

# Dirty, Gangsta

(feat. Lil' Burn One)

Uh  
Bitch I been a "G" all my life  
A "G" down to ride  
"G"s stay getting high  
I'm a "G" 'til I die  
A nigga known to bust gats  
Take half a day to skeet crack  
I represent the slum  
Gangsta body dipped in all black  
Don't act like you ain't know that  
My clique is quick to go at  
Any of y'all prankstas, y'all ain't gangstas  
Y'all just throwbacks  
Put slugs to yo brain  
Thuggin blood's in my vein  
The ghetto version of Norman Bates  
Thug in the same  
So ask about me  
Porno with six stars  
So don't doubt me  
And niggaz who ain't gangsta  
Stay the fuck away from round me  
I got dope in every county  
Fuckin bitches that's a ?  
They call me that boy Nutty  
Ain't no nigga finna clown me  
Shit, I haul off and kidnap yo whole family  
Strap up a bomb and kill every one for testing me  
So when I go I'm taking all my folks  
So when we hit hell, we still can go to war  
That's gangsta!

Now if you catch me with a OZ  
Ridin 4 deep in a Caprice  
Hollin fuck the police motherfucker  
You in the hood er'day  
Same clothes tryin ta skeet a pound of dro' motherfucker  
You in the feds gotta do 5 years  
Just because you would't squeal motherfucker  
You got kids to feed  
They gotta live even if you have to kill motherfucker

Now Lil Burn-One's the nigga hoe hoppin, dro' copin, gun toter  
Wool club loader, 4-5 in the holster  
And its the take over  
I'm shaking these bitches from off my cock  
And these haters up off my shoulder  
Claiming gangsta but you so coward  
Talking bout trepos  
Sissy ass bitch then take yo ass to Chuck Wilder  
Women's prison and you still probably won't last for a hour  
You a nigga scared to death you gon' get raped in the shower  
By 6 dikes slapping yo ass with towels  
You'll probably move yo bowels  
You'll probably piss on yourself and crumble like a ball of powder  
See we fo sho' folk, 9-7 four-door  
Black Game claiming throwing signs out the window  
We keep it all "G", since elementary  
We represented from the block to penitentiary  
Make em remember me, Burn one the O.G  
I'm going out black clothes out, fro'd out, thats Gangsta!

[CHORUS]

He just asked me "Pimp why you ? my trick?"  
Hoes tell that nigga my name  
Frank Dingaling bitch  
I'm that fat daddy hall  
Fifth of Hen, hydro, bull dagger and her friend  
I'm a fat nasty dog  
I make these hoes crawl  
Plus I'm gangsta bought  
Bust at my enemy  
Plus I'm in they main girl draws  
You ain't no kin to me  
So nigga keep my name out yo mouth  
You talkin shit I'll cock this trigga bitch and run in yo house  
And lay you down  
Let me come into your house  
So piss on the ground  
Cock this pistol into your mouth  
And don't make a sound  
There's no way in and there's no way out  
So bring me your ?  
I'm bumping New Edition's "Candygirl";  
When Ronnie, Bobby, Ricky, and Mike had a curl  
That's gangsta  
You heard gangstas make the world turn round  
Well shit's gon' continue popping while fire burn on the ground  
Now that's gangsta!

[CHORUS]