Mark Spiewak of PEARLCOPPER "Gangsta Gangsta"

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[female Black Guerilla Fam member] What, nigga, Black {*censored*} Fam Y'all don't fuckin want it, you heard Listen up

Bitch either ride or collide with me, this side right You don't wanna wait 'til the end of the night to step outside wit me

You know the history of the guys with me? Extortion, kidnappin

Murder in the first, niggaz live to die
Hungry and they bloodthirst, my Dunn guns the worst
We can get it to poppin off like July the 4th
On any day of the month bitch we get it to jump
Black {*censored*} Fam, my niggaz ain't scared to
dump

So what the fuck you want beef for, you squeamish Start to hyperventilate you see a nigga start to hemorrhage

{*censored*} Fam don't start shit, we regret the finish Bitch nigga, we really live this, we mean business We even got teachers in the school where your kids is Nannies inside where your cribs is Beautician doin hair where you Wiz is Black {*censored*}, secret society bitch You get found with the fishes

[Kool G Rap]

Aiyyo, who wanna know about the life story, it's like Corle's

Blood all over the nice Mauries Stutterin bitch, who you know spit more gutter than this?

Smack a nigga with the butt of the fifth We guerillas and thugs in the midst Was cold before I flooded the wrist Big heist shit, blood on the bricks Bag it up, bubble the strip One days work, a couple of whips .. then more than double the chips Supreme Queens nigga with a BK click

You just a weak fake bitches whatever nigga the heat spray quick

Y'all niggaz can't do shit but peep the gray wrist CGP in the face of your chick, comin f'real with it Bring the cattle to the battlefield, we'll still spit it No matter who the fuck you are, you can still get it Count that off as a loss, go 'head and peal wit it Far as your corny-ass click, they gotta deal wit it

[Chorus: Black Guerilla Fam]

We the Black {*censored*} gangsta click (gangsta gangsta)

Put your hands to the streets for this gangsta shit (gangsta gangsta)

You a nigga or a bitch keep it gangsta kid (gangsta gangsta)

Black {*censored*} Fam, you know how these fuckin gangstas get

[male Black Guerilla Fam member]

Aiyyo sex money and drugs, that's my life
Shrimp shooter with the red light, that's my wife
Bitch prism on the late night, that's my type of hustle
Shit make dough, that's my bubble
No one's project beef, that's my struggle
I never been shot - that blood there, that's your puddle
Who the fuck wanna fire at me?
For every shot a nigga shoot, my mac-11 firin three
You got wars, nores, lazy {?}
Et cetera, Black {*censored*} Fam, we bang harder
Bandana Montana streetsweep carver
Shots connect, your bones I disconnect

Bring your skull back home like I bone collect One year under dirt you'll be bones in bed

Stop screamin out Guerilla 'fore I break yo' neck

Tasmania, Brooklyn - that's my set

[another male member]

I dare anybody play like Laze Mike
Not blaze like half of your block in broad daylight
Take flight to Queens with your fake ice
Pull you out the back of the trunk
and put your face in the brake light
You six deep, so what? Me I'm by myself
But you know what? I cut one of y'all real bad
Pops is my pops but my moms my real dad
You runnin round with the same heart that Steel had
I'm the best, I don't give a fuck who said so
Have you dopefiend like Lazy, let go
Don't get your head gassed off my nice chain, word to
my mother

I done lost half your life in a dice game
I don't brag shit, I'm a hustler; I don't wanna be seen
I want the green the fame shit is for suckers
I'm a Guerilla, so it ain't nuttin to touch ya
Bitch nigga recognize that or learn to suffer

[Chorus] - repeat 3X

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