

Lil Scrappy, Gangsta Gangsta Remix

(feat. Young Buck & B.G.)

[Intro:]

Zone 3, Aye!!

We finna crunkin' bitch up (BME!)

Show yall what some real gangstas is at

Some of yall niggas just dunno (G-Unit!)

[Chorus: w/ Lil' Jon ad-libs]

I'm a (Gangsta gangsta), 2-4-5

Gotta charga on tha boost, baby girl you wann' ride?

Wit a (Gangsta gangsta), Aye!

Yea dat's me, tinted out ridin' durty - comin' down ya street

I'm a (Gangsta gangsta), Git triggas squeez'd up!

Got fitty killas with me, Strap'd down - G's up!!

Cuz I'm a (Gangsta gangsta), Yea top of tha list

BME muthafucka - Git cha mind right bitch!

[Verse 1: Lil' Scrappy]

So many ways, you can spray, git hit

With tha' K, anyday, ain't gon' motherfuckin' say (Aye, Aye!!)

Dat you might git touched

Cuz 'em gangsta ass niggas, they don't talk too much

Come around, fuck with me, and then you might git rushed

Nawh, I ain't with tha yappin', but I make tha gat go bust

Keep fuckin' with us, we off tha danger-ous

Show you tha meanin' of Ash 2 Ash, is just a Dust

If you laid back in tha 'Lac

I dunno if them hatas gon' handle dat

Keep my muthafuckin' hand on my fuckin' gat

Aye, yall muthafuckas betta git back

Yea, all tha young ladies call me +Get It Mayn'+

I don't know if yall lames gon' undastand

You can see the phat stacks off, in my pants

Tried to keep it like a lame, you ain't got a chance bwoi, cuz

[Chorus: w/ Lil' Jon ad-libs]

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Guerilla Unit muthafucka - Git cha mind right bitch!

[Verse 2: Young Buck]

You thank you a killa, but we gon' just pay 'em a visit

Put tha potato on tha barrel, so no body hear it

I keep a holsta on my shoulda like I'm John Wayne

Shootin' these niggas lights out like Lebron James

Holla my name, gimme a reason to see you bleedin'

Afta you feel these hollo' tips, nigga - then we eatin'

Full of anger until there's no mo' bullets in tha chamber

Ain't nothang like when you git popped and don't know who to blame-a

Nigga told me, "Do ya durrt all by your lonely"

So I go hit 'em niggas 'fore 50 couldn't even hold me

I'm waitin', anticipatin' to put a nigga unda

Smokin' like we some Jamaicans fuckin' with this ganja

Ride with no hesitation, retaliation is a must

Bad as I want to, some shit I just don't discuss

So point 'em out and watch how I knock him off

Err'where you bitches go - I got a nigga watchin' yall, muthafuckas!

[Chorus: w/ Lil' Jon ad-libs]

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[Verse 3: B.G.]

It ain't easy livin' where the young die fast (Fast)
It's eitha rap, or take a penitentiary chance (Chance)
This rap shit too easy fo' me to go back
Ten fo' a piece of crack, fifty to rap on a track
But I ain't lyin', tha streets call sometime
I could go to Detroit, sell 'em a thousand a pound
And git 'em fo' bout two-hundred in H-Town
Fo'git it, I ain't even goin' dat route (Fuck it)
I just do it like I do it, cuz tha streets love it (Love it)
I hold it down, neva bow, gotta stay thuggin'
I don't be trippin' when tha hatas go to mean-muggin' (Muggin')
I keep a strap in tha hand so I keep stuntin' (Stuntin')
Now it's known by tha whole world who a joke (Joke)
He ain't a man - got dreads, you already know (Wayne)
All my gangstas, gon' put ya hands up (Put 'em up)
And all my hott gurls, back dat azz up

[Chorus: w/ Lil' Jon ad-libs]

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