

# Oh No (Featuring Fatal Hussein)

## Gangsta Boo

[Fatal]

1 - (Oh no) When at the club, when at the club  
When at the club, we get so bumped  
We try to tear up some shit(Oh no) When at the club, when at the club  
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We try to tear up some shit(Oh no) When at the club, when at the club  
When at the club, we get so bumped  
We try to tear up some shit[Gangsta Boo]

Oh no, you can't

Misses Gangsta Boo comin' atcha  
Wit niggas guaranteed to wet your fuckin coochies, watered up  
We be the roughest, my team be the buckest, my team be the quickest  
Makin' you say "What the fuck was it?!"

Who that be? Where she at? We besta get her, yo!"  
Triple 6, Gangsta Boo, why don't you come & get me ho?!"  
Bet y'all niggas on the payroll, ready to swat you baby  
Slice & dice your ass like some fruit wit a chrome machetti  
I hope you ready to see Freddy in your fuckin' dreams  
Make believe shit come true, know what I mean nigga?  
I'm outta control like a fucked up roller coaster ride  
Let me get high, thought you mothafuckas died (nigga)  
I be the mindless, shoot bitches, when I flow

I don't give a fuck 'cause ya hatin'

What the fuck for?

You do not pay me

Neither do you break me

Hypnotize comin' for real

We paper chasin' Repeat 1

[Fatal]

(Oh no) I'm sick & tired of playin' wit these fuckin' hoes  
All my life I seen friends turned another fuckin' foes  
If a nigga out to sea, what the fuck you get back?  
A group of niggas sellin' 'dolo' 'caine  
Talkin' 'bout how you back  
I make the bullets that ? like...  
Don't believe me? Test me Jack  
\*brrap, brrrrap brrap brap\*

You better be nimble, you better be quick  
When this fuckin` forty click  
It`s gonna be cold in your partna`s house  
Wit hoes in your doors bitch Ain`t a killa, ain`t a nigga, by the scrilla  
But a hustla, I`m by the struggle  
Keepin` the trouble, kickin` doors  
Guns to brang  
Slangin` `caine  
In the snow, or in the rain  
I`m gon` maintain  
In the street, or on the strip  
I`m makin` grips  
Shakin` dice  
The cheese, I flip  
I pimp a bitch  
Runnin` combs, on cellular phones  
I`m in your home  
Put them toes, up in your face  
So now it`s on Repeat 1  
Ha, I got ?? flicks  
Yes, on the see-beset cassette  
Make you deaf, ? ha, if you bitches want to flex  
Catch a neck ? bent  
Like some missed up out your chest  
>From the ? chest  
Many bitches I been sexed  
By the Lord & this ?  
Rock a mic up off stage, if it`s cordless  
Yes, love the gangsta way I test  
Take three thousand X  
I smoke the dope up in my Chevy  
Hit the head rest  
Kill `em all, by the Three 6 multiplicity, no sympathy  
Namin` startin` from the see-be-Q  
Be from this infa-mee  
I rip it ?  
?Ya pretty styles & sympathies go mentally?  
Make a believer ??, put it on the show, they called it rippley  
So picture the  
Sucka who chuckles wit buckles will really catch the knuckles  
'cause hoes will duct tape you with ? you ain`t got the muscle  
I leave you stiffened on the curb, make ya head like ??  
You don`t want no posse ???They don`t want it  
Fatal put the pump to your stomach  
Hittin` you up wit shots

Give you reasons to run with  
The dumbest, ain't nothin' these cats get game from  
It's the verbal verdict  
It's venom, I'm dissin' 'em by the hundreds  
Train gas, tryin' to seal you in the rep-tain gap  
Hussein foul  
Put it in that apple  
Shit, you playin' now?  
From Memphis to your city  
My fo-fo pretty  
Lil' Gold from sheezy  
Put the ? to your kitty  
Fuck wit Hussein & thugs  
That's your brain on drugs  
I bring the pain wit slugs  
Don't get slain then plug  
You'll get popped off  
Block wit hot shots, and dropped off  
I spot y'all, when I popped mines off  
It's them outlaws in Three 6, y'all can't do shit with  
That slick shit, sheisty, nasty, new brick, mix shit  
I'm tellin' you, you my man, I'm holdin' back from shellin' you  
Screw my plans  
And I'mma be pourin' out liquor, smokin' an L for you "Shuttle control, shuttle control..."

Songwriters

THOMMY PRICE/KASIM SULTON

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