

Gangsta Music

Young Jeezy

Yeah, hey, motherfuckin' business here, nigga
Yeah, all you hatin' ass niggaz
What you sneak this in, niggaz?
I see that you don't get your own
It's gon' get you hurt, nigga If you a hater an' you know it, fuck you
[Incomprehensible] rappin' ass bitches
I rather listen to your instrumentals, nigga
Bitch ass, nigga, do somethin', nigga, see I'm here now, you old news
Gotta couple Porches, trucks, couple old schools
I'll line ya ass up, push ya tape backwards
'Coz I'ma real nigga an' I don't like rappers An' that ain't this an' this ain't that
An' bitch, I'm strapped
Fuck wit real niggaz that'll cut ya throat
An' they don't drink Pepsi, they just sell Coke All I do is talk 'dro, it's like my brain on drugs
See me out, nigga, I do my thang in clubs
Listen up, Jeezy got a little riddle
Stack of 20 dollar bills, two bands in the middle All the gangstas, they gon' ride to this
They gon' grind to this, they gon' shine to this
This is gangsta music, this is gangsta music
This is gangsta music, this is gangsta music All the hustlers, they gon' ride to this
They gon' grind to this, they gon' shine to this
This is hustler music, this is hustler music
This is hustler music, this is hustler music We don't talk on the phones 'coz it might stick
Gotta play for the 7, call it Mike Vick
Dirty birds, nigga, we play wit dem falcons
Know some niggaz in the Decatur that pay for dem falcons Talkin' young hungry niggaz, eat ya whole plate
Jeezy, place the order, niggaz eat ya whole face
You got me misconstrued all fucked up
Jump out, hit the switch, light ya ass up Carbon 15 wit the hundred round drum
Got plenty for any nigga, think he wants some
We don't leave 'em at the house, we bring 'em out
My chain for yo' life, we can swap it out All the gangstas, they gon' ride to this
They gon' grind to this, they gon' shine to this
This is gangsta music, this is gangsta music
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This is hustler music, this is hustler music The hoes love my voice, make they pussy moist
Certified G shit an' I'm the gangsta's choice

Niggaz poppin' off, I hope they bullet proof
Leave holes in ya, the size of a sunroofMack 11 in the club an' a snub nose
Swear to God, knock you niggaz out ya fuckin' clothes
Lay ya ass flat like a doormat
Niggaz askin' for it but they ain't want thatIn the rap game, takin' niggaz clientle
White ones like the powder that I used to sell
Give a fuck about a playa hater
Hit 'em wit the tool, flush his whole radiatorAll the gangstas, they gon' ride to this
They gon' grind to this, they gon' shine to this
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