

Gangsta

Trick Daddy

And the winner is, Trick Diesel
Facemob
My nigga Baby, ha ha
Gangsta, gangsta, gangsta

You know me, 'T' double, you know I'm a G
Cuz I keeps it gangsta, gangsta, gangsta
gangsta, gangsta than a motherfucker
But it was like you, you a pussy nigga
But I keeps it gangsta, gangsta, gangsta
gangsta, gangsta than a motherfucker

Went to a eight ball from a dime piece
Ship dat, flip dat, bought a nine piece in five weeks
Shit lookin' good but I think slammin'
Me and my dawg passed up bought a block and a half
Sellin' O's or betta clockin a fag
Bout four, five slugs and we was bustin' they ass
Gotta keep my bread in a safe place
We up with my hitchens in undisclosed locations
Hey yo I got the llello, you got the money
Try nothin' funny and I don't buy dummies
Every ounce betta bounce back
And every brick that I break up
It all betta flake up
And when that shit hit the waters
Shit go to ballin'
That dope all betta fall in
I bought coke back on 84
Back when wood used to get them bricks from the Birdo
And when I hit him I want to hurt him
And on cutlass I wanna hit it
They ass gon' feel it

Ay, ay, ay, ay
It's the kid wit the bricks taped up in the grill
Mmmmm Hmmmm Cadillac that is
Wit that rag top bubbly E class burnin' rubber
You the number 1 stunna ma show a lil somthin'
Ay, ay roll a lil somethin'
Mmmmm Hmmmm blow a lil somethin'
I got them thangs for a lil nothin'
If you got a lil money I'ma throw a lil somethin'
Bump this nigga
Mmmmm Hmmmm fuck you nigga
We aint from 'round here dumpin' on niggas
But ay Trick Daddy battle up for this nigga
Well let me get to my hustle (hustle)
I got bricks, grams, and bundles (bundles)
I got ki's in the muffler
Birdman daddy CMB motherfucker

Face mob, right back at ya
With O's like cookies I flip like spatulas
99.9 of the time I'm on the grind
Bricked up and breakin' em down
I got to admit the dope game gravy

3 zippers balled up you bring back 80
You learn to swell you might see double
Remember you can't sell bubble
So here it is fool
I play the game where its no rules
Givin' you lessons from the old school
You don't get high off your own supply
And when a motherfucker cross you make sure he die
Make the next man know he got to think about the payback
This shit go deeper than me rapping or me say that
Ask my nigga Trick Daddy, ask my nigga Baby
Been like that since the early 80's