

What Gangsta's Do

Silkk The Shocker

Hustler, baller, gangsta, cap peeler
Hustler, baller, gangsta, cap peeler
Hustler, baller, gangsta, cap peeler
Hustler, baller, gangsta, cap peeler
Hustler, baller, gangsta, cap peeler
Hustler, baller, gangsta, cap peeler

What gangstas do for money
187, 211 I'm bout it bout it see yo I'm down to do whatever

I wants money the powers the shit nigga
I need dollar shit
Til I win the lotto bitch
My motto is to get rich
Hustler make things all right
Connected on our flight
You need da Gs and keys over in the car
Drove back all night
Won't do nuttin for some ass
While I will do anything for some cash
Fuck the police
now I from city fresh off a copper's ass
What you gon do when the bills don't come
And what you gon do when it's time ta lay it down
Dis nigga don't give a fuck bout nuttin but
Dollar dollar bills y'all
Da real y'all
I'm tryin ta get a mil y'all
I cost dese things dat I can afford dat I want
You calls for da Cadillac wit da 5th wheel
And, I'm up in the trunk
So don't get mad when you see me with a ski mask
I be blastin'
I'm gonna get the cash by any means
The stash
Plus a nigga gotta survive and a nigga gotta eat
You're gon be surprised when I'm over your eyes
when you see me on the creep

Dem niggaz dat feel us
Be de killas and dealers
Witness my shit nigga
Strong arm for skrilla
Top yo mama for a dollar
Gangstas do what we gotta
Back da coke sell the powder
For the money and power
No Limit rider
Bitch don't make me sayin no lotta
If it's over my loot
I shoot and never miss
But's it's burned from my clip like a pot of hot grits
Down for gangsta shit for the chips and grip

Nigga down to do some work
Put in work make it hurt
Take my hollow chips

Wipe em wit my T-Shirt
Charge It 2 Da Game
Chasin fortune and fame
Never snitchin, ears itchin
Feds mention my name
Mr. Abel Mr. Kane stay tru to da game
If it ain't about the paper we jus can't understand

If you ain't scared
Better get somewhere when I pull dis trigger
We some seven figure military minded niggaz

Show me money
I'm smooth I'm street smart
But I don't play by da rules, nigga move til we get caught
You know I'm bout my mail nigga can't you tell
P gon get me out of jail nigga he goin for da bail
But I'm a sleep in my cell til they call my name
And niggaz rappin to me all night cuz of all this fame
Now I ain't gonna let anyone get near me
He was hellas tight
I'm told em someone get out they came for a light
They suggested I wanted to be rich and I was like mad as fuck
But I'm bout ta bail ya out so y'all niggaz stay up escape
Bos, Big V, Pokey, Mann, Mama cuz we freakin man
Nigga just waitin for the champagne
And cuz dat's me
(What ya gonna do when ya get outta jail)
I rather be sayin dumb shit den sit here
(What do you consider that)
Smokin green wit my niggaz and cleanin my strap