

## **Luniz F/ 2 Live Crew % Christion**

### **"Gangsta Act"**

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[Intro: Crisis (Doc Doom) {Kurupt}]  
Yeah (yeah yeah) the Black Knights (Black Knights)  
{Tell these bitch niggas to snatch up  
Before these bitch niggas get smashed up}  
Yo, we gon' show you gangsta's get down (gangsta's  
get down)  
North Town, Compton, Cali bound (Cali bound)  
{Yeah, niggas Black Knights, Dogg Pound, we  
surround, nigga)  
Yeah, we gon' clown (clown these bitch ass niggas)

[Crisis]  
My reign of terror is endless, ghetto physical fitness  
Leave ya on the floor twitchin', bitchin' cuz ya here wit  
The four/fifth, we empty out and reload clips  
Fuck who you roll wit, the faggot niggas don't control  
shit  
We the opposite, lockin' shit, while y'all blow dick  
Deep throat these hollow tips, let open up, lay stiff  
Label the memory, should've known the clones, death's  
the penalty  
Murderin' colonies, high jack communities, street  
journalist  
Ghetto shit, could deaf the you and me  
Dirty documents, invest every slum in the continent  
The elocutionist, sharpshooter, revolutionist  
Street scientist, got ya eyein' this, Crisis, about to ruin  
shit  
I long dick tracks from the back, on the attack  
Raw dog, knock all ya'll, disconnect, but stall ya'll  
Run wit minutes, handle business, never stop  
Until it's finished, niggas is foul, cripple ya style  
Willie McGuiness, tackle tracks, break backs and  
snatch ya money stack  
Jaw jabber bloody that, show you how a thug react

[Chorus: Roscoe]  
I'm so tired of ya gangsta cats, wit ya half ass gangsta  
raps  
Puttin' on gangsta acts, we gon' show you how a  
gangsta act

We run up in ya club and ya dubs get gangsta  
snatched  
Now ain't that how a gangsta act, ain't that how a  
gangsta act  
Now ain't that how a gangsta act

[Doc Doom]

Straight from out the bowels of killa Cal'  
Where niggas don't smile at all  
Stick you up in broad daylight, fuck waitin' until night  
fall  
Snatch ya chain right off, ya neck, put ya lights out  
Then jet back to the set, then dip another wet  
Killa shits, all you gon' hear from the killa click  
Killa Bee Gang bangers, dark hearted, lunatics  
Ya mix up in heavy light, only fuck bitches that's  
already tight  
To open they legs, so I can sweat it right  
Ya damn right, we be the hardest, gangsta rap artists  
In this industry, you wanna hear shit? Then call us  
At 1-800-BLACK-KNIGHTS, fuck where ya fools from  
If you in my hood, home-boy, you better have ya gun  
On ya side, cuz I know a gang of niggas that done died  
In these streets, slippin' without a heat  
But I'm glad that it ain't me, that's trapped in the dirt  
Cuz 'fore I go, I gotta leave my mom's a desert

[Chorus]

[Monk]

Monk rock mics over Hennessey, bitch spittin' that real  
nigga shit  
How long where niggas don't die, we just get high and  
take flicks  
Smoke weed and hit licks, talk shit, and hit tricks  
Move weight by the bricks, and shoot kites to convicts  
That killa Cal' shit, Cadillac's and Rego's and Lolo's  
Slippin' on them D's, the Knights wit flat beds and lolo  
Post for gangsta photos and high top chucks  
Show you how a gangsta act, cuz we don't give a fuck  
Young niggas off the block, that uncontrolled,  
unorthodox  
Gettin' money, lookin' bummy, same gear for three  
days  
Wet like a tidal wave, ya punks better behave  
When the nights come through, push through like  
trouble makers  
Unstoppable, off the top, my brigade controls the block

[Interlude: Kurupt]

Kurupt Young Gotti, hell hound number one, nigga

Check it out ... nigga

[Kurupt]

Gangsta, gangsta, bitches and hoes  
Muthafuckas jack for they switches and folds  
I'm concrete wit caliber's, to shade these out-of-lesson  
niggas  
Like Excalibur in separate sections, see  
Talon touch niggas like fingertips  
That put anything in ya pockets in my fingertips  
To touch my palm, you soak and expand my mind  
Hit niggas in separable places at the same time  
Poetical stand bomb, nigga, scodelic relic  
Skatin' like ice, and wit the .38 to ya pelvis  
Smokin' on somethin', pokin' on somethin'  
Apply the pressure to the gates, rollin' on hundreds  
Save ya self nigga, cuz you know you don't want it  
Sixteen bitches, sixteen switches  
Matrix and new glitches to canyon niggas in ditches  
Black Knights and the Pound, Young Gotti the real  
hound, nigga

[Chorus 2X]

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