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 knowDo 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 pimpsO 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 drinkStank, 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' onDo you really wanna know about some gangsta shit?
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Outkast, Goodie Mob and the Dungeon clickDo you really wanna know about some gangsta shit?
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Dirty South nigga we straight gangsta pimpsDope 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 NationalIt'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 trapIf 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 tightDo you really wanna know about some gangsta shit?
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Outkast, Goodie Mob and the Dungeon clickDo you really wanna know about some gangsta shit?
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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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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 papes
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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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 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 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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