

# You Ain't Gang

## Lil Bibby

[Intro]

Hey

Why they hatin' on a youngin'?

Said why they hatin' on a youngin'?[Hook]

Nigga you can't hang, you ain't gang, gang

You can't hang, nigga you can't hang, you ain't gang, gang

Nigga you can't hang, you can't hang, hang

You can't, you can't hang, you ain't gang, gang[Verse 1]

Bitch I'm an OG, but I'm quick to pull it like a youngin'

In my pockets, all hundreds, run up on me, bitch I'm drummin'

I was thuggin' on the corner with my niggas, came from nothin'

Fuck these bitches, I don't trust 'em, I'm a dog, fuck her cousin

They like, "Goddamn Bibby why you still on that block shit?"

Get you shot quick 'round them niggas I don't rock with

I seen niggas turned Christian when they feel that hot shit

Thought you was a savage, now you on that Lord watch shit

Give a fuck if you box well, I got hot shells

Drop Ls, pull up back to back and give your block hell

Pistol whip your kids, I'm a demon, I'ma rot in Hell

Do the time, I will not tell like I'm Vondell[Hook]

Nigga you can't hang, you ain't gang, gang

You can't hang, nigga you can't hang, you ain't gang, gang

Nigga you can't hang, you can't hang, hang

You can't, you can't hang, you ain't gang, gang[Verse 2]

Mama always told me that the streets ain't got no love for you

Niggas get in jam, start tellin' on their blood brother

Need the type of homies like Edai, do a dub for you

Niggas stand around, they ain't workin', they just bloodsuckers

Love my lil' brother cause he always keep it real with me

If it fall down, he gon' be right there to build with me

Right back in the field with me, robber, he gon' kill with me

And we get into it every week, but he still with me

And I'm eatin' steak now, but I'm with that beef shit

Fuck these old niggas, they can't tell me 'bout no street shit

Love the ones you starve with, them the ones you eat with

I don't trust these bitches, only Nina who I sleep with[Hook]

Nigga you can't hang, you ain't gang, gang

You can't hang, nigga you can't hang, you ain't gang, gang

Nigga you can't hang, you can't hang, hang

You can't, you can't hang, you ain't gang, gang[Interlude]  
See you ridin' 'round flexin' and shit with all them guns, boy. Lord knows you got a license for every one of  
them bitches. Stop flexin', boy. You ain't tryna catch nothin'. Ayy, ayy[Verse 3]  
All these niggas 'round car crackin', we just call that broad trappin'  
I was in the field with my youngins, where it's all action  
I just play my part, goin' hard for the squad  
If a nigga play with me, he gon' have to meet his god  
And I'm still ridin' through the hood, grippin' on the steel  
Give a fuck 'bout how you feel, they know why I kept it hard  
Fuck the police and the serge'  
If they ask me 'bout a murder, I just tell 'em I was blind  
Like my last name was Charles  
Talkin' way before hip-hop, pounds in a Ziploc  
White Shawn and Marley doin' drills, got the strip hot  
I was shootin' dice, tryna come up on a big knot  
You was in the class crackin' jokes like you Chris Rock[Hook]  
Nigga you can't hang, you ain't gang, gang  
You can't hang, nigga you can't hang, you ain't gang, gang  
Nigga you can't hang, you can't hang, hang  
You can't, you can't hang, you ain't gang, gang[Outro]  
You can't hang, nigga, nigga, you ain't gang  
You can't hang, hang  
You already know, man  
Boss gang shit  
Gang

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