

# Gangsta

## ScHoolboy Q

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Gangsta, gangsta-gangsta, gangsta, gangsta-gangsta, weed  
Gangsta, gangsta-gangsta, gangsta, gangsta-gangsta, G  
Gangsta, gangsta-gangsta, gangsta, gangsta-gangsta, groove  
Gangsta, gangsta-gangsta, I'm gangsta, gangsta-gangsta, Q  
Figg Side! They want that gangsta shit  
Knock, knock-knock, knock-knock, uh (Gangsta shit, gangsta shit)  
Knock, knock-knock, knock-knock, yak (Gangsta shit, gangsta shit)  
Knock, knock-knock, knock-knock, yak (Gangsta shit, gangsta shit) What it do, young niggas? What it do,  
young bitches?  
I got my drink in my cup, I got my Backwood, no swishers  
And bitch, I'm faded, fucking faded, yeah, I'm famous  
What? I'm famous, fucking famous, nigga I made it!  
When I was broke, I got me that nine  
With my nine, I hit me that lick  
And then with that lick, it came with that yola  
With that yola, it came with your bitch  
And see now your bitch, she gon' work on that corner  
I don't care if that ho got pneumonia  
Give me racks and you won't get a quarter  
She don't run game, I'm the only controller  
So what's up now? Straight pimpin' over here  
Now put that shit on verse, nigga  
I be checking ass all on the curb, nigga  
You could tell that she fucking with a Figg nigga  
What it is, nigga? Perrier Jouet RosÃ©, I might relocate  
Out of my mind, this world, I'm hot, goddammit, I'm fly  
(Yay yay) My grandma showed me my first strap  
My nigga Rat-Tone always had the fliest gats, I finally got mine dirt nap  
Real niggas don't die homeboy, we multiply  
Shit, come around my town you clown, that's suicide  
Gangsta, gangsta-gangsta, gangsta, gangsta-gangsta, weed  
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Knock, knock-knock, knock-knock, yak (Gangsta shit, gangsta shit)My momma said don't be that, that little  
nigga that sold crack  
Gangbanger that street jack, always trying to figure where the beef at  
Knock, knock-knock your brain on the doormat  
Bitch nigga, what you call that?  
We on block patrol, nigga fuck your roll, got the gat on me  
Nigga look, it's right here  
Bulldog bark, you could die right here  
Real gangsta niggas have no fear  
Real niggas never tattoo their tears  
Hopping out of vans, deserting your plans  
All hoodied up, no Wu-Tang Clan  
Three days lettin' off through that Aryan  
Call that bitch 3 for 10  
I'm fucking up the streets again  
Tags on the toes all amongst your friends  
Let the barrel spin, get blended in  
Embrace the funk, groovy as I'm running through your system  
Seem like you only target Hindu victim  
Red dot, chicken pox type symptoms  
Sad day, had his all whole sickened  
Trying to state the facts  
We don't care if he election black, we got a strap  
Gangsta shit, shooting me if I'm broke or rich  
I got a bitch  
Ain't sober, kush odor, kush soda's, crip stoner  
Real soldier head, off with your shoulders, make overGangsta, gangsta-gangsta, gangsta, gangsta-gangsta, weed  
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