homo

(Chorus)
'Cause if it ain't gangsta, (keep it movin)
'Cause if it ain't gangsta, (keep it movin)
Niggas steady hatin on us, (keep it movin)
Beatnuts stay thorough, nigga what
'Cause if it ain't gangsta, (keep it movin)
'Cause if it ain't gangsta, (keep it movin)
Niggas steady hatin on us, (keep it movin)
Beatnuts stay thorough, nigga what

(JuJu)
You ain't from a rough hood, don't make me snap your
club foot

Save you wanna keep club hoppin, but anyhow
We're back, to get the club poppin
Ay yo, this is that shit, that thugs love rockin
This is that shit that have your neighbors knockin
[Knocking] (talking in Spanish), disturbin me while I'm
choppin
They next smash, and collect cash, and get sex fast,
and get passed
Day by day I, pray, under the grey skies, enough play
time
Let's get serious, like Jermaine Jackson (yeah)
And prepare for the main attraction

(Les)
Make an LP for beers and chips, makin everyone who
hears it flip
Catch a contact, feel this shit
Man, I'm red like a white rhino, always samplin the right
vinyl
Tellin you I'm the shit baby and that's final
Junkyard hit very hard, play the shit cleverly god
'Cause there ain't too many real niggas left
catch you sayin somethin under your breath
I'm a bring it to you, never-the-less

(Beat-nuts, Beat-nuts, Beat-nuts,
Beat-nuts, Beat-nuts, Beat-nuts, Beat-nuts)
Bring it, bring it, what, I can't hear you, what, c'mon

(Chorus)

Visit [The Beatnuts](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.