

# Gangsta Partna (feat. OutKast)

## Cool Breeze

(chorus)

Who knows why we won't stop

It goes on and on and on....

Who knows why we won't stop

(nobody move nobody make a sound)

It goes on and on and on....Hey my partna got this way wit his toungue

He told ya boy give me tha money wait right here til I'm done

And made bomb

When we get ya we gon' floss like stars

From buyin outfits to everybody drinks at charles

We got them cars black range rover wit bars

Big beama amg kit with them stars

Bro we hard

Like when everybody buck at tha park

Them girls be screamin

Ya'll don't wanna make them start

When we say shhhh!

They be quiet

When we say jump,

They say when

When I say get out my face don't preach

They do it right then

It ain't no mystery my partnas know I'm gangsta as hell

Bustin raps but so first I got some dank ta sell.

Four mo bails

Three mo blocks two mo owes

Ay everybody ridin gatorbacks and rims got chrome

All the cribs got gates and all the kids wear nikes

And ain't nobody girl trippin cause we'll cut of the lights(chorus)Lets hit tha club

Hate ta be a lamppost

This tha night we get it tight and see who clockin the most

Just bailed in off them dangerous streets

Fresh off a lick 5 g's a piece

Me and my favorite gangsta partna did good this mornin

We get love from decatur cause we run this point

It felt good bro runnin off wit all that dough

Man I had that nigga lay it down feel it for sho

Suckas flexin n' flauntin they gonna buck what they wanna

When police look we ask em what tha fuck they want

We some high school drop-outs wit high class jobs  
Gettin weight from outta state  
And tell em we got robbed  
Calhoun jeans brand new ride pockets fat  
3 level condos wit a hustle ta match(chorus)Boi it's time ta beat the sac man tha last one I'm burntthats why me  
and my  
Gangsta partna,boots? be dirty from all the workthat we put innigga got cut up  
Firstthen I stood in  
We takin it back to reverse 8's  
Ya'll niggas thought we couldn't  
I'm talkin bout that old school shit  
From the swats  
Get so fiery from the gentlemens club and  
Cheapinin out ya crops  
Nigga don't stop  
Magic city right around the block  
And you know the ( ? ? ? ? ) on the camps  
And southernplayalistic drop  
But I think I'm gonna catch the crib  
Gotta get up in the mornin and fix some breakfast for my kid  
And I did boy sho as my name is dwayne but it ain't  
My gangsta partna pulled some young bitches at tha skating rink  
Don't let them niggas smoke up the dank  
He said nigga what you thank  
Your gangsta partna turnin cake(chorus to fade)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>