

Big Pokey, What a Gangsta Do

Gangsta do, (gangsta do yeah)
Now let me show you what a gangsta do

[Hook - 2x]

You don't, know what you finna get yourself into
Cause you rolling, with a gangsta fool
Now let me show you, what a gangsta do

[Den Den]

See I'm up all night, trying to get it how I live
No time to show love, no time for little kids
No time for baby girl, I'm all about the bread
Two-toeing and hot stepping, trying to avoid the FED's
I'm head above water, in search of a gangsta daughter
To help me grind smarter, now help me grind harder
To help me build a quarter, in H-Town Tex
You got a gangsta nigga, girl you know you from Texas
And wrecking we gon do, draped in all true
Up early in the morning, looking for cash not you
It's real girl, ain't no sense in me lying
I'm married to the game, and we blowing on fire

[H.A.W.K.]

You don't know, what you got into
I'ma mix Kung-Fu, with some Ju-Jitsu
Some Crip and Paroo, demolish your crew
Chasing subdue, and put two in you
One in your chest, one in your ass
And if you try to run, I'll put one in your calve
G-A-N-G-S-T-A
Loaded AK, mayday-mayday
I'm a moder-an day, Cascious Clay
You're just a waterboy, like Bobby Boucher
I'm equipped with the skills, of a green beret
And when I start this mayday, you better move out my way

[Hook - 2x]

[VI]

They call me Slick Vic, Young V's or Fly VI
Have your bitch screaming let's get away, like I'm T.I
See I hook a bitch, like a fish with bait
Have her on the Interstate, up-state moving weight
She got drank she got pine, she got case
And if she see the state trooper, she know to pump them brakes
I'm fresh out, I got no room for mistakes
And if the hoe a dollar short, then I'm going upside her face
Cause I'm that nigga that slap hoes and cook crack, with the same hand
Same nigga that cop Rolls, and drive Lacs with the same grands
Matter fact, ain't nothing changed but the game plan
Like the Lakers without Shaq and Phil, but still the same plan

[Chris Ward]

See I got pimps that got pimps, that bitches that got bitches
I'm a hustler, I'm all about riches
Them girls fiending for C-Weez, well they got wishes
The '64 I got outside, it got switches
I got my young'ns, out in front of the sto'
Selling weed sacks and cracks packs, or a hundred or mo'
Ya know, I got them bops out in front of the spot
Some selling that warm mouth, some selling that hot twat
And um, I'm the kingpin behind all the D-M
If that ain't G'd up, well what do ya call it then
I'm C-Weezy, the hustle ain't nothing to me (that's right)

You fuck with a G you stuck with a G, ya see

[Hook - 2x]