

# Gangsta sh\*t

## Bohemia

Some of that uh, LTD Lincoln Town Car  
Some of that El Dorado funk, know what I'm talkin' about  
Gangsta Shit, you know, lay back, cool out, yeah  
You know we keep it crunk around here, A-town style  
Gettin' head on the highways yeah but this what I wanna know Do you really wanna know about some gangsta  
shit?  
Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit?  
Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit?  
Outkast, Goodie Mob and the Dungeon click Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit?  
Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit?  
Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit?  
Dirty South nigga we straight gangsta pimps O U T K A S T, O N P, G double O D I E, so fresh so clean  
Back with Stankona, Dungeon Family  
Pearl Cadillac on dics and vogues, flip flops, T-shirts and Dickies  
It's the return of Billy Ocean, Cuervo is my drink Stank, stank means you got the funkier, dopest heat on the  
street  
Three G ski, Slim, Big Boi and this is C B O N E  
If you need some back-up find Jerome  
Ya girl gonna give you grief at home  
Just tell these hoez wanna be on the same team that she's layin' on Do you really wanna know about some  
gangsta shit?  
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Outkast, Goodie Mob and the Dungeon click Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit?  
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Dirty South nigga we straight gangsta pimps Dope boys in the trap like to stack the dough  
When beef come around can't let it go  
When my funds turn legit, I'm gonna let you know  
Ridin' rims real good down Old National It's trappable, two bed, jacuzzi bath, it's natural  
Puttin' cheese in ya stash, untaxable futhermuckers get mad  
Steady watchin' myself, got eyes in my back  
Don't take no slack when you managin' the trap If you front work out, gotta get it right back  
I trap by day boy, rap by night  
C-Bone in this Bitch College Park trump tight Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit?  
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Outkast, Goodie Mob and the Dungeon click Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit?  
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Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit?  
 Dirty South nigga we straight gangsta pimpsI'm pimp tight, give a fuck, niggaz know what's up?  
 It's T-Mo and Outkast in the back of my truck  
 We gotta simple little problem that we got to solve  
 It like it ain't about the money, we got to handle the jobNo colors or rags, just guns and masks  
 We not scared to blast and dip off fast  
 With the Dungeon click just pulled a lick  
 Now what you really wanna know about the gangsta shit?Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit?  
 Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit?  
 Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit?  
 Outkast, Goodie Mob and the Dungeon clickDo you really wanna know about some gangsta shit?  
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 Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit?  
 Dirty South nigga we straight gangsta pimpsBack on the scene, a sack of green sittin' on crome and rubber bands  
 Paint lookin' like Candy land, it's Slim the South Paw trigger man  
 Flippin' work and whippin' weight, rock up, roll and get the pages  
 Chop them hoez and then you skate, back to the block wit the deflateGrams the O's, slabs to whole one's da  
 flake  
 A young nigga holdin' big face foldin'  
 Pimps are known for catchin' runaways  
 A good hustler's known to keep his gun awayFirst nigga run up and try to jack mine  
 First nigga fuck up to get flat lined  
 Pack still stainless, Coupe and Verts brainless  
 Y'all don't wanna fuck wit me  
 The trunk be at bangin' of the chain danlin'  
 Y'all know that I'm form C.P.[Incomprehensible]Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit?  
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 Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit?  
 Dirty South nigga we straight gangsta pimpsOutkast wit a K, yeah them niggaz are hard  
 Harder than a nigga tryin' to impress God  
 We'll pull your whole deck, fuck pullin' your card  
 And still take my guitar and take a walk in the parkAny play the sweetest melody the street ever heard  
 Now bitches suckin' on my nouns and I'm eatin' their verbs  
 Get full and niggaz, niggaz  
 Pop, pop, lock, lock to the, to the beat, beat assAs if pit bulls went out of style, made a vow to myself  
 If it's for the wealth I'll stop  
 Well, put I like this, it's like me selling some dope  
 Because my girlfriend wants to shopWrong reason, whatever the season  
 Hey winter, spring, summer or fall, I don't stall  
 Slow drag wit your brain against the wall  
 Yeah, nigga naw, we learn to the side don't fallAll y'all, fuck boys  
 Tuck toys inside your pants

Just to pull it out, point it at the ground  
And make a nigga wanna dance Now what that be for, you're on that reefer and on that 2pac  
In front of them ooh wops  
Tryin' to show out that's the hoe route  
Talkin' loud, talkin' 'bout that's gangsta shit

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