

Gangsta Shit

B.G.

Nigga gonna respect my cliq, us chaos
Once it's on, nigga you can't duck us
Motherfuckers, if you score from us,
Don't trust us
If you think about it
We made niggaz you can touch us
You bustas will want cliq in a sec
We need everything wet
Don't give a fuck about what you said
It's off the rilla my nigga
Contracts, dope pillas, it's all about the skrillas
From George Washington to Ben Franklin
I'm spankin with my motherfuckin bankin
If you thinkin I'm fuckin wit this top ranker
And a murder
You a heavy drinker and I'll serve ya
Bitch nigga
Getcha getcha getcha gettin cool nigga
Strap up, and do what you gotta do nigga
I know you know, it's all on you nigga
Watch me I'm dirty and don't play by the rules
I respect it's do or die nigga
And I'mma do it till I die, cuz I'm a rida
That coc that girl, I tried her
I can't deny her, cuz I like that fire
Black connection is the shit
U.P.T. respect it bitch, it's the gangsta cliq

Nigga who bout some gangsta gangsta shit
Da magnolia bout some gangsta gangsta shit
Nigga who bout some gangsta gangsta shit
That mel be bout some gangsta gangsta shit
Nigga who bout some gangsta gangsta shit
That calio bout some gangsta gangsta shit
Nigga who bout some gangsta gangsta shit
That same tom be bout that gangsta gangsta shit

Nigga respect me for the chaos and beef a represent
Be full of that dope and full tent
I'm serving coc by the whole bird
My shit ain't water without 7 g's bout a bird
Play hard and get that serve
You know for sure that you heard
I bring noise, hanging out back with big toys
I give props to my world
What you want on your tombstone
Your pathetic boy, oh it's on in the dirty south
You can't afford hitting your dome in his own
Hang up and bitch you fuckin with a hot boy
Of the 13th, down the street of the U.P.T. it's B.G.
Record company CMB
Thugs wanna come up and see
Da magnolia, the mel boys
CP3, I warned you, we're outlaws
You can't see me
I come without a stummer
The drivers think I'm done

I'm second to none
Get full of them blunts
My cliq got glocs and macks with beams on em
The big man got jacket with my team on em
You get it, I'll get with em and split em
Yeah, I did em, we done em, I'mma go uptown and rum em

w/ variations

Bitch me, my whole town nigga
Get that fake frown out your mouth or get pound nigga
I'm a hound
I hunt niggas down quietly
I smash a potatoe on my knee and pass out
A young gangsta spank ya off the top
Left you to hang the crop without all props
Do you ever hear
That nigga is a fool
One with me, twos I use, you lose
Killas I hang wit
We feel smart now
You ain't shit
Trying to get wit me, you see me
No nigga can do it
Fuck wit me on the streets, man no nigga can do it
I get low down a dirty
Off with ya head, ol dirty
All my nuts anger, put it in the Benz
Till elevated tanger
I'mma switin west hanger
Crack slanger, neck splitted
Kool Aid gripper
I'm here to deal wit cha, I can't forget cha
If you beefin, then I'm creepin on ya
Watch your back cuz, I'll put that streetsweeper on ya
If you gonna bust back, you better ask out
I'll leave you flat, when the bullets start grasp