

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?

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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 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 funkiest, 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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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
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Dirty South nigga we straight gangsta pimps I'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 job No 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 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 Back 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 papes

Chop them huez and then you skate, back to the block wit the deflate Grams 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 away First 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 from C.P. [Incomprehensible] 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?

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 Outkast 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 park Any 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 ass As 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 shop Wrong 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 fall All y'all, fuck boys

Tuck toys inside your pants

Just to pull it out, point it at the ground
And make a nigga wanna danceNow 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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