

What Gangsta's Do

Silkk The Shocker

Hustler, baller, gangsta, cap peeler
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What gangstas do for money
187, 211, I'm 'bout it, 'bout it see
Yo, I'm down to do whatever
I wants money, the powers, the shit, nigga
I need dollar shit 'til I win the lotto, bitch
My motto is to get rich
Hustler make things all right connected on our flight
You need the Gs and keys over in the car
Drove back all night, won't do nuttin' for some ass
While I will do anything for some cash
Fuck the police, now I from city fresh off a copper's ass
What you gon do when the bills don't come
And what you gon' do when it's time to lay it down
This nigga don't give a fuck 'bout nuttin'
But dollar dollar bills y'all, the real y'all
I'm tryin' to get a mil y'all
I cost these things that I can afford that I want
You calls for the Cadillac with the 5th wheel
And I'm up in the trunk
So don't get mad when you see me with a ski mask
I be blastin', I'm gonna get the cash by any means
The stash plus a nigga gotta survive and a nigga gotta eat
You're gon' be surprised when I'm over your eyes
When you see me on the creep
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Yo, I'm down to do whatever
Them niggaz that feel us, be the killas and dealers
Witness my shit, nigga, strong arm for skrilla
Top yo mama for a dollar, gangstas do what we gotta
Back the coke sell the powder for the money and power
No Limit rider, bitch don't make me sayin' no lotta
If it's over my loot, I shoot and never miss

But's it's burned from my clip like a pot of hot grits
Down for gangsta shit for the chips and grip
Nigga down to do some work, put in work, make it hurt
Take my hollow chips, wipe 'em with my T-Shirt
Charge It 2 The Game, chasin' fortune and fame
Never snitchin', ears itchin', Feds mention my name
Mr. Abel, Mr. Kane stay true to the game
If it ain't about the paper, we just can't understand
If you ain't scared
Better get somewhere when I pull this trigger
We some seven figure military minded niggaz
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Yo, I'm down to do whatever
Show me money, I'm smooth, I'm street smart
But I don't play by the rules, nigga move 'til we get caught
You know I'm 'bout my mail, nigga can't you tell
P gon' get me out of jail, nigga, he goin' for the bail
But I'm a sleep in my cell 'til they call my name
And niggaz rappin' to me all night 'cause of all this fame
Now I ain't gonna let anyone get near me, he was hella tight
I'm told 'em someone get out, they came for a light
They suggested I wanted to be rich and I was like mad as fuck
But I'm 'bout to bail you out, so y'all niggaz stay up escape
Bos, Big V, Pokey, Mann, Mama 'cause we freakin' man
Nigga just waitin' for the champagne and 'cause that's me
What you gonna do when you get outta jail
I rather be sayin' dumb shit, than sit here
What do you consider that
Smokin' green with my niggaz and cleanin' my strap
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