

Gangsta Livin'

Trick Daddy

I know 'pac woulda loved this one here
This gangsta livin', weavin' dope dealin', oh how it's changed
It's gettin' strange and dangerous, but that's the way shit goes
This nigga needs no introductions
I'm on this book, and I'm stuck, I'm really the wrong one to fuck wit
See t-double known for startin' problems but
K-cutter be the problem solver, if I
Sell you a book nigga stick it
'Cause for every you check you slippin' they can call me flipper
I only I missed a few niggaz
But he lost a couple more visa kidney and his liver
Had to tell him mind me a nigga
I was like uh-huh, click click, c'mere, don't run nigga
All I wanna know is
Where yo' connect, where the sack, where the money where the blow is
I heard Papi got them freighters
Now either he gon', give 'em to me, or a nigga gon' take 'em
The dope game's just too overrated
And to tell y'all the truth a lot of y'all ain't gon' make it
Done went from crack slingers to R and B singers
Before the mic's on, you was already singin'
It's just a song was a big hit
He named me and his bitch on the remix, sing
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And to hell with bein' a man about it
Shit they got fo' niggaz and one gun, fuck bein' twenty-one
Somebody better tell 'em
And put him up on his cell for somebody fuck around and kill him
You see 'cause snitches get stitches
And there ain't that much of a difference between tellin' and snitchin'
And I ain't gon' keep on talkin' to you niggaz
I'm gon' walk right up to you niggaz and go off on you niggaz

And I ain't leavin' no witnesses
And don't get drunk and confess to none of y'all misses
See I know how to control my hennessy

I speak no Ingles, play crazy like them Dominicans
See 'cause poppa was a rolling stone
He said, "Son get your gun, it's a war and it's on"
So y'all go on and Bob your head to the song
Throw up the four's for the niggaz, that's dead and gone
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I'm tired of smokin' 'bama-ass weed
Niggaz out there sellin' backyard boogies full o' stems and seeds
They whoopin' the rocks and we compressin' the coke
They makin' it hard for them niggaz to smoke
I went to jail tryin' to get high, nigga told me
To go to hell went and called him, told him come get me out
So our Father, who art in Heaven
It must be the devil 'cause somethin' wrong with these niggaz
Nope and crazy ain't the word
They say the stupid shit like trick, why don't you front a nigga a bird
Fo' what, so you can smoke it up?
Impress hoes, buy clothes, and make a nigga come fuck you up
The game hard on a player
You coulda started with a block and now workin' just for quarter fare
With all the cards I sold the hoes left me all by myself
And the game don't even care
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This gangsta livin', weavin' dope dealin', oh how it's changed
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