

# Gangsters (feat. Slush the Villain)

## Mr. Shadow

Ha Ha  
Slush "The Villain"  
Shadow all up in this mothafucka  
Hella High, off that sticky gram weed  
Livin the thug life, sellin drug life  
Packin snubs, smokin weed all day bud life  
Can't fuck wit it baby It's the unfadable, confrontation with I is consequential  
Me and Slush "The Villain" makin your advisories parental  
Fuck a presidential limosine  
I roll wit thugs in maximas on Lomos  
Or Impalas on chrome d's  
Follow me and see why everybody calls me hostile  
How mothafuckas be hatin cause I live a gangsta lifestyle  
My profile is so wild you wouldn't wanna kick it  
With these two young thugs, packin snubs and gettin convicted  
Inflictin much pain like my a.k.a. was migrain  
Make a fool swallow piss for disrespectin my name  
From the sky falls rain to the streets you'll fall victim  
And all I got to say to my thugs is fuck the system  
The Mistah Shadow is who I be up on this paragraph  
Makin fools panic cause they heard about the aftermath  
I'm at the point of no return and so I keep burnin  
Marijuina cause I want the higher learner  
We straight gangstas, bangers, dope slangers  
Bitch stranglers, who wanna come and playa hate us  
Money makers, world wide got it locked  
Walkin 50 deep through your mothafuckin block For all my enemies I got them gats too  
Me and my faculties bodies covered up with tattoos  
So when you see me it's intimidation that you feel  
Cause you know these fuckin Eses mess for real  
Cause we're soldado down to throw putasos  
Con chiflasos tricky let's throw chingasos  
I got Shadow on the side of me  
With that gram sticky green mothafucka  
Come get high with me  
And if you say you'se my homie, don't decieve me  
Cause when I say I'm gonna kill, you best believe me  
Even out of town we break mothafuckas down like car trouble  
Tricky grab an axe and a shovel  
Show these sons of hood rats who gots the bag of tricks  
Full of guns, ammunition, screwdrivers and ice picks  
We pick who dies, when the wolf cries

Brutalize mothafuckas, catch em by surprise  
We're unexpected like a car crash  
Head bash a mothafucka, and give him whip lash  
Think fast, blink and it's your ass up in pieces  
Have your mom screamin for Jesus I give's a fuck mothafucka  
Down to buck mothafuckas  
Better duck or that ass'll get plucked mothafucka  
I got all I need to succeed, let's get to test em  
Pocket full of weed and a gun that's full of teflon  
I'ma mothafucka thug with no love  
I'm seein my enemies bleedin sleepin in their blood  
I'm fantasizin homicidal thoughts like Charles Manson  
Money schemin plots to come up, like hold you for ransom  
It's all about the skrilla homie, I'll put a price on your head  
And if they don't pay up by mornin best believe that you're dead  
Playin wit your life like God but I don't care  
Ain't gon let nobody stop me from bein a millionaire  
It be a gun blast ese till one of us dies  
Best believe tryin to aim my heat right between your eyes  
Only on my bullet, my name I'm gonna engrave  
Slush "The Villain" put that ass to the grave, mothafucka

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>