

Gangsta Walk

C-Murder

Now this side gangsta walk (say what?)
And this is how gangsta's talk (like that?)

Tell 'em how we do, tell 'em what we do
This is what we do nigga - gangsta's talk!
Tell 'em one more time - gangsta talk!
All the homies in the hood - gangsta talk!

To my nigga Eastwood - gangsta talk!
Kurupt and Daz - gangsta talk!
Gangsta's ride, uhh, do what gangsta's do
Bandanna hangin from the rear view
Too smart, know them up, hold 'em up (though)
We could go head up, and I'll fold 'em up slow
There's a gangsta loose, callin all cars
Just left the house in some blue Allstars
Passin by on them thang, it's a brown MC
Niggaz goin buffin DPG (Dogg Pound, Dogg Pound)
Niggaz mad Dogg bumpin a bank account (wood)
But I don't recognize the busta
So I hit up the hood, wit one hand on the heater
The other in the air, Dogg Pound gangsta's yo, we don't care
I gots to watch myself - especially my health, before anything else
My life, my wealth, I'ma G, and I do what gangsta's do
And they do it like me and my G Tray Deee

Bitch talkin shit, huffin a dip
Call up my niggaz and say "Yo, don't even trip"
DAZ and my nigga Kurupt
Came through and a MC scooped me up
Aiiyo, I got the ? I usually does
Young Gotti in the back seat fucked up cous'
Man it's ashame how my gang-gang-bang
No disrespect but, hey, we want thangs
In the ? lets see what quest ? seas
Eightball slippin, Dogg Pound trippin
Back in the mo', where we don't give a fuck
My baby brother NYA, and just he got stuck
By them same motherfuckers who supposed to be killin me
Peelin me, and ya niggaz ain't feelin me
Bad news, seem to travel fast
When you on the mask, and all about'cha cash
All my niggaz in the ?, gangsta talk
And all my homies sippin Hen', gangsta talk
If ya can't get out, and you mad as hell
Say "Biatch," that'll make ya sound for real

Haha..
Fuck wit us we, gon' hurt somebody
Fuck wit us we, gon' hurt somebody
Only gone, Dillinger, Young Gotti
Fuck wit us we, gon' hurt somebody

Cha-pow! Layin all these wack niggaz down
Churned out, blownd out, work high, hell
Whattup? I see my niggaz all in the cut
laid back, actin a nut, waitin 'till we 'rupt

No remorse, as we bust, let her feel the dust
Let 'em do what we gotta do, fuckin shit up
Let it be known - Daz Dillinger, rough to the bone
And all alone through ya neighborhood at high exhaust
High stylin and profilin, niggaz comin after me
In actuality they face the technicality
Let 'em feel the battle, it was a tragedy
Everywhere a nigga die for the salary
Pray to God, pray to Lord, watch after me
prepare the back sniff streets mentality
It's the gang and we mad and we walk and we stalk
and we do what we do after dark
Niggaz keep doin what the fuck they gotta do
and we do what we do when we mash wit our crew bitch (ssh!)
Dillinger, willin ya and killin ya
Doin what I gotta do, it's blood that I'm spillin ya (yeah)
All over your floor; tell the fat guy "Ignore"
Break down your door and let kick ya one more!

Gangsta strait out! (bitch)
To the flat like that
Like whaaat, like this, like whaaat
(like this, like that)

Now this is how gangsta's walk
And this is how gangsta's talk
Whattup!?

The homie Big Style, gangsta talk
The homie Tray Deee, gangsta talk
Yeah Bad Azz, gangsta talk
The homie Technique, gangsta talk
Supafly, gangsta talk
Kurupt and Daz, gangsta talk
All my hoes, gangsta talk
All my bitches, gangsta talk
All the homies, gangsta talk
Tell 'em on more time, gangsta talk
Biatch! Gangsta talk..

Yeah, this is how the gangsta's talk
Yeah, yeah, gangsta walk
All the real G's out there
I know you gettin yo gangsta walk on right now
why'know all the real mack's out there
gettin they gangsta talk on right now
Yeah, DPG, as you can see
We in the place to see
We not talkin 'bout history, or biology
We just talkin 'bout g-eology
Strait up, gangsta walkin
We just gangsta talkin
DPG - we're gangsta's meant the world go..