

# If It Ain't Gangsta

The Beatnuts

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo

(I'm afraid you're carrying some large metal objects)  
Feel this, Big Pysch, let me tell you how we livin yo  
(JuJu)

I know niggas with no ice and no life  
That put a couple rounds in you for a very low price  
Risk they freedom, and buck back at the poor life  
Nothin's guaranteed like when you roll dice  
Keep your eyes open, with no time to snooze  
No time to lose, no time to chose  
Who got the hottest product in the market  
The logo's a target for any hip-hop ???  
That want to purchase it, pop it in your CD  
And get thoughts (I'm a murderous...)  
(Les)

Yo, it's lookin kinda ugly outside  
It's unbelievable what niggas gotta do to survive  
If you scared better keep it inside  
Guarantee it I'm a eat you alive  
There's no where to run, no where to hide  
It's war in every sense of the word  
I'm a beat you 'til your vision is blurred  
Tryna' rock me to sleep, you a nerd  
We been doin this for way too long  
and I'm tellin you I'm way too strong, homo  
(Chorus)

'Cause if it ain't gangsta, (keep it movin)  
'Cause if it ain't gangsta, (keep it movin)  
Niggas steady hatin on us, (keep it movin)  
Beatnuts stay thorough, nigga what  
'Cause if it ain't gangsta, (keep it movin)  
'Cause if it ain't gangsta, (keep it movin)  
Niggas steady hatin on us, (keep it movin)  
Beatnuts stay thorough, nigga what  
(JuJu)

You ain't from a rough hood, don't make me snap your club foot  
Save you want to keep club hoppin, but anyhow  
We're back, to get the club poppin  
Ay yo, this is that shit, that thugs love rockin  
This is that shit that have your neighbors knockin  
[Knocking] (talking in Spanish), disturbin me while I'm choppin  
They next smash, and collect cash, and get sex fast, and get passed  
Day by day I, pray, under the grey skies, enough play time  
Let's get serious, like Jermaine Jackson (yeah)  
And prepare for the main attraction  
(Les)

Make an LP for beers and chips, makin everyone who hears it flip  
Catch a contact, feel this shit  
Man, I'm red like a white rhino, always samplin the right vinyl  
Tellin you I'm the shit baby and that's final  
Junkyard hit very hard, play the shit cleverly god  
'Cause there ain't too many real niggas left  
catch you sayin somethin under your breath  
I'm a bring it to you, never-the-less  
(Beat-nuts, Beat-nuts, Beat-nuts, Beat-nuts, Beat-nuts, Beat-nuts, Beat-nuts)  
Bring it, bring it, what, I can't hear you, what, c'mon

(Chorus)