

Good & Hi

Gangsta Boo

F/ Juicy J

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

If you niggaz good and hi let me see you clap your hands
If you niggaz good and drunk let me see you clap your hands

[Gangsta Boo]

Bitch you know I'm lookin good, on the block posted up
Icy white reeboks throwin Triple Six up
In the air I don't care, you see Billboards playa
Platinum billboards in the hood of you playa haters
Try to sneak up in the club low key, fuck an autograph
Dog I'm tryna chill, you can catch me in the aftermath
I ain't tryna brag or say I'm all that, when I'm not
But I'm fuckin bad, I'm knockin plenty bitches out the spot
I was always told that my pussy be the fuckin best
If you want to test let me put your nigga on some X
If you want to fuck let me see who money spend the best
Eight figure dick be the best nigga nuttin less
Niggaz round town actin like they fucked the Gangsta Boo
Hoes round town sayin did she fuck my man too?
Yo I'm runnin shit niggaz gave me crown, labeled me the queen
Gonna do this damn thing bitch, know what I fuckin mean

[Chorus]

[Gangsta Boo]

Now everybody claim the role of a killa killa
Yean ain't do no ten twenty years in the pen nigga
Flaugin ass boy wit you mug on like you hard
Boy you need to stop yean neva had a fuckin charge
You a momma's boy Gangsta Boo went to school with you
You the honor roll yean neva had a fuckin crew
Wit cha girlfriend with her jealous ass on the scene
Black ass bitch blue long braids bitch please
It's about time that I told you
I don't care if you bitches don't speak, i don't love you
Listen to the rumors called the story crazy lady boo
Got my nigga rollin blunts and smokin to get fucked up
I know you gon hate when you see me comin on them thangs
Pullin in the gated driveway cause I'm havin thangs
Still I'll bust a cap if I catch you on surveillance
Two killaz on the roof
Bulletproof
We don't love you

[Chorus]

[Juicy J]

Why I'm devoted to this game
Where they slang
And they gangbang
North North mayn
Wit them curls and them gold thangs
Lemons wanna step to a playa wit these lame names
Knowin they don't wannat come to our side buckin brains
20 thousand cash to my nigga nigga

Kill this bitch
Heat on them leather seats lets get into some gangsta shit
See the boy walkin down the street
Grab him by his neck
Point him with the tec what's your set
Leave his body wet
We don't play
Wit other folks kids
We rob
We steal
We gaffle
We bid
We pimp
These bitches
We put em
On charge
We smoke
That skunk
We roll
We mob
We business
We Bentley's
Our cheese
Stay fat
The mink
The coat
The cow
Boy hat
The fangs
The shades
We gotta
Stay paid
Three 6
Don't play
My nigga
We spray

[Chorus] - 8X