

# Gangsta

8Ball & MJG

We represent it to the fullest  
Keep it gangsta mang  
You know them niggas from the dirty  
Do them gangsta thangs  
Hoes love it when I pull up in my big ol' truck  
They smokin good  
With that crocodile touchin they butt  
Call it what'chu want  
I do it with the best  
Spit it how I live it  
Fat Boy, he dange-ress  
Watch what'cha say  
My squad don't play  
My hood like Viagra  
Make you hard all day  
Don't talk about it, be  
About it like a G  
I pop it like a Ruger  
Semi-automatically  
Ya girlfriend love it  
She tell me when I see her  
She hate'chu like you hate me  
I rock it like Aaliyah  
Back and forth, up and down  
Harder, and deeper  
She hit me on my cell-phone, e-mail and beeper  
A regular nigga with makin money on my mind  
A young street hustla  
Always on the grind  
See me when ya see me  
Never know when I be pullin up  
Four-door, foreign, or big rims on American truck  
That's me with the clouds comin out the roof  
On the street or in the booth, yo  
Grand Hustle!  
T.I.P!  
Let's go!  
Ohhh!  
Aye nigga  
Call it what'chu want  
I give it to ya real  
Spit it how I live it pimp  
It is what it is  
They can't kick it where I kick it  
They ain't live how I live  
Ain't just another run of the mill rapper with a deal  
Wanna push my buttons?  
Tryin'a test my limits?  
Been in shoot-outs  
But thanks to my vest, I'm livin  
All these so called villains  
Who act like women  
Really make me sick  
Don't make me stick this  
Fourty-fo' desert and elope yo slip  
Un-load this clip  
Til' the gun go "click! "

Niggas wanna try Tip  
I'm a do him like this  
Paint a picture, draw a Chopper  
And erase his clique  
Send some niggas to ya house  
That'cha didn't invite  
Do some thangs to ya wife  
That'll damage ya life  
I don't think you can imagine  
What that's bout to be like  
Instead of bitchin all the time  
Ya should be tryin to do right  
Put a slug in ya mug  
Make ya piss in ya shorts  
Have ya mama at the wake  
Cryin, kissin ya corpse  
Yeah, I know the ice is shining  
I'm a glisten, of course  
And y'all niggas still whining  
Like some bitches and whores  
I ain't gon' stop grindin  
Until I see my pitch and fork  
No, I'm a be richer than you  
My pops was richer than yours  
It's extradition  
I know y'all niggas wishin me dead  
But I keep it pimpin instead  
Get this shit in ya head  
Call it what'chu want  
Well, I'm pullin up in a big ol' truck  
I looked in my rear-view, I saw a big ol' butt (Daaamn!)  
I'm like "Hey Ms. Parker, when you gon' let me f\*\*k!? "  
She said "When you put some 23's on ya truck"  
So I flipped me a brick in a couple of days  
I hit the mall for throw-backs and couple of Jay's  
And don't jack!  
Cause you will catch a couple of strays  
Cause me, Ball, and T.I.  
Pack a couple of K's  
Cause we some gangstas  
And you a motherf\*\*kin wanksta  
Get out-of-line and I'm a have to come shank ya  
Cause I'm "Trill" with' a "Pocket Full of Stones"  
You know I'm ridin dirty  
Talkin' on my Sprint phone  
My paint dubbed two-tone  
I'm sittin on Lorenz'  
Cause down in Texas  
We roll twenty-twen' twens  
And we, bang Screw (Bang Screw)  
And sip that purple  
Nigga, we straight from the streets  
You too commercial, nigga  
Call it what'chu want