How Gangstas Roll

Paul Wall

You can catch me ridin' in da Lac top down, seat back Keepin' heat up on my lap, I'm throwed, I'm throwed Every hood that I'm in, white cup in my hand Blowin' kush in the wind, I'm blowed, I'm blowed Any day of da week, new grill, new piece From my head to my feet, I'm cold, I'm cold New shoes on my ride, bad bitch on my side Man, dat's how gangstas roll, dat's how gangstas roll I'm higher than a top flite, throwed 'em like a splitter My pockets keep gettin' bigger 'cuz I'm one bad figga Boppas 'n' gold diggaz on the track, at work I'm hurtin' feelins in dat Benz wit a deuce and a Squirt I'm a filibuster for hustlers, invadin' dem mark bustaz Leanin' like I'm on crutches as I ski taste slurp Swangin' and woodworkin', convertin' these closed curtains For certain, I better not spill no purple drank on my shirt I'm hustle for occupation, I'm grindin', paper chasin' These boys are steady hatin', so this pistol, I'm embracin' Dat Lac is so amazin' and da elbows is skatin' Cranker wires 'n' vogue tires, one hell of collaboration Amos, Farris 'n' Slaton, we, Jordan, Jackson 'n' Pippen Banana clip for dem snitches tryin' to monkey wrench my pimpin' Never been caught slippin' 'cuz dat glock, I hold Now let me tell ya how I roll, come on You can catch me ridin' in da Lac top down, seat back Keepin' heat up on my lap, I'm throwed, I'm throwed Every hood that I'm in, white cup in my hand Blowin' kush in the wind, I'm blowed, I'm blowed Any day of da week, new grill, new piece From my head to my feet, I'm cold, I'm cold New shoes on my ride, bad bitch on my side Man, dat's how gangstas roll, dat's how gangstas roll I'm comin' down in a candy Lac, old skool Wavin' trunk on dem punks, act a fool Tippin' paint, drippin' wet like a pool Breakin' brews, neck cool, it's full of jewels Rumor is dat dem jackass on da sideline, schemin' and plottin' But my mind on dem boppaz, if I spot 'em I got 'em I got slabs, I got foreigns wit da seats, all plush

I got brandy wine gloss, baby, please don't touch I got 20s, I got 4s I got screens and such Boppaz yappin' 'cuz they say I tend to cap too much I got starch in my jeans and da crease so sharp Headlights on my ear when the night get dark White ones on my toes, brand new, out the box Interior decorate the watch, I'm connectin the dots I got stocks, I got money, that's a fat billfold Now let me tell ya how I roll, come on You can catch me ridin' in da Lac top down, seat back Keepin' heat up on my lap, I'm throwed, I'm throwed Every hood that I'm in, white cup in my hand Blowin' kush in the wind, I'm blowed, I'm blowed Any day of da week, new grill, new piece From my head to my feet, I'm cold, I'm cold New shoes on my ride, bad bitch on my side Man, dat's how gangstas roll, dat's how gangstas roll Hatin' is so contagious, these days, there's no cure This new outbreak creatin' is out of hand for sure These boys are steady lyin', my money is multiplyin' Look close, there's no denyin', them boys softer than fur Killa kush smoke, I blow as the lungs inhale Gangsta leanin' on dat oil, I got a story to tell Laws trippin' when they see me askin', "What's that smell?" Raw FedEx-ed me some x pills, we call it email Lights, camera, action, I'm the shit and I show it A young gangsta hood boy, so fly and I know it Steady breakin' boys off, 5 karat in earlobe Givin' somethin' that you can feel, my swangas is in vogue I'm too cool for school, all work no play Impeccable with this pen, I got somethin' to say My repertoire is throwed, I follow the G code Let me tell ya how I roll, come on You can catch me ridin' in da Lac top down, seat back Keepin' heat up on my lap, I'm throwed, I'm throwed Every hood that I'm in, white cup in my hand Blowin' kush in the wind, I'm blowed, I'm blowed Any day of da week, new grill, new piece From my head to my feet, I'm cold, I'm cold New shoes on my ride, bad bitch on my side Man, dat's how gangstas roll, dat's how gangstas roll

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