

Magic Lyrics by Rotting Christ

"This Gangsta Shit is Too Much"

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1, 2, 1, 2, yeah
All yeah, we doing it like that
We flip that, uh
More in the crib
Dru, yeah, D-Funk allstars
Thats how we do it, G-Funk, yeah

[Warren G]
What's y'all thought, I wasn't gonna return with a hit
Too much smokin' that Sherman shit
I learned this from the best, and got y'all sprung
The, the doctor, Andre Young
Compton, LB, ain't nothing y'all can tell me
Going hard on the yard, 'till me dogs bailed me
They tells me, I can't precede with it
I came back and got ole G'd with it
We get crunk, spit it when we drunk
Commited to that shit, that makes the gangstas stump
Chumps can try, if they choose to to
With these locs love my dogs like the Blues Clues
So excuse you, I'm the reason for the fame
And all of a sudden, you ain't believing in the name
What? Butch Cassidy, show 'em what we working with

[Chorus: Butch Cassidy]
This gangsta shit is too much
Don't be suckas, can't touch
It's working in the LBC, nonstop to the NYC
Warren G, with the gangsta three's, oooh wee!

[Warren G]
And the win, on the 7-10 southbound
Duece and gin, getting guzzled down by the mouth
now
Smashing a hundred in the car pool
Thats the type of thing that hogs do
My concern ain't the fame, I hope you know that
Status: millionaire, still don't show that
Go back to where I was raised
On the porch is where they got braids, never not afraid
To test my shot, drop a hundred dollar fade

Holla, don't be a major see me in the hood
Off TV, totally un-Hollywood
Still to the good and you know that
Still with me, still when you show that
And Big Snoop Dogg we gonna blow that
Still with it, we all say that we real with it
Until bustas reveal, how we really did it

[Chorus: Butch Cassidy]

[Warren G]

So what's crackin' now
Got these haters actin' now
Backin' down to this gangsta sound
Westcoast circus clowns
It's on purpose how I spit rounds
You trying to get down
Abnorm with the form, swarming heated
Hitting fools glocks like we got cheated
Repeated simotaneously
I'm bringing bangers with me
So hopefully, moves can be made
We can all get paid, relax in the shade
Sun, snow, it really don't matter
We can all make dough
Eastcoast, westcoast, midwest, dirty south
And big heads, is what I'm all about
And big heads, is what I'm all about
And big heads, is what I'm all about, fool

[Chorus: Butch Cassidy]

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