

# Don't Stand So Close

## Gangsta Boo

(Chorus 10x)

Don't stand, don't stand so close to me[Lord Infamous]  
Runnin' to the beats, done pushed you off cause we like greedy  
When I'm shootin' pool, I blast... 'cause I'm feisty  
Lord and here comes the two to the three and four  
Five six after seven  
Fucked up, snorted out, drunk, and them I'm blown  
But when we tear the club up  
You best believe you won't come out that hole  
Cool, when you hit the ones is gone, on the blow  
But mind you, you best die then fuck with my cocked 3 time[DJ Paul]  
Nigga, nigga, it's the Tear Da Club Up Thugs with the Gangsta Boo  
>From Three 6 Mafia, Mafia now what'cha you want to do  
Gangsta party where the fuck  
Lucky Luchi set 'em up  
Put your goods in the bag  
A heavy boys get 'em up  
Fools all up in my face  
On some prepared to take my place  
Or be in my shoes  
Or find out it ain't that safe  
Up in the club we clean house like a renovator  
Bust 2 times in his mouth  
My glock can't see you later(Chorus 8x)[Juicy "J"]  
It's that nigga from the north  
Smokin' on a short Newport  
If you want to get high with me  
Roll a blunt and light the torch (nigga)  
Strap it on my waste  
3-5-7 nigga play  
For you robbers who want to rob  
And you haters out to hate  
Wave your guns up in the air  
And cock 'em back if it's a must  
If you don't give a fuck  
Pull the trigger and let it bust (fool)  
It's the Tear Da Club Up Thugs  
Buckin', blastin' in your club  
Never ever showin' love

Just pullin' guns and poppin' slugs[Gangsta Boo]  
It's a two game table  
Ok ya heard it from Fatal  
But I'm not robbin' your cradle  
I'm gettin' closer to be your neighbor  
Unfadeable to any motherfucker who cross my path  
A wrath full of blood bath  
Take it with questions last  
I leave you wet  
Nigga, in a split second  
Waitin' for the next to run up with my bullet to ?  
Be on my chest the Smith and Wesson got you niggas just guessin'  
Will she leave a bloody mess with the family upsettin' (ugh)(Chorus 8x)[Gangsta Boo]  
The fuckin' message that I'm stressin' is I don't fuck around  
Cause on my side of town niggas beat the fuck outta clowns  
Don't say no more  
Open wide Roy, Leo's a lion  
Got you cryin' cause excitement over shit that I'm writin'  
I'm quick to take a bitch, nigga  
Take the nigga bitch  
Act scared, you done heard about the lady from the six  
What you do know won't hurt you in the long run  
What you do know that I keep 'em risin' like the sun, ask Crunchy Blac  
I'm a nigga know that's with me  
How this lady got you bitches faded oh so easily  
What you tryin' to be  
A little naughty nigga that you not  
Tryin' to get popped with the glock that I keep in stock  
I can't be playin' with bitches  
They can't be playin' with me  
Cause I don't play with all the motherfuckers kids, you see  
I try too hard to be the pimpin' lady that I am  
Pam Porter reporting you playa hatas  
With a plan of gettin' ya(Chorus to fade)

Songwriters

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