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
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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
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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
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