

V-Dog and da Gangsta

Gangsta Blac

[Verse 1: Gangsta Blac]

Stressed in the party back and now I'm the one that took to long
Can it be I'm crunk and or is it that Big Chug is passin' on
Family, friends, hoes, all ah my niggas ridin' rollie vogues
Ridin' pass me hollerin' at me bury me a snizote hoe,
Hard headed nigga bitch, die by the trigger trick
Chillin' wid my nigga Slick, kickin' pimpin' on a brick
Every fuckin' day, Parkway chiefin' plenty hay
What ya gotta say, Gabay where a nigga stay
V-Dog's comin' at ya wid the mind of lunatic
Bitch you cannot fuck with this, standin' with the pistol grip
Loadin' up my shells, I smells me an enemy
Damn if a nigga don't die 'fore he get to me
Ride with the Luger let it go, let it fuckin' go
Man if for bricks, aww shit, we be in this hoe
Down 'til we die, stay high never fuckin' play
Killers on the realeer motherfucka South ParkwayHook:
V-Dog plus the gangsta done kick that bitch in
Damn man, them fuckin' niggas done struck again

(Call the police and tell them watch your back)[Verse 2: V-Dog]

We from the South part ah town where the police we hate
Ah lotta niggas die young ah lotta bitches get raped
So if you violate fool, your ass we gon' chase
Nail ya coffin' up, blow, shoot bricks in ya face
This shit is serious motherfucka, so bitch listen up
South Memphis in this bitch fool and we clickin' up,
Real niggas out the midnight roamin' the streets
It's nuthin' but real around

None ah you hoes won't get chance to sleep
So close them curtains, and make sure all them doors locked
Cause when we rush up in that bitch fool somebody gon' drop
Call the police motherfucka, we don't give a fuck
You betta have a cellular phone cause all them phone lines is cut
Lock your door, a note left on the dresser
Face down on the floor, is where I left her
Changed clothes in the alley, my body was numb

Call the Gangsta, yeah fool the job is doneHook[Verse 3: Gangsta Blac]

People all up in my head, put my cousin down to sleep
Vietnam, here I come, see if you can deal with me

Anna's in the air, all you smell is the scent of shit
Gunshots, Kill you just for the fuck of it
Pop I blow I smoke, I blow I smoke 'em out there just like grass
S-P-V, R-I-C, creeped up on your monkey ass
Mitchell Heights, B-V-D, L-M-G, and many more
S-P-L might as well get it cause you know the score
Buck fuck stuck wid a duck, I don't need this
Big business motherfucka be a witness
I was a fool cause back in school didn't learn shit
Totin' a jewel it was a rule in the South shit
B is for Blac, but I be back, wid some real shit
V is my dog, and he be strapped, wid a full clip
G-A-N-G-S-T-A comin' from South Parkway
Smokin' on a blunt ah hay,
Damn what another say, BITCH!Hook (2x)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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