

Keep It Gangster

Lil Rob

Now we be ducking and bucking and picture girls while they're sucking
I'm coming harder than fuck and other putos be rocking
Up on the mic it's cracking, I'm Maniac while I'm rapping
The fattest Philly I'm packing while all the Low Pros is jacking
In my neighborhood it's all good, the homies are deep
I got a four-o and more, I'm getting high and it's all on me
Gangster'd out, no doubt, mobbing saying fuck it
Still rolling hella deep with the homies in a bucket
I ain't giving a fuck, I started with the gang
My homies are here and they got my back
I'm drinking a brew, I'm smoking a sack
I'm blowing to the brain and I'm sporting all black
Ese don't you know I bang Sureno, I'm a fool too
Mobbing with the homies loading cuetes saying fuck you
Drinking, smoking, and busting lines of coke too
Dancing, freaking, and fucking all night long
On a regular basis, all to the grill, fuck at the pad then off to the hood
Drinking a brew and acting a fool, once again ese I thought you knew
Keep it gangsta homey, keep it gangsta
(Spanish Fly tell it like it is till the day we die)
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(Spanish Fly tell it like it is ese)
My life is quicker than ever to grab the mic and deliver
Up on a regular basis is how we're handling cases
See me disfiguring faces on fools who tripping in places
I flash my nine in the sky, I'm getting high till I die
I let a shot in the air, 'cause where it falls I just don't really care
I ride till the wheels fall off and they ain't gonna fall off
Rolling with a pistol grip sawed off
Bang once and my name's been out
Crazy gangster representing the South
Westside what I'm talking about, Old Town what I'm talking about
Kill him and I'm finna bust that shit
Coming through with fifteen and a clip
You thought that Maniac would slip
Never me, and life's a bitch
'cause strapped with extra clips, air fifteen with a grip of Smiths
West on mine, six to the spine, aiming to delete on mines
619 down to bust a rhyme
Rest In Peace Speedy, I keep you on my mind
It was no doubt your cats are in the mix
Leave us two alone and we're coming up on shit
The magical thug with the magical bullet
And I'm coming around with a magical spell so
Get away, keep away when you see Silencer coming out to get ya
What you want to do, I got the cross-bow
Enemies are gonna die and I kill them real slow
Picture any toon blazing up at the moon
Your time is up, now you die from a bloody wound
That's what's gonna happen everytime I come attacking
I'm thinking of the weapon and the bodies I be stacking
On a mission, I'm packing my ammunition
I'm sticking these sons of bitches for snitching like bitches motherfucker

What you want to do, are you afraid
It's all about the Silencer, that's the name
We're some crazy motherfuckers from the West Coast
Smoking Mary Jane and we pimp hoes
Low Profile coming at you
I don't give a fuck and I'm here to blast you
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