

# Here Come The Gangstas

Apathy

[Chorus:]

"Here come the gangstas...Uh huh  
and you can't see their face...Uh huh" (2x)  
"They're comin' for you"

[Verse 1:]

CT all day, bad news all day  
Grade school teacher moved my desk into the hallway  
Trouble starter, mother/father taught me how to hustle harder  
See dough like Nino, but fuck The Carter, must be smarter  
Apply the profit 'till my pockets overflow  
Any opposition tryin' to stop it and I'll overthrow  
Comin' out buckin' like a cowboy on a bull at a rodeo  
Throw you in a hole below the stone where the ??? go  
Flows that all your homies know from Canada to Tokyo  
I'm steppin on your toes like an amateur that dosey doe  
Scientific, typical, a genius is the evilest  
Who raised hell so high, the Eskimos are feverish  
Be cool, 'cause me even dealin' with these fools  
Is kinda like a rocket scientist teachin' pre-school  
Y'all swear to God that ya gangsta gangsta  
But reality'll rearrange ya

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

Even with all the hate and love that I've received  
I sit and read off the page 'till my iris bleed  
I've seen it all from the backwoods, 'burbs and trees  
Overseas, back to CT, home to me  
To them shitty city blocks, dudes hustlin' ki's  
Where the breeze blows excess weaves like tumbleweeds  
I'm up 24/7 with beats in my head  
No time to sleep, son, I'll sleep when I'm dead  
And I ain't really sweatin' all that MC shit  
Forget 'em, I buy backpackers and trendy chicks  
'Cause when I start to see success, then the envy hits  
They used to love me, now I'm on their enemy list  
I'm tryin' to write the right song that'll get me rich  
Dip in the Hollywood hills 'till my Bentley flips  
My flow's fluid as a wave that a jetski skips  
My wife's Japanese and white, little sexy bitch  
My pen's a MAC-10, my freestyle's a shell  
My cell was set with a speed dial for Hell  
So...no more thinkin' that you're gangsta gangsta  
But reality'll rearrange ya

[Chorus]

[Bridge x2:]

It's all gangstas, gangstas at the top of the list  
So I play my own shit, it goes somethin' like this

[Verse 3:]

I'm the icing on the cake, money in the bank  
Inmates who make shanks out the mixtape case  
The look on a fiend's face when his lips taste base

Is based on the fact that crack put him into outer space  
Based on that, if this is just based on rap  
I keep it basic and just bump bass on tracks  
In fact...A lot of y'all think ya gangsta gangsta  
But reality'll rearrange ya

[Chorus]

[Outro:]

Yeah, Chum...another Skrilla Guerilla killa  
Demigodz, Doe Rakers  
What up, Celph? What up, Mo'?  
What up, Hoot? What up, Spliff?  
What up, E? What up, South Paw?  
Yeah...uhh! Uh!