

Men Of Vision

"Gangsta Shit"

Visit "[Gangsta Shit](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Psychopathic Rydas up in that bitch ass, mutha fucka
Trigga deep
When you see us coming
Turn the fuck around
And get the fuck on
Lil Shank
Speak on these fools

I drop gangsta shit
With my gangsta clip
And everybody on the otherside
Suck my dick
Now with my gangsta ways
And gangsta walk
I spit gangsta shit
Everytime I talk
Now what you mutha fuckas know bout a Ryda in black?
Who be invested all his chedda on these trees and gats
I got ammunition to bring the fuckin' drama whenever
Who wanna talk shit, where it's at, bitch whatever
Who wanna test me, simply get your wig pushed back
Me and my four Ryda homies ready for the attack
And if ya think we coming full
You better grab your grip
Cause Lil Shank and the Rydas
On some gangsta shit (mutha fucka!)
Chorus:
Rydas (WHUT!)
Ryda (Whut!)
Where you at y'all?
We be dumpin out the cut
It's all
Gangsta Shit
It's all gangsta shit, and we bangin to the game and we
hates to quit

Y'all bitch ass niggas actin' like you know a mu-fucka
Rydin' n fuckin' my shit
Bitch I'ma thug
Bitch, this shit 4 life mutha fucka
Bullet, let these mutha fuckas know somn

Look at my crow
It's like bump bump bumpin'
Psychopathic Ryda
Dump dump dumpin'
Jump jumpin up
Everybody's runnin'
King Kong Ryda Daddy
Bullet still is comin
Strummin on traps
Crushin' on hearts
Can I be at one from a Ryda, dogg? (heey)
I don't respect your set
Fuck your hood
Fuck your baby mamma
And ya know I could, bitch
I leave you missin like Twin Gats
Lost deep in a cave wit dem rats and bats
My name is Bullet
Soul gonna pierce your brain
Sever your spine and leave your limbs dinglin'
Dis is gangsta shit, this is all I know
So when I show up, open the safe and hit the floor
(Yayeah!)

Chorus

Man, for all you bitch ass niggas out there talkin loud
Friendly (?) and sayin' shit
Y'all need to do us all a mutha fuckin' favor
Shut the FUCK UP
Full Clip, fuck these niggas

Dump (dump)
Blaugh (blaugh)
Whistle (whistle)
Pop (pop)
That be the Psychopathic Rydas on anotha cop
And it don't stop, fizzle cleazay
Sprung legs get popped with a swizzle greasy (?)
Fo Sheezy
We represents tha D
East to the west side
And everything in between
We never seen
Unless we in a dress code
Hoods and black trunks
Foot thick bank rolls

We the hardest clique
Kickin' gangsta shit

Any bitches that oppose
Can eat a fat dick
I'm out fo the money
So bitches better freeze
And when we on yo block
Don't even call the police
Fool, I get out the corner
Pull the heat from my waist
Cock the hammer back and let one go in yo face
And leave yo mutha fuckin body lyin on the floor
And wait with the rydas to end with the law

Chorus

From Chicago's south side
To one block south central
All of that shit, on and on
We want it all
The underground
The overground
Fo Fo, come wit it man.

Bitch, you ain't heard?
Rydas don't die
Fo Fo representin'
Smokin' choke and stayin' high
All you ho's get your hands up
Put your petty cash up
The Rydas want the safe
And all the shit under the mattress
Drop, get on the floor
Don't make me have to get yo ho's
Cause if I do they'll find your body in another time zone
Mind blown with this gangsta shit (gangsta)
Have your whole block blown ta bits
Then fuck your bitch
I'm on some thug shit
On the corner, hustle sell drug shit
Rydin' with my homies
Bustin' shots at punk ass kids (riiiii)
Ain't nobody game like us
We love to bust
We love da rust
And watch you blood guts

Chorus

Yea bitch, a real motha fucking gangsta
That's some real gangsta shit, mutha faacko
That's Bullet, Fo Fo, Full Clip, L'il Shank, and I'm Cell
Block

Psychopathic mutha fucka
Detroit's, infamous, Psychopatchic Rydas
BACK...10 feet deep up in that bitch ass
Fo Fo, Cell Block, L'il Shank, Full Clip, and Bullet
Ryden Dirty, mutha fuckaaaaaaaa!
Like this

Visit [Men Of Vision](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.