

# Imma G Boy (Ft. Ar-Ab)

Cassidy

Yeah Yeah Cassidy and i aint no motha fucking gang but I'm a motha fucking gangster real rap  
"Imma G boy get smoked by P boy coc by the key boy got dope and E boy Imma G boy Imma Imma Imma G  
boy

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all this rappers is acting like all the actors in the gangster flicks they act gangster but really don't do no gangster  
shit you not a gangster cause you on a real gangster dick a gangster rap is a rap that a real gangster spit a  
gangster should never kiss another gangster lips you shouldn't even kiss a gangster bitch on some gangster shit  
my flow cold like a runny nose I'm bouts to blow like a handkerchief and you ain't on my thank you list  
think of me when you think of jay-z think of kiss five or Em when you think of them think of this  
I'm ma bout to go pick up this little stinky bitch and get brain but not the same brain she be thinking with  
banger by my pancreas if a nigah think he slick I'll blow his brain out now he can't think for shit bitch this how  
goon talk clip look like half a moon and it will make a nigah moon walk

I'm not the king of pop but my thing finger pops i sell bricks and got that Elvis I'm the king of rock I'm still  
slanging rock trap phone ring a lot clientele popping up I'm on the block guapping up i got that fish you got that  
shit that they locking up yup is going to be hard to push if that shit is hard to cook the hard i cook give the  
phines the retarded look i get stupid cake cause one hit will give'em the stupid face they smoke your coc and  
there no result they not high they smoke my coc and they over dose they not alive i aint bagging white for  
bragging rights but i was broke so i had to sell coc to get my swagger right I'm the hustler cause I've been  
hustling for half my life anything I'm hustling I bought for lease half the price my coupe blue and I'm cute too  
ask your wife she had a tight little ass she could only take half the pipe you have a pipe but you pussy a  
Hermaphrodite is a men's world but if is drama you girl up when ice cube was Jerry curled up rap was my hole  
world until rap started fucking my world up

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Where I'm from money be the object i get mines putting fire to the Pyrex so fuck a diss track i bring it to you  
direct i kill you then the witness die next forty four bulldog get the five vex you never progress if you only side  
bet I'm trying to kill two birds with one stone i just grab two birds now one gone I supply it well that's my  
clientele i fire shell if any of my client tells well they say is a long line to hell but I'm ma either get rich or I'm  
ma die in jail until then I'm only trying to gain revenue raise a blade in a plate full of residue Nine-Six Impala  
it's heaven blue being broke like you is what I'll never do purple juice and them zens got me sleep walking she  
said nigahs like me she don't see often and i don't care if he shot i just keep sparking i make nigah throw towels

and give peace offerings i got two baby moms and we don't speak often i just give'em bank rolls and tell'em  
keep walking i just show a bitch money i don't keep talking then she slob on my nob like she retarded sour D  
four grams stuffed in a dutch fifty grand rubber band tucked in the cut two bitches four hand touching my nuts  
then i give'em long dick touching they gut if money is the topic i get like Floyd i be O-Ting moving grams of  
the boy if i don't know nigahs my hand on toy cause I'm ma a fucking shooter Brandon Roy my nigah Cass got  
the bent i need the 550 only blow good smoke an L 550 his not a real connect if he cant supply 50 my cousin na  
get half cause he'll die with me O B A still a set and we gone make ours couple nigahs got shot trying take ours  
i was in the crack house with eight vows you was like Eminem of eight miles in your shitty house writing rap  
song i use to run in nigahs house with the mac drawn i guess you only need one mic like Nas i take a four pound  
and a white-pot Glock 30 con-pact it's the right size vision ware on the stuff watch the white rise I'm talking  
brick sales get your order up i dry cook mine i don't like it watered up if you short a buck i send them to the  
coroner the gun small the clip hang like Florida it say a stack on a scale when i weight powder I'm a gangster a

goon to the eighth power

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

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