

# They Call That Gangsta

Blaze Ya Dead Homie

Top down, bitches drop down to their knees  
When they're in the midst of some real G's  
Real G shit - AK's with banana clips  
Bring out the inner gorilla you son of a bitch  
I'mma take a big hit, hold it in, let it go  
Inhale, exhale, only marijuana smoke  
No joke, man I ain't even laughing  
Ain't no time to argue, squeeze a trigger and let the gun blast  
All my hitters and bitches and real killers and drug dealers  
I hold it down for you cause I be a vendetta in G flag  
Of what color  
Bitch you look at me sideways I cut your eye out with a box cutter  
See me talk no collar, no jade and my walking body  
Equals sorta one and the same  
I ain't new to the game so don't play a punk with me  
Grab your toilet paper cause I turn your whole life shitty

(They call that gangsta)  
What I'm doing, who I be  
Ain't nobody dead or alive even f\*cking with me  
(Gangsta)  
Born with the pack of lowrider with hydraulics ???  
And the low pro tires  
Baptized with the 40 behind the liquor store  
Call y'all G's so we comin' to kick it more ???

That's what you call gangsta, y'all RuPauls  
No balls when we check of your shit you guys are too small  
We move off in the direction, with less stress and more sexin'  
From the section, that means your woman are now our lesson  
Me and Blaze don't check, they want 'em down  
Collect what it gotta be in our circle of this shit  
No sweatin', these suckas know all occasion  
Cause punks they get their hatin'  
We sprayin' at the sweater  
We got a Satan at gun point already  
Let it rain confetii, if you dead and gone that's savvy  
We skeet off in them pirellis  
Them boys were never jelly  
We shoot it out, get burried

I'm mashin', pumping out in my box chevy like who's ready?  
My belly always stuffed with chumps - I eat em up  
With their luck so what, we're never help you ain't born tough  
Note to self, you see me head down, let's talk  
I'm beating my chest, I'm worldwide you can't get enough

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Too many wankstas ? and prankstas

Not enough gangstas, gun butters and shankstas  
Tell me what you bang for, I'm pulsin' these niggas anger  
These fists cuffed tangler the Queens got me strangler  
Lex the Hex Master, trenching the necks bastard  
Claiming he drops classics, smack 'em back to Jurassic  
Practicin' black magic while makin' factory caskets  
I'll leave gash, stickin' and movin' just call me Cassius  
We're not affiliated, packin' heavy radiator  
Sorry, real G's don't find skinny jeans intimidating  
All initiated cowards get asphyxiated  
Flow's sophisticated so Lex is highly anticipated  
Faith tainted, my face painted, I must be sick  
Maintained to stay faded to f\*ck a bitch  
And by that time next year they y'all know me  
Hex the Master, The R.O.C. and Blaze ya Dead Homie

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