

Keep It Gangsta

Young Jeezy

You *** doing way too much ***
You tryin' to bite my style, steal my swag
You wanna know how to do it I'll give you the recipe, let's go I keep it gangsta and they love dat s***, hey
I keep it gangsta and they love dat s***, hey
I keep it gangsta and they love dat s***, hey
If you's a gangsta you gon' love dis s*** I keep it gangsta and they love dat s***, hey
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If you's a gangsta you gon' love dis s*** This one's for you and I ain't talking Bud Light, nope
HK *** with that little red light
Whole club bouncing ev'rybody strapped up
Pull it out my pants and make ev'rybody back up *** a record deal the boy just too real
Watch 'em cook it on da stove man the boy got skills
Streets is talking whole hood's whispering
Careful what I say 'cause I know dem folks listening It's ya boy Mr. 17-5
Lil' mama whole the strap and the work while I drive
Take it out the wrap and I put it on the scale
But keep that on da low 'cause I ain't trying to go to jail I keep it gangsta and they love dat s***, hey
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If you's a gangsta you gon' love dis s*** I keep it gangsta and they love dat s***, hey
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If you's a gangsta you gon' love dis s*** They call me Slick Manning 'cause my vision's great
Toss shells like pigskins when I squeeze the 8
Think I start for the Braves way I rep the A
Like John Smokes in his prime when I pitch the K Got the scale in my pocket on a suicide doors
Yams in the strap facing suicide time, let's go
Outlandish wit it man it's stupid how we shine, aye
Catch me in them bunkers with the troops all the time, okay I heed like Saddam but I'm sick like Ooday
Keeps some youngsters with me and they all 'bout gun play
We been had the streets jammed up to stock
We down south *** but the plugs up top, for real I keep it gangsta and they love dat s***, hey
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(Blood raw I keep it gangsta my **)This for gangstas I ain't talking 'bout you bustas
Choppa toaters money gettas naw not you suckas
Coola than a fan, coola than a freezer
Still in da hood ridin' sixes on the ReagalStill on MLK, still got a side
Still getting money and I'm still in the trap
Lil' mama say she like me plus she know I'm hood
I'm a fool wit laying pipe and she know I'm goodI got a spot for the yay Uncle Pete keep the K's
Auntie Shirley got the money if they rush then we straight
A 732 shawdy leave it in my pager
We ain't talking on dem phones 'cause I know you talking paperI keep it gangsta and they love dat s***, hey
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If you's a gangsta you gon' love dis s***

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