

## Johansson Per

### "Gangsta"

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[Royce] Yeah, yeah, yeah..

[Chorus: Royce Da 5'9"]

(Gangsta!) The weight carries itself  
Made man more concerned with wealth than he is his  
health  
(Gangsta!) He pumps like 24..  
24/7 just to get to heaven to pump some mo'  
(Gangsta!) Heavyweight paper  
Heart of a lion that beats longer than every pacemaker  
YEAH! We ridin, we - gon' die foolin  
Laws and rules don't apply to ME! (Gangsta!)

[Verse One: Royce Da 5'9"]

.. I'ma put this straight  
I'm not gon' threaten you with hooks if you look this way  
I'm not gon', write no songs - so please don't think  
that since sometimes I'm quiet, that I bite my tongue  
Cause I will, slice you punks with knives that come with  
teeth  
So leave with life as long's you come in peace  
I'm the protocol of all the street rules  
Soldiers, ballers please, I know all them  
I'm goin all out - for everything I believe in  
Niggaz bleed behind things that I know about  
Yeah, yeah (Gangsta!) Hear me roar  
Feel me nigga; naw fuck that, feel me more  
And whoever sayin 'fuck me' can suck me  
And we can bang, I done came a long way from "U  
Can't Touch Me", nigga!  
YEAH! I'm ridin, I am gon' die foolin  
Laws and rules don't apply to ME!

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Royce Da 5'9"]

.. My swagger's crazy  
We can, forget your momma ever had a baby  
Regis; I don't care who the fuck you is  
Keep yo', hands to yo'self, I will cut yo' limbs OFF  
Sixty shots'll quickly hit you

pop Dixie Chicks of rap, PISS ME OFF!  
Yeah, I'm strictly Pesci - you hear me a made man  
I will rather you fear me than to have you respect me  
Yeah, the tec's good  
Jammin's always out the question, call me Suge' of the  
Midwest wood  
Yeah, the part of the poem that's deep  
He will, blast you after he's had a glass of Bacardi  
Limon  
Yeah, let's get it on, I'm strictly the classic - rap  
You know it's on, soon as you rip off the plastic, yeah!  
BLOW! I'm ridin, I am gon' die foolin  
Laws and rules don't apply to ME!

[Chorus]

[Interlude]

He knows his gun and his knife (Gangsta!)  
More than he knows his son and his wife (Gangsta!)  
Always huntin niggaz, never hunted  
You can bet eleven-hundred - he is.

[Verse Three: Cutty Mack]

(Yeah) As ignorant as it gets  
Cut Throat the calmest person niggaz, push me shits  
(Yeah) Bawlin over the quickest to snap  
I'll break you then shake your soul, deliver you back  
to the, the hood that raised you, bruise and mace ya  
Lose your face through picture glass, break and waste  
ya  
I'm the essence, of the use of violence  
Move in silence, HUSH, then I'll close your eyelids  
(close)  
I'm goin all out - my enemies on they knees  
harder I squeeze, bullets'll leave your brains out  
(BACK UP!) Watch me move  
I'll speak the language of heat, plus I'm good with the  
tools (yeah)  
So whoever wanna hit me, come quickly  
Nuttin to lose, I'm no bitch nigga, please come get me -  
killa

[Royce Da 5'9"]

(Gangsta!) I'm ridin, I am gon' die foolin  
Laws and rules don't apply to ME!

[Chorus]

[Outro] + (Royce)

He got yo' motherfuckin number! (Gangsta!)  
Though yo' life is second to his (Gangsta!)

You still gon' die first.. (It's 5-9 - gangsta!)  
Yeah! (He's a motherfuckin gangsta!)

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