

Gangsta Code

Insane Clown Posse

"That's right. Had to take my beat back. My shit."

That shit was fun but close, almost buttered my toast
I took a slug, (Pow) I'm too big to duck behind a light post
We don't fight soft, (No) I wipe my Nikes off (Yo)
One of our soldiers died, a slight loss
I'm glad y'all brought his body back discrete under the sheet
Can't leave him layin' in the street, dead in defeat
And if his face complete, we'll kiss him on the cheek
And bury him with dignity and never miss a beat
Been on the "operation liquidation"
Translate: "retaliation annihilation"
Won't stop 'til they toe tagged, bagged up, refrigerated
Everything neck up blown off, obliterated
So quit cryin' over dude, man the fuck up
Stand the fuck up, it ain't your fault he ran his luck up
I took a bullet too, (Pow) but I ain't trippin'
Let's pop the clips in, but don't be like him and caught slippin'

See, y'all are gonna follow me, no questions
And stay true to the G codes (G codes)
And we, we are gonna live by these directions
And we are never gonna let go (Let go)

Live by the streets, die by the streets
Never get above it, never gonna flee
The laws of the streets, tried by the streets
Never get around it, never goin' free

I said killas get to ridin', bust full clips!
But y'all still in here hidin' like some pussyhole lips!
That life, seven, playin' games; fourteen, K-in' names
Twenty-one, slayin' lames; twenty-eight, I stay in change
Havoc to reign, blood'll rain, feel the pain, right on main
I'm Dick and Jane, get in, mane! Hit the cane, sick insane!
Oh yeah, death before dishonor, (Hey) weighted by your word
Who the fuck inspired you: Big Meech or Big Bird?
If you bust, you have an issue, we bust? Won't miss you!
Get even! Is that your heart beatin' or your neden queefin'?
How we cheatin' 'long as you undefeated?
My slugs'll leave you leakin', heat-seekin' tickets to a Jesus meetin'
What's up with all this bitchatism? This shit is blasphemy!
You need to blast for me, bloody a masterpiece
The way y'all sit around cryin' over this one dead busta
Made me think he blew a mean dick, he musta

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Gangsta codes, that don't mean shit to ya

Cowardly hoes, need to dump a clip through ya
Lead flyin', I wanna hear ya mama cryin'
What can mean more than a rag flyin? Kids dyin'
Tough shit! Who cares about 'em? They fucked!
And that fool under the sheet? He shoulda ducked!
You ask, "When does it stop?" When we on top!
To the nine with the slide slide, let the bombs drop
I caused catastrophe, to show they ain't as bad as me
To say that ain't a reason is treason, it's sad to me
Fuckin' tragedy, look what I took for the team
Hold up, where's the mirror at? What the fuck?
Where's my reflection?! How could this be true?
Wait a minute, let me lift this sheet up off a dude
My God, there I am, bullet hole in my forehead!
It's me you've all been mournin', on the floor dead!

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