## Gangsta Shit (feat. Slimm Calhoun, C-Bone & T-Mo)

## **OutKast**

[Big Boi]

Some of that uh, LTD Lincoln Town Car Some of that El Dorado funk, know what I'm talking about Gangsta Shit, you know, lay back, cool out, yeah You know we keep it crunk around here, A-town style Getting head on the highways yeah, but this what I wanna know[Hook] Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit Outkast, Goodie Mob and the Dungeon click Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit Dirty South nigga we straight gangsta pimps[Big Boi] O-U-T-K-A-S-T,O-N-P,G-O-O-D-I-E, so fresh so clean Back with Stankonia, Dungeon Family Pearl Cadillac on dics and vogues, flip flops, t-shirts and Dickies It's the return of Billy Ocean, Cuervo is my drink Stank, stank means you got the funkiest, dopest heat on the street Three G ski, Slimm, Big Boi and ths is C B-O-N-E If you need some back-up find Jerome, ya girl gonna give you grief at home Just tell her these hoez wanna be on the same team that she's layin on[Hook][C-Bone] Dope boys in the trap like to stack the dough When beef come around can't let it go When my funds turn legit i'm gonna let you know Ridin rims real good down Old National It's trappable, two bed, jacuzzi bath, it's natural Puttin' cheese in ya stash, un-taxable futhermuckers get mad Steady watching myself, got eyes in my back Don't take no slack, when you managing the trap If your front work out, gotta get it right back I trap by day boy, rap by night, C-Bone in this Bitch College Park trump tight[Hook][T-Mo Goodie] I'm pimp tight, give a fuck, niggaz know what's up It's T-Mo and Outkast in the back of my truck We gotta simple little problem that we got to solve It like it ain't about the money, we got to handle the job No colors or rags, just guns and masks

We not scared to blast and dip off fast With the Dungeon click, just pulled a lick Now what you really wanna know about the gangsta shit[Slimm Calhoun] Back on the scene, a stack of green sitting on chrome and rubber bands Paint looking like Candyland, it's Sllimm the South Paw triggerman Flippin work and whippin weight, rock up, roll and get the papes Chop them hoez and then you skate, back to the block wit the deflate Grams the O's, stab the hoez A young nigga holdin big face foldin Pimps are known for catching runaways A good hustler's known to keep his gun away First nigga run up and try to jack mine, first nigga fuck up to get flat lined Pack still stainless Coupe and Verts brainless Y'all don't wanna fuck wit me, the trunk be at bangin Of the chain dangling, y'all know that i'm from C.P[Hook][Andre 3000] Outkast wit a K, yeah them niggaz are hard Harder than a nigga trying to impress God We'll pull your're whole deck, fuck pulling your card And still take my guitar and take a walk in the park Any play the sweetest melody the street ever heard Now bitches sucking on my nouns and I'm eating their verbs Get full, and niggaz, niggaz, pop, pop, lock, lock to the, to the beat, beat As if pitbulls went out of style, made a vow to myself If it's for the wealth I'll stop, well put i like this It's like me selling some dope because my girlfriend wants to shop Wrong reason, whatever the season, hey winter, spring, summer or fall I dont stall, slow drag wit your brain against the wall Yeah, nigga naw, we lean to the side don't fall All y'all fuck boys, tuck toys inside your pants Just to pull it out, point it at the ground and make a nigga wanna dance Now what that be for, you're on that reefer and on that Tupac In front of them oooh wops, trying to show out, that's the hoe route Talking loud talking bout that's gangsta shit

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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