

Lil' Jon And The Eastside Boyz F/ Pitbull

"Gangstafied"

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Hey Gotti, Hey Chuck
How the fuck we gon' keep droppin this fire on these
niggaz?
Know what I'm saying we killin' 'em on the radio
Then we jump off onto this gangsta shit
Bless our niggaz on the block
Could bring it however, you know what I'm sayin'?
However they want it
I don't think these niggaz understand we still don't give
a fuck
Know what I'm talkin' about?

[Chorus]
Niggaz want the drama?
They can get it 'cause we soilders and we ridin' 'till we
die
Straight gangstafied y'all, betta reconize
Sent the clique to fuck
We be pushin over bitches 'bout they motherfuckin
buisness
And we gon' be thuggin it fo' life
You could see it in their eyes, dog they never lie
Sent the clique to fuck

[Caddillac Tah]
Yeah, yo
Niggaz trying to take us off our crime
We back for the first time, like luga
Chrisin' nigga listen we holdin rugaz
You be wavin them pee shootas
We be blowin the sticky buda, to cancel shit I ain't new
to niggaz
Better gaurd your madula, when I spit I'm hittin a
shoota
And used ta, The drag
So I keep the hammer tucked under the mitchell and
ness
To clips in the vest, leavin yo' family stressed
Yeah I'm a son of a bastard
Gun playin I masterd, and way above the average
Swiffin' and cash is hate day(Hands up!)

Go on the floor nigga it's pay day, you know the
prosedure
Her animal and holdin heat it toatin the refer
Rollin off the purple people eating the farari madinas
Push the red line, Nigga for that bread I grind
And each and everytime, I catch a nigga slippin' I'm
gon' get him
So stay on yo' P's, We gangstafied G's
And thanks to I.G we flyin at hot speed

[Chorus]

[Ronnie Bumps]
I'm the reason you wake up and cry(It's on nigga)
I'ma be 'till you crawl up and die(hold on nigga)
For the first time I feelin my light(it's on nigga)
We movin weight if the price is right(hold on nigga)
Gotta tell 'em they ain't talkin, for them niggaz who
creepin'
Gotta tangle in the walkin', You either dead when you
sleepin'(Tie 'em up!)
Gimme a minute you be ??? Huggin the clip
You wishin it wasnt a day like this(I wonder why)
li be in yo' crib bangin yo' bitch(I love to fly)
Let her give you head and shit
When you done give her back I got some breads to get
That's yo' bitch, but my hoe, you owe me dough
I P-I-M-P, Ridiculous my nigga
My guns stay empty, they sick of this nigga
I ran threw the game, Shots wit no name, Blocks wit
gun play
Like we're on cocaine Nigga!

[Chorus]

[Ja Rule]
For the life of me, I can't see why niggaz run on the
gaurd
It's unrighticously hard, and foolish like Shawn
But I know, niggaz is scared of the kid it's cool
If you don't know by now niggaz the name is Rule
I put it on yea fake fashion and pump motherfuckers
'Cause I'm always on time, especially when I caught a
quarter past nine
lin the mornin nigga, Catch you yawnin nigga, It's
murda my nigga
Fuck 'em 'cause these bitches got a dream to hear me
Like I got a different stroke, and I'm fucked in pennies
But the reality it hurts more than the truth
The bitches you be fuckin on be fuckin me to
It's surf boo, The trust with niggaz with benz's and big

trucks

Them MTV cribs, off the islands here

And y'all scared I can see it in yo' eyes

'Cause y'all don't want no more driver in yo' eyes

[Chorus]

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