

Mathematics f/ Eyes Low, Logic, Mad Man, Nemy "Gangsta"

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[Logic]

I'm a gangsta, it's homicide to ya lullabyes
Ridin' by, still screamin' out, fuck a 9 to 5
Traumatized niggas couldn't play in this sport
Either you ball or you flamin' your torch
Sell draw, or just came from up north
Homey, it's one or the other
Cuz it's real, when it's a steel to your son or you mother
I come from the gutter, but now I gotta rise to the top
Take 'em back to them times, I had them dimes in my
drop
Or that nine by my crotch, just to pick up the stack
It's '88 style, when we had them nickels and crack
Y'all niggas is wack, shorty on the real, it's a damn,
shame
The way they let y'all little niggas up in this damn game
My campaign is a team that'll shank ya
It don't mean that we thugs, it just means that we
gangstas
That's rearranger strangers, with the bangers
When you in the presence of my chamber

[Nemy]

I'm not the one you should step to
Cuz when the drama pop off, I'm not the one to be next
to
Not the one, to be known, for that nigga who left you
I'm here for the long run, I fight you til it's long done
Rhyme like a case, you can't leave til you caught one
Up in your face, I'ma breathe something awesome
The foursome is here, you been waiting for all year
We lost some, but still, we linkin' it all clear
We some (gangstas), straight from Jamaica, Queens,
making dreams
Come true, by taking themes, hey, it's me, I'ma
(gangsta)
Never, the one to be played, a made man on my own
I ain't wanna be raid, I made plans on my own, I ain't
wanna be hated
Being down in trees, made me wanna be great
I got down with my please, but I don't wanna be cased

I prayed down on my knees, yo, for one of these days

[Chorus 2X: Eyes Low]

I'm a gangsta, keep my mind on my money
Cock my nine when I'm hungry, down to ride for my
homey
I'm a gangsta, I stay with a bitch by my side
Lookin' dipped in the ride, I can't hide it

[Mad Man]

We some gangstas, niggas, but we rollin' with bangers
I take a piss on your lawn, and say hello to your
neighbors
Fucker, I switch dames, like I switch lanes
Queens nigga, talk slicker than a pimp with a cane
Cuz I'm a gangsta, crack slinger, cognac drinker
Til the party gat bring a baseball bat swinger
Very hard hitter, permanent scar giver
Local baby mom's hitter, only drink hard liquor
I leave the bar, with the bartender pollyin'
In the telly with your girl, you can find me in
I be in the cut, look, tommy, you get buck shook
Niggas I don't fuck with, try'nna get rich
Cuz we tired of re'in up, fast cash is the worst type
And I burn herb like gas on a turnpike
Love a chick that let me hit the ass on the first night
It's only right... gangsta, y'all know me right

[Eyes Low]

On 9/27, a gangsta born
I wish I had a g to stack, for every day that I mourn
Kept a ratchet by my hip, in every state I performed
I'm like a magnet to the strip, with heavyweight in my
palm
Stash box in the whip, in case the cops got flopped
Made a name, got the fame, then my stocks got high
I handle long, them I'm outtie, once them shots pop hot
You see my moms was an alch-ey, and my pops got
high
I live the real life, dogs, you better understand
I'm a thug, but God's hug, give me the upper hand
You drowned in holy water, drenched in cold blood
Turn pounds, the ho's reporters convinced, it's no love
You said, how much of this, could the world handle?
Tuckin' my forty-five, watchin' my girl handle the pearl
handle
In the city of murder, we holdin' iron
Trapped ready to -- they sleep, no denyin'

[Chorus 2X]

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