

Gangsta (Put Me Down)

Geto Boys

They love me, they say now pass the ganja to the left hand side
Filppin' in the Range Rover blowing past the one times
Hit me with the
(Whoop whoop)
Bubble gum flashing in my rear viewSpraying freshener trying to steer too
Throwin' out my herbs on the passenger side
Got the windows rolled down, airing out the ride
Got a loaded 45 inside that I keep for protection when I'm riding byMy Smith and Wesson got a scope too
And I may have caught a body on it
For those who get just know somebody want it
They only [unverified] to know that you ain't done shit
But still you got them haters in your business
I'm paraniod, she's blowing my highAnd she knew that I was buzzin' from the red in my eye
Got my license and my papers
Showed me my picture on the source
Then what the fuck you stopping me for? And she saidGangsta ow, put me down, now
Gang-sata put me down, now, owSo I gave her my cellular number and told her call me up
Beating on my dashboard hot than a fuck
'Cause I done chunked a half a square thinkin'
5-0 jocking trying to jam me upI continue on my mission to my Grandma's house
Hollering at my homeboy who just got out
What's up let's roll, get you some clothes
Take you to the club so you can get with some hoesLets go, made to the mall hoes thick
Listening to Pac saying that's the shit
Getting geared when this woman appeared up out the blue
Telling me she like what I do and the hoe was likeGangsta ow, put me down, now
Gang-sata put me down, now, owWillie D's rollin' on these
In a drop top A Z U R E
With the knock, knock banging listening
To a song my nigga face singingEardurms just a ringing, my homey brining
A couple of honies to the hideaway
We gone fuck these hoes and straight ride away
Gotta pack confirmed tickets get some sleepWe rolling to the Baby Johnson fight a 100 niggas deep
Ain't bringing sand to beach
I got my eyes on some freak ass broads
And menage-a-troisNever kiss and tell I keeps 'em horney as hell
And take my dick inside that pussy put it under a spell
Got more mail than the post office let me remind you
Don't stare at my diamonds too hard they might blind you

Freaky deaky, fready deaky, deaky
When you see me rolling past all you got to do is ask
Gangsta ow, put me down, now
Gang-sata put me down, now, ow
Gangsta ow, put me down, now
Gang-sata put me down, now, ow
Gangsta ow, put me down, now
Gang-sata put me down, now, ow

Songwriters

YOUNG, MAURICE / RICHARDSON, MARK / JORDAN, BRAD / WILLIAMS, BRYAN
Published by
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Universal Music Publishing Group,
Royalty Network

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>