Gangsta Shit

Tru-Life

Uh-oh, uh-oh
You know how we do it
Weezy and Petey, baby
Ya'know
This here is 500 Degreez
Holla at 'em dogg
'Cuz I know I ain't dreaming, I swear to God it sound like
Petey Pablo on that track with Lil Weezy, switching it up
Fuck it, put them things on the truck
What's the name of y'all jeweler, tell 'em freeze me up
Hating me kinky licks talking so much
Lemme give these sons of bitches a reason to keep it talking
You want to, you ain't built to squabble with us
I come to your show with heat homes and run on your bus
I drink your water up, cool off, I'm leaving with something
They leaving you something crop stolen, an asshole heard it
Hip on purpose, Dre I did what you told me
I been acting like I don't hear ya but that shit been working
Keep me a burner, poison that I grab in the morning
'Cuz I know that that's what's gon' hold me down on this earth
A real nigga trill nigga pull out and get debated
I keep waiting, I hear your name in the papers
They call me young as Weezy
I'm gon' 'round up the whole uptown
We gon burn this bitch down to the ground
People understand that you're fucking with some motherfucking soldiers
Crazy-ass Petey
I'ma tell a nigga just like this
If you want it, boy, you sure can get it
You ain't heard
It's Cash Money and that Carolina nigga
They call me gangsta gangsta, Weezy, Weezy
Lil Birdman junior, holla at ya nigga
I fuck around and throw a bottle at you nigga
I'ma big pimp, I throw a model at you nigga
Squad-ad squad up throw up the motto at you niggaz
You can mind up I throw a hollow at you nigga
And I'm so high, no, I'm too high
But a little work on a few blocks

And I put a few skirts on a few blocks
If you dirt, you feel the burst from my fuse box
Oh lordy, there nobody like me shortie
I hold Cash Money myself, it's me money
Old cats wants to test, come see shortie
I got it all hot it in the pocket I'll pop it
I riding in a 'Rarri where the top is in my pocket
That's young Weezy baby
Young as Weezy
I'm gon' 'round up the whole uptown
We gon' burn this bitch down to the ground
People understand that you're fucking with some motherfucking soldiers
Crazy-ass Petey
I'ma tell a nigga just like this
If you want it, boy, you sure can get it
You ain't heard
It's Cash Money and that Carolina nigga
You see it's young Wayne
Game is ashamed and they say he's a pain
He is crazy deranged, put them blades on his thing
Just like 80 to summer
So, when the sun hit it look like baby or something
So, when I come through the ladies praise me or something
Like, Weezy's the man
If you be's where he be's then you leaves with a tan
'Cuz he's 500 Degreez, I need a fan, whew
Cool me off, wipe me down, daddy is back in town
With the back of my Caddy slanted down
And the mack goes black if you ask around
Put some hash in that grass that you pass around
Then I stash a pound by my ave with rounds
I'm a gangsta until they put my casket down
You can ask around and they tell you like me
There ain't nobody like me, it's Weezy baby
Young as Weezy
I'm gon' 'round up the whole uptown
We gon' burn this bitch down to the ground
People understand that you're fucking with some motherfucking soldiers
Crazy-ass Petey
I'ma tell a nigga just like this
If you want it, boy, you sure can get it
You ain't heard
It's Cash Money and that Carolina nigga
Aiiyo see this is right here is Young Weezy nigga
Don't get it tangled and twisted

I'm in the studio right now nigga
With my boy, my nigga Boo in this bitch
My nigga hot boy album ya'know what I mean
500 Degreez, they all riding with ya boy, Fi-Fi
They gotta feel me
Birdman junior, number one stunna my partner
You know the name, bitch

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