

Pete Rock f/ Slum Village

"Gangsta Boogie"

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(Pete Rock adlibbing)

"Gangsta Boogie...Gangsta Boogie"

[Elzhi]

You now rockin' with best, to get the snot blocked
within they chest concot not with the oxygen & breath
Study the man the way you might of done an exam
I'm a G like ten hundred, one lump summer's a grand
Some of them planned to stop me shinin'
the vendetta's got me rhymin', forever like a rocky
diamond

Disturbin' the thinking, highschool I'm serving them
geeks

Murder the Inc like Ja Rule & Irv when they linked
Catch El holding his tip, scrotum his grip
even when I'm not controlling my slip
full with the grip, poetry spit

By yours truly, is a treat pidgeon feet groupie whore
screw me in a suite in Venice Beach, you know my MO
Trim fro, brim low, gyms glow, Timbo slim hoe in my
limo

imagine it I'll have you click & your management
Disappear & vanish half as quick as a magic trick
a throat slitter you in the prescense of danger
I'm old school like dope dealers that dress with a pager
in my profession I write definite bangers that leave you
twisted like reppin' the West with your finger

[Chorus: Slum Village]

It's the P with the V from NY to the D
comin' through with the heat we got the "Gangsta
Boogie"

And spit fire like a lit wire that split in the pit
fibers and bzzz you hit by the "Gangsta Boogie"
Every ghetto it's the meadow never settle for your level
kept it real-o from the get-go it's that "Gangsta Boogie"
Brush waves beneath the caps plus blades & speaker
amps
bust strays when heaters clap it's that "Gangsta
Boogie"

[T3]

You remind me of the man behind the glass
but you won't see pussy God, just fiends & pass
My life is like a fair, my speech is cash
tracks I light from the ask
Inhale the essence, blow it out then I flick the ash
plus I'm old fire because my best my last
I'm just a nobody who made it from a small group
back in the day when Pete first flipped the loops
I was a outcast that outlast most cats
you know these rappers today they kinda go fast
I seen careers go up & down like eyelashes
one album deals then niggas dead exposed caskets
Split my ladies mat (correction?) I kinda hate that
when I know we classic like Marley Marl's a-tracks
When I get the chance I never plan to waste that
now I'm serving you helping hands to hella payback

[Chorus]

[Elzhi]

Pimpin' I'm back, sippin' the yack, grippin' the stack
tippin' my hat, limpin' the Lac
Rippin' the track, pimpin' I'm back
and this time I'm hungry for the jackpot
I'm tryna blow at least one junkie in the crackspot
this bread winner spread lead in ya
Ya bleed from red from that hair splitter
it shares from the dead thinner, they should of told you
and said I burnt vocals when letters squirt
redder skirt, Red Alert, cold blue you either kneel
or get knocked to the floor, glock near the sock of the
drawer
lockin' the door, now I'm on the block owning stock,
rockin velour
shockin' I'm sure, forgotten how my pockets is poor
true to the art, rip tools & chew 'em apart
skip school to rip fools but the student was smart
you will never see a nother nigga like me bruh
to spit a rap to spin ya fitted cap on your caesar
I must the nicest on dusty devices
lit a dutchie to write this & trust me it's priceless
you wish you wrote this way
I'm A-1, you could hope & pray Jehovah's way
like a old & gray nun, but it's no chance it's never fair
To slow dance with Fred Astaire with a full head of hair

[Chorus]

[Pete Rock adlibbing]

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