

Lyrics by Judd Wynonna

"Gang of Gangstas"

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[Chorus: Black Ice]

The gang'll feel, we a gang of gangstas
A gang of gangstas.. what up
I might bang this steel, we a gang of gangstas
A gang of gangstas.. up
The gang'll feel, we a gang of gangstas
A gang of gangstas.. what up
I might bang this steel, I might bang this steel
We a gang of gangstas.. what up

[Black Ice]

I ain't really talkin' to niggaz, I don't know
And I ain't gotta floss to licked by your ho
I place slow in the precint, fightin' off the chokehold
indecent
Try'nna give me the talk, but I won't fold this g, shit
Parental discretion advised, advice for my advisaries
Get a weapon and ride, Ice comin' soon
With a hundred goons who all love to shoot shots
Put a tunnel through your coupe, slump your baby
mother too
All's fear and warfare, that got my team in the
crosshairs
The gleem left them blind, it seems they all scared
Want to get money but your heart ain't there
Your mind ain't writin', the drugs got you lost in fear
Luv Allah, you in this for the broads, or you wanna ball
M.O.E., I've seen money seperate dogs
Cut your life short with the four four long, real talk
Lose this game, you die, hid confined behind them
steel bars

[Desert Eagle]

I'm an animal damn it, slash bandit, slash cannibal
Grand it like Hannibal, slash Marilyn Manson
Tattoo's, duck tape, snatch dudes for ransom
Hundred bricks' of jewels, let me choose a mansion
Kill crews, bullet shoes are stampin'
Straight dogs are dampin', the spirit of you so called
champions
My pen is a pillage in Hamptons, wherever you camped

in

Ya'll all tied up, you and your damn friends
You better get 'em pies up, homey's kill kids
And everything around you, so you can feel it
Don't take it lightly, this is some real shit
That Hill shit, duck when I spill clips, your real bitch
You not real right, you're ready rock, a real prick
And ya'll don't know how it feel, when them things hit
You will never know how it feel, when them things hit
You won't even hear it comin, cuz it sounds like spit
spit *spit* It sound like spit
Now what sound like this, but a pound in my hit
Silencer on the battle, plus I rubber the grip
On the barrel, plus I rubber the grip

[INF-Black]

I lay it thick to bitches, like big dicks picture this
You battlin' me for chips, throwin' your best lines
Passin' to me spit, I'm throwin' my worst lines
And still empty the clip, take over your whole ship
Your soldiers are bullshit, talkin' you got a gun
But son, you ain't usin' it, play dumb
You slung by the force of the bullets
For sure I'm gonna pull it, sixteens in your unit
The flagolent never prove it
I'm a beast to this music, and increase in the streets
Cop heat to abuse it, I'm toyin' wit ya'll
Young boys with no choice but to follow the rest
I swallow your best, technique and tactic
Couldn't last one round, be careful it's the draft picks
Niggaz get gun downed, get married to they caskets
It's easy to see, when I sing, ya'll back it
Make me have the plate, talk slick, get ya ass kicked
(what up)

[Chorus]

[Frank Banger]

Although I told the son, shine in the darkness, fuckin'
with a cat that's heartless
Barely cuz my gun jam, or cuz I use a glock with one or
two revolvers
Twenty two in the ankle, or the glock, nine in the hostler
In the street, 57 rips the meat right off your shoulder
When I do it, just look at my eyes they're ain't no fear
A minute ago you was holdin', now it's rather this
Fuck runnin' up in it, with the pockets off the denim
Take the cash out the shines, then I'm splittin'
Niggaz say I'm chippin', but I'ma trynna make a livin'
Picture me livin' in the streets, I'd rather go to prison
Three hot, send the cop, fuck that

It's 16 hot in his glock, ski mask, black gloves, hit a
number spot
I hit the lotto without usin' the ticket
Ask me how stupid muthafucka, just spit
Cuz I'm livin' the street life..

[U-God]

I'm slick with my notes, move quick on my cults
Talk slick money grip? I'm slittin' your throat
Cop a house on the boat, twenty pounds of coke
Catch him at the Puerto Rican parade on the top of the
float
Curry don't need alligator shoes or a furry coats
Play me close, I gave him a dose
Shot him up with volts, body go up in the smoke
The mic pope is back, I throw him in the yoke
Head crack, go for broke, nigga, murder he wrote
I took her to the crib, we fucked like old folks
Death stroke, hand on my balls, got you in a scope
I punch you so hard, got you stuck between the ropes
Thunderbolts under the blow, shake the ass, vocals
show
We comin' for war, it's your hope, when my
Tech will blow, it effects your hearin'
When the game need penicilen, inject the serum
It's the livest borough in the headphone portable
The last mentioned niggaz in the hip hop quotable

[Letha Face]

My brain cells are excersized, dismember your body
Leave you hard to recognize, check the size of the
shotty
Eyes foggy from purple haze blunts, surgicul blade
graze chumps
I open flesh, leave no razor bumps
And made this jump up to the sound of frantic gun fire
Sware, don't stare, or get aired like spare tires
Now you wear wires you government informant
I sign your death warrant, your expired without life
insurance
I'm equipment with a high performance engine
The heater stays hot, so now my palms are sinked into
the glock
My attention's worth to stop your heart from beating
Sink your teeth into the bullet for beefin', now you're
permament sleeping
Pleadin' after I'm Charman squeezin', the desert e'zin
You'll be restin' in pieces, that's the opposite of
breathin'
Receiving head trauma from an infrared llama
Son I'm half Dave Berkowitz and half Jeff Dahmer

[Ja-Mal]

Come on... rap on hold, I'm try'nna get movie cream
So my rims'll be bigger than movie screens
Ask if I make you cock-eyed, and my flow is lethal
Grow on sight, swallowin' peroxide
Dudes try to kill the sire, due that
Get put on the floor like wheels in tires
Look, put the pedal to the metal, don't stop
I'm like a tea kettle, little daddy, I'm hot
Straight blazin', amazin', Ja-Mal, amazin'
Blazin', you sort of get the idea
Beef, finish it, can't afford to start it
Get your face stepped on like floors and carpets
P. Diddy who did he when the son don't shine
Gun shots is plenty, clips is all empty
Minds filled with envy, love assassin me
That's why they call me Lord, your title is type iffy
Put this over your fit, I'm ready for violence
Grab a gun, a knife or a home appliance, Ja-Mal!

[Chorus]

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