

We Gangsta (feat. All Star & Yo Gotti)

Birdman

[Intro - Birdman]

This year for the money homeboy

Money, money, money train nigga

It's like we done balled till we falled, and we done falled till we balled

And then we back and bounce back bitch

Yeah

It's real simple nigga

It's just seeing to be what's in you nigga

If you a hustler, you gone get dough

And that's how it goes[Chorus - Birdman]

Them niggas talking about it but they know we gangsters

Tommy guns, army guns, quick to bang you

Pull up at the club brand new fresh painted

Them hoes want to ride hood rich and famous (X2)[Verse 1 - Allstar]

I got to get this money, I got to, I just got to

Not a little a lot from rap, but raw product

I'm probably on the East getting it in

On the low, since I met Stunna, I get them for ten

I just bought some new guns and got rid of some friends

I'm about my business I get it from Slim

I grind hard, yeah Cashville I'm swagged up

Pimping in the car, I'm going to mask up or bang up

Hustler, gangster, old school Chevrolet

Custom painted, they love me in the hood

So I'm like "fuck being famous"

You don't want to live my life

Trust me I'm dangerous, I must keep a banger

What can I say but when it's on, it's on

And we don't call it off until everybody's gone

Allstar homie, keep a hell of a price

Cash Money still a army and I earn my stripes[Chorus][Verse 2 - Yo Gotti]

I'm a gangster millionaire since

You could put me on the scale and weigh everything

I'm thirty six, old fish scale still stand

Then eat the nigga

And I'ma ride for my people nigga

I'm in the hood where the goons be

Whoever assumed that me, be running around with CMB

I got a army and I'm the general nigga

Money plentiful nigga, then why your old lady into the nigga?
I'ma button down bricks hearing voices off in my head
Like murder about conspiracy, watching out for the FEDS
For real, I got Mexican friends, I ain't going to lie about it
And I took a few losses, I ain't going to cry about it
But I'll front you a brick if you down to die about it
Nigga shot your homie in the head, you just getting high about it
Yo Gotti, straight up I'm a snitch killer
Don't even speak to me Darth, you ain't a real nigga[Chorus][Verse 3 - Birdman]
Now I'm riding through my town, got the key to my city
All the ten more things, brand new in a minute
Every nigga in this motherfucker know me dog
Living legend, riding fly, nigga ball till you fall
Methenamine Project where I started the struggle
Gladys run around sams in the circle we hustle
K.C. gave me the game, I took it and tuck it
Nigga brought it to another level cooking and cutting
From the half seventeen's, nigga fifties and hundreds,
I done made the Lamborghinis, Rolls Royces on buttons
And I done did my time, I wouldn't get it, wouldn't get it
And got it on my mind because it's money over bitches
All the time I'm about mine, nigga working from digits
Green bag full of cash, nigga how we feel it
Stunna Island popping bottles nigga fucking them bitches
Got the money and fame and I'm cowboy with
More hundred[Chorus] X2

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