

Gangsta Rap

Crooked I

Now flip with a nigga, as we dip through the Dirty
Four-tops, spin out and bent up to thirty
I only ride for homies, 'cause hoes ain't worthy
Never put a bitch before your road doggs, ya heard me?
Plus, we do shit other rappers can't feel
Like, hangin' in the same spots we hung out for the deal
For real, the ghetto ain't a pop song, Cutty
The ghetto bodies get up, get out, and get nutty
And fool, do it 'til the death if you have too
Just get the fuck up off the cuts, 'fore they grab you
And have you doin' penitentiary time
Got these rap cats thinkin', if they shit to lift rhymes
If you ain't in the streets, then nigga,
stick to the balance, or get caught up
Tossed up, in this bitch, like a salad
Dedicated to my niggas out here stuck in the trap
I deliver it just like I live it, it ain't rap
Trust me

This is really that gangsta boggie That gangsta
This is for the ballers
Gangsta rap!
What all the hoes love
Gangsta rap!
What you hop your 6-4 to?
Gangsta rap!
You can do what you want to
Gangsta rap!

Yeah, this is for the ballers
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What you hop your 6-4 to?
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What did you fall in the spot?
You could say that they callin' a cop
I'm robbin' niggas, whether they ballin' or not
The Steven Segal of the block
Clock you with a pool ball in a sock
Pop you and crawl off in a drop
Dodger hatted-up
I'm fly as a shot when it hovers
A mix between Morpheous and Matrix
In rocket in colors
Tell me, can I...
Rip 'em up? This a jack
Keep them hands high
Stick 'em up
No Metropolis, stoppin' this apocalypse
You couldn't see this novelist
With positive and optimistic results from an optometrist
G shit, that we dreeze, ah!
I'm in that L... B... C... G

And we's, domes like two head soldiers
I'm ghetto enough to go platinum on bootleg versions, uh-huh!
Strapped, jumpin' outta the caravan
Kids turn the channel, now I'm finna smoke the camera man

I got a question, what's the question?
"What is gangsta rap?"
Is it gangsta niggas that's rappin'?
Or rappin' niggas that act?
I'll tell you what, gangsta rap ain't even force
It ain't bangin' on wax
With dirty backs
Gettin' slapped at The Source
Hmmp, comin' in with your toes pointed out
Runnin' quicker than the bitches and the hoes runnin' out
Don't be pussy and shoot my kids
The set trip, next shit
And I'll make it out, to be East & West shit
I took a [?], then bless it
Manhandle the message
Double my records, Death Row the best shit
Built in L.A.!
You lay, then pay
Still You're laid out the same day

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