Gangsta

Onyx

You my wife with no papers
My gangsta bitch
The first time I got caught
You to shank the bitch
Ain't scared to get down
She'll bust off rounds
Smoke a Newport
Cut me half, bust me down
Catch me looking at anotha chick
She curse me out
Dead serious
But at times she act silly
Jump out the truck at the light
To get the dutch
Rolling it up
Chasing down ice cream trucks
I waited half an hour for your hair to get braided
She leaving dirty messages on three way pagers
Thought her how to roll cello and spit razors
She hit triple six first time out in Vegas
She never got shook when the Feds
Knocked down the door
She hid the coke
A scared chic would of flushed it raw
And we could live it up
Eat lobster and shrimp
Or get grimy with a
Quarter bag of potato chips
'Cuz it's straight gangsta
Straight gangsta
(Straight gangsta)
Gangsta
I need a down chic
That wouldn't mind loading the clip
And that wouldn't blow her mind
If I showed her a brick
In and outta the grind
With a focus for chips
Blowing for one time

With her controlling the weep
Re-up for me
And make sure she double the flip
She a sophisticated thug bitch
That move her hips
She catch you for your setup
When you move ya shit
But most of the time she throw
The cold shoulders to guys
Smoke in the ride
Hooded low
Over her eyes
She know she a dime
Baby nine strapped to her thighs
Gotta be live
Help me count doe in a five
And when I'm gone for weeks on them O.T. moves
She don't trip
She's a gangsta
She knows the rules
Giving me hell
That's not something I am hoping to loose
And God forbid, I slip up and land in jail
My murda mommy put the house up
To make the bail
(Come on)
'Cuz it's straight gangsta
Straight gangsta
(Straight gangsta)
Gangsta
Behind a real nigga
Is a real bitch
They lied to me
See my bitch
She walk right beside of me
I been in situations
Seen her ride for me
She lick my gun wounds
Even did my time with me
Ain't nothing she can't have
I get that girl everything
Tatoo our names on our fingers for wedding rings
Are you that chic?
Do you rep sticky?
We split it down the middle everything

Forty, sixty
Are you that chic for rich
Or poor?
The only one I eat out
The only one I hit raw
Keep you covered in ice
'Til you start shiverin'
Baby phat Gucci
Thugged out in pink timberlands
Me and her, we like Bonnie and Clyde
I hold the heat and the money and
She drive the ride
She make other bitches mad
'Cuz she more bitch
Than they ever been
It's the beautiful, intelligent
Talented, trama, heroin
'Cuz it's straight gangsta
Straight gangsta
(Straight gangsta)
Gangsta
Count bills with me
You'll kill for me
When the blood shed tears
You still with me
'Cuz you real with me
Smoke five with me
Look the judge in the eye
Straight lie for me

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/