

Keep It Gangsta (feat. Slick Pulla & Blood Raw)

Young Jeezy

Jeah, ay

You niggas doing way too much nigga.

You tryin' to bite my style, steal my swag.

You wanna know how to do it I'll give you the recipe.

Let's go.[Chorus: x2]

I keep it gangsta and they love dat shit

I keep it gangsta and they love dat shit

I keep it gangsta and they love dat shit

If you's a gangsta you gone love dis shit This one's for you and I ain't talking Bud Light, (Nope)

H-K nigga with that little red light, (Ha Ha)

Whole club bouncing everybody strapped up,

Pull it out my pants and make erbody back up, (Yea)

Fuck a record deal the boy just too real,

Watch em cook it on da stove man the boy got skills, (jea)

Streets is talking whole hood's whispering,

Careful what I say cause I know dem folks listening, (Damn!)

It's ya boy Mr. 17-5,

Lil mama whole the strap and the work while I drive, (jea)

Take it out the wrap and I put it on the scale,

But keep that on da low cause I ain't trying to go to jail. (Ha ha)[Chorus]They call me Slick Manning cause my vision's great, (jea)

Toss shells like pigskins when I squeeze the 8,

Think I start for the Braves way I rep the A,

Like John Smokes in his prime when I pitch the K,

Got the scale in my pocket on some suicide doors,

Yams in the strap facing suicide time, Let's go

Outlandish wit it man it's stupid how we shine, Aye

Catch me in them bunkers with the troops all the time, (Okay)

I heed like Saddam but I'm sick like Ooday, (Ooday!)

Keeps some youngsters with me and they all bout gunplay, (Ha Ha)

We been had the streets jammed up to stock,

We down south niggas but the plugs up top. (For real)[Chorus]Blood Raw I keep it gangsta my nigga

This for gangstas I ain't talking bout you bustas,

Choppa toaters money gettas naw not you suckas,

Coola than a fan coola than a freezer,

Still in da hood ridin sixes on the Reagal,

Still on M-L-K still got a side,

Still getting money and I'm still in the trap,

Lil mama say she like me plus she know I'm hood,

I'm a fool wit laying pipe plus she know I'm good,
I got a spot for the yay Uncle Pete keep the K's,
Auntie Shirley got the money if they rush then we straight,
732 shawdy leave it in my pager,
We ain't talking on dem phones cause I know you talking paper.[Chorus]

Songwriters

Jenkins, Jay / Falson, Bruce / Whitman, Renaldo / Reese, Timothy / Stephens, Darren
Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>