

Gangsta Boo, Nigga Yeah Know

(Intro - Gangsta Boo)

Yo, yo... What the fuck's goin' on
With all you undercover-ass playa haters
All motha-fuckin' snitch
My nigga T. Rock shit
What the fuck y'all tryin' to do?
Y'all tryin' to hold us down or somethin'?
Ya know what I'm sayin', you niggas can't do that
'Cause we 'bout it baby
Ya know what I'm sayin', it's all good
We can see you, but you can't see us nigga
Me and the Rockafella, T Rock baby
ATL, Memphis, the whole motha-fuckin' south
And you know that nigga

(T. Rock)

Can I begin the story of a nigga
Tryin' to make a million for eternity
In the city of Atlanta
Reapin', wreck an angel from a grandma
But it ain't no way for me to make green
'Til my nigga T-Low introduced me
To Mac and The Kaze
Then no one could stop me
All that juice to her, I swear ?
? Prophet P and recruited me
Nigga I turned to Prophet Posse
Not a gangsta, but a getter, intellect, nationwide
Spittin' fury out my Range and ride
Burnin' rappers like bacon fried
Won't you tell me who'll stop a playa 50 rollin' nationwide
Provin' high niggas that you anxious
Replace his thang on busterous trains and camps
Watch us from gauges, we snatchin' your soul
And vote it Heaven or hell, you lames can vamp it
And you's a nigga tryna spread a story
'Bout some shit that didn't happen in my lifetime
All you fakers and phonies are on the edge
Like a superstar man walkin' tightlines
Ever want a nigga on the white grind
Nationwide niggas on the rise
Sportin' a disguise, creep up on ya
And it don't matter what ??
Triple 6 kill like clan and T. Rock
Rockafella stretch a million other papers
Won't you realize
A nigga finally came up in the game
All you freaks who used to dis know what you can kiss
Act like I don't know, you got to deal it straight
Now you burnin' niggas down to a crisp
And I don't risk 'cause I'm T. R-O-C-K
Tryna reap pay, other tricks sleeze ways
Runnin' hoochie's with gold in their mouths
And take all of their goods, and not leave with no leave-way

(T. Rock)

1 - Nigga yeah know
Nigga, yeah know
We rollin' clean rides
And we blowin' hella dope, nigga

Repeat 1

(Gangsta Boo)

Do a motha-fuckin' S.O.S.
Step on sight, what the fuck you gonna do when you bleed?
I'll be comin' with the Prophet Posse
Know that Gangsta Boo
I'm 'bout the baddest bitch that you ever seen
How many times you wanna hold me down
But like that named Puffy, bitch, I would not go
All the other stupid shit that you be kickin'
When I'm pimpin', when you slip, run into my front door
I be rollin' with them niggas that's out the projects
You wanna bet
?W-L? dub your whole motha-fuckin' chest
Bet you bottom dolla, make you holla, wanna come and hit me
It's money over bitches, yeah
I'm the type of bitch that be kickin' shit
The type of bitch that be takin' other bitches' dick
The type of bitch that be all about a paper chip
The type of bitch that ride with the Triple 6

(T. Rock)

Miss steady and the Rockafella crew can load clips
With lyrical ???? the whole slip
Gangsta Boo got ?????? take and slap a trick down to the floor
And give her swole lips

(Gangsta Boo)

It's all good, I think I got her to a 5
Got you finally realizin' you be hypnotized
Me and my nigga T. Rock ???
We smoked out straight to Atlanta, live

Repeat 1 to fade