

Keepin It Gangsta

Yung Rip

Fabulous, yeah
Yo, I don't care what y'all do, how y'all do
Where y'all do it, just keep it gangsta
Look at them gangstas Fab's livin' la vida loca, the only nigga in the hood
You could come see for either weed or coca
Nark's wanna see me and my team in a chair
They heard about the kid with the high beams in his ear
DEA been lookin' for proof since 93
When I came through in the Benz with the roof behind me
Tell them Jake's through on bullet proof's and find me
You need extinguishers to go in the booth behind me Who the fuck wanna beef
My Fendi knits be 3 X so you can't see what's tucked underneath
And I might not even drop
Just take my advance and make a small town in Cleveland pop
Vibrant thing on my hip, that will make you breathe and stop
Rock ya chain in ya shirt, your roll with your sleeve on top
You niggas know where my heat stay at
I leave niggas MIA and I ain't talkin' where the Heat play at c'mon Y'all know who
Keepin' it gangsta
We come through
Keepin' it gangsta
Y'all know how we do
Keepin' it gangsta
My whole crew
Keepin' it gangsta Niggas don't think I'm still shavin' crack
'Cause I pull up in a truck with a system that make the pavement crack
Baugettes have my face and beard covered
And I keep a Leathal Weapon like Mel Gibson and Dan Glover
Now I lose V Money and C Lo
And the cops think me and Muggs is G Money and Nino
I don't hit these honey's with C-Notes
Rather put them on Greyhound, Strap these honey's with kilo's Type of gangsta every chick wants
I get Nike's from Aster you won't see hit the store for 6 months
Something bout the beamer X 5
When I come through it be increasing a skeo's sex drive
Half the click look like they stuck Genesis up
The other half is tryin' to wrap they sentences up
I'm never gone hate, half these artists never slum weight
When they call NY, its the only time they touch the 7 1 8 Y'all know who

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We come through
Keepin' it gangsta
Y'all know how we do
Keepin' it gangsta
My whole crew
Keepin' it gangsta I lay low on the other side of the globe
Carat's hangin' out the side of my lobe
Pull in ya drivers side and unload
They find ya when it's time for your ride to be towed
On side of the road
With ya brain on ya passenger side of ya Rove
Y'all niggas ain't gangstas til' y'all ridin'
And Fed's tell ya hit a chick once and she runnin' back like Fred Taylor
I'm snatchin' everything in the PJ's now
That's why most these niggas is workin' with the DA's now If I'm in a hoop ride or a buggy coupe 5
Keepin' it gangsta
If I'm with a hoochie freak or a dime in Gucci sneaks
Keepin' it gangsta
If i'm probally in the hood or I'm in Hollywood
Keepin' it gangsta
If I spit 16 on a track or 16 from a gat
Keepin' it gangsta Y'all know who
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