

# Ima Gangsta

## J Stills

INTRO (Yung Joc)

Is that right?

Block

Hustlenomic\$

BNT ho!

A G is what a G does bay, my momma told me dat

BNT ho!

Dro, Bun-B, Yung Joc..let's go

(Chorus)

I'm the seventh letter of the alphabet (I'm a G)

And in my pocket there ain't ever nothin less

And if your bitch f\*\*k me she f\*\*ked the rest

Cuz I'm a A B C D E F G

(Verse 1: Yung Joc)

You can catch me in the A

Check my DNA

What can I say? I'm a G 100% all da way

The block on lock, jet like the chain gang

The hustlenomic\$ piece back and forth when the chain swang

I'm blowin' grandaddy just so I can maintain

I'm a G and I'll tell ya bitch da same thang

Middle finga to ya pussies, nigga no shame

'77 Chevelle, same color cocaine

And I a true balla n G playin in da deck

Out with the young'ns nigga, get money and respect

You in that name droppin' get u and yo mans wet

Nigga I'm a G now who the f\*\*k u think u playin wit?

(Chorus x2)

I'm the seventh letter of the alphabet (I'm a G)

And in my pocket there ain't ever nothin less

And if your bitch f\*\*k me she f\*\*ked the rest

Cuz I'm a A B C D E F G

(Verse 2: Young Dro)

Aiyyo, pull up on the scene

Bitch I'm cleaner than chlorine

Blockstar comin' I'm proud of sellin' ????

Shootin' nigga yeah I'm from north streets no bean  
Work for some of my cousins down in Florida and they ain't boring  
All I want is some more cream, my wrist on jack frost  
Tellin' me when they see me, my wrist on jack frost  
I ain't gotta say how much the motha f\*\*kin bet cost  
30" stretchas on the Escalade ????  
Bitch I'm from the projects you can't miss me wit dat rep talk  
Catch me up on 6th road tearin' up da asphalt  
Took alota cash and walked  
Jury, scurred me  
Eights on da ??? make it hard to steering  
Swingin' on dem niggas, swear I gotta feel some fury  
Trappin at da hotel, you can catch me at the jewelry  
A general and surely man I seem pearly  
I got this shit locked, tell mom don't worry

(Chorus x2)

I'm the seventh letter of the alphabet (I'm a G)  
And in my pocket there ain't ever nothin less  
And if your bitch f\*\*k me she f\*\*ked the rest  
Cuz I'm a A B C D E F G

(Verse 3: Bun-B)

You see me hop out of a '08 somethin' on 24's  
Rockin' in newest da newest earrings, next seasons clothes  
I guess that's the reason ho's stop drop tuck and roll  
Like an inferno they turn over and suck a pole  
I'm so f\*\*kin' cold I give a polar bear frost bite  
You see my jewelry, you know what it cost right?  
You see my jewelry, it's bigger than your arm so  
No tryin' foolery and you won't see the palm blow  
Me da bomb ho, yung joc got da work, I need some hydro smoke and dro got da purp  
Let me hear dem on da church and orchestra ronde vu  
We meet some boppas, bottles, and don't forget the bumpin too  
Yeah, you know who's keepin it trilla  
Just name any thug, gangsta, soul-ja, or guerilla  
I'll snatch him up by his shouldas and strip off his strips  
Cuz when you trill you don't trip off da height, that ain't my type

(Chorus x3)

I'm the seventh letter of the alphabet (I'm a G)  
And in my pocket there ain't ever nothin less  
And if your bitch f\*\*k me she f\*\*ked the rest  
Cuz I'm a A B C D E F G

---

Lyrics submitted by rrr.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>