

## Lil Eazy-E

### "Gangsta Shit"

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[Intro] This... This is, Compton's in the house, niggas (Compton, Lil' E) You know what this is [Chorus] Niggas keep screamin' that gangsta shit, So I'mma give them niggas that gangsta shit Mama I dig the way you dip & move ya hips, So come here let me whisper you some gangsta shit {It go} Pop that ass like a '64 (Impala) Drop that ass like a '64 (Impala) Baby drop your ass like a '64 (Impala) Baby poppin that ass like a '64 (Impala) [Verse 1] It ain't nothin' to a boss when you gettin' it It's the jump off now let the Crip in it Joint hittin' it, eyes low stay steamin' I'm the dopeman, dope hands stay fiendin' Everybody wanna see a G, back in the phat rollin' thru the city streets I guess... I guess I'm the one they wanna be First son of a legend named Eazy-E And now little E so famous, Hands on action, everybody so anxious Game gon' change it, nigga face facts, You can hate it or love it while I just lay back This Maybach put the loop on 'em '64 Impala no roof on 'em 100 proof on 'em, I'm real with it Think otherwise homie we can deal with it [Chorus] Work it, on the block I work it, rock it up then serve it, Watch how fast fiends purchase Nervous 'cuz cops is passin' Hustle hard for the dough with the cops harassin', mashin' Still tryin' to duck the coppers, see we all gettin' money so they love to watch us Feds can't stop us, choppers is circlin' Fiends need another fix so they chirped again Keep a murk in him When I'm stuck in the zone, back seat with the chrome, Homie trip then it's on (Then it's on) Got the throne I'm just waitin' on the crown, Comp. town is the city, he just wanna be down He a fake and he know that I'm the truth I'll show 'em streets already know, so it's nothin' (So it's nothin') Stop frontin' and you will be fine, You was once number one now that spot bares mine, boy! [Chorus] So flawless, I'm lawless Roll out the blue park, and I'm lookin' for targets Watch them, he's hot don't knock him That dude can't stop him, I'm one big problem See (See) I told them that the game's over I'm commercial without havin' to change over A-1 bakin' soda, this that uncut Kings of L.A. who tha fuck want what? (Yeah) Marcy, Marcy what since I retired, that's when Marcy lost me I'm a west coast ridah, flossy,

flossy, Grind hard for the dough dog, and rocks is  
costly (Yeah) Still servin', still pitchin' it, Money on my  
mind so I'm still gettin' it Mav. In the six, D.L. in the five  
Four, three, two, one homie let's ride (ride) [Chorus]

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