

He's a Gangsta

E-40

He's a he's a he he's a gangsta
Funkmaster like Flex heavy metal remedy (BLAHOO)
Knock ya out'cha socks put'chu out your misery (OWH)
Homicide try'na holla they wanna question me {"we need to talk to you"}
Cause I'm always into beef and smoke broccoli I do my dirt by my lonely I ain't tellin' on me
I keep my mouth shut like James Beasley and Lil D, solid
Find me guilty I do my time even if I'm sixty
Long as I get out with my pride and my fuckin' dignity
Real, born in it surrounded killers, dealers and robbers
Mommamas identifying bodies in they pajamas (that's my baby)
Teenagers packing and riding 'round with them llamas (rah rah)
Squeezing on niggas like anacondas (bah)
I'll put tips on a nigga we can fade and we can locked up like this
Or we can get off into some of that old shoot-em-up bang-bang gangsta shit (Blao)
Most of the time it's over a bitch when the funk spark
This dog gotta bite that'll back up his bark
BITCH!

Yeah, broad daylight or midnight he'll air this muthafucka out
(He's a gangsta)
We don't buddy up we dummy up
One squeeze'll bring a nigga to his knees
(He's a gangsta)
You didn't know, we got fireworks we'll come through and grand finale yo block
(He's a gangsta)
If we cross paths or bump heads, it ain't on sight it's on demand
(He's a gangsta)

Black mobs, beaver minks and black Glocks
Kim Cole hard bottoms nigga with no socks
This gangsta in it dawg nah ain't got candy paint
I beat it my cases with cash my nigga no running
My heart pump no fear to a nobody
You drive by material black Maserati
One nigga, one black mack, four black bodies
Giving niggas scared play homie like Greg Woolley
And I ain't into playing no checkers with'chu lil niggas
Homie I knock down pines and fuck over rooks
I got gangstas from that lil D ear shook
I catch ya digging in ya nose and life can get tooks
Niggas never seen a Canali suit
Show I showed em one and double so let'cha know I'm coppin' mo than one
When I'm yanking on sumthin' I'm poppin' mo than one
If I see ya ass and give ya a pass then ya owe me one

Err place I show up I got the pistol trippin'
All my niggas feel safe when I'm in the building
Make a nigga feel raped when I slap his melon
With the ass of the cannon spot get ready
By a hyenas
Harder than life a level for we dine divas
Tech cool with ya sickness of swine netter
Never heard a tech cause these fakers a prime-retta
Fresh up outta Tina's back in the crime bidness

Keep my lawyer paid cause she is a damn genius
Keep my niggas paid to murder the star witness
Never saw a reign when niggas is start snitching
But part of the game is death so now it's just more killing
Selling up a pack to send in him to a fella
Who slit his fuckin neck fore he think about telling
Eight a thousand years like a Gladys Knight breakfast and I'm in the lobby f
ear cause

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