

Gangsta Boo, Don't Stand So Close '2001' F/ Thr

(Chorus 8X)

Don't stand, don't stand so close to me

(Verse 1: Gangsta Boo)

Rip you bitches mugs off
Lookin at me fire hot
Rollin wit my brother E
Take me to your stash spot
Queen of Memphis reppin
Crazy lady steppin
Comin wit tha automatic chrome tone weapon
Nigga yah you know the biz
What you in my face for
Add teeth gold bracelet wit tha f**kin bezzle
Cruisin wit tha limo
Tint on my window
Pop a half X
Now I'm ready to get felt on
On my way to New York
Get the latest fashion
Head on back to Memphis
Hit the Pure Passion
Shake it shake your ass bitch
Sexy fine thang you
Mad hoes always got something about the Gangsta Boo
Catch me at the Grammy's
Wit a blunt, runnin shit
F**k you sissy bitches
Ya'll can't f**k wit me, I'm runnin shit
Everybody know
All my niggaz do just what I say
Nowhere close to me
Check the f**kin resume

(Repeat Chorus 8X)

(Verse 2: Lord Infamous)

Don't stand much closer
I can't focus
On the snow ??????????????
This automatic
Start to splattin
Cappin, f**k the police
My millimeter
Like my peter
Keep em rippin apart
Evaporate em
On this caper
Sissy boy wit no heart
A lot of punks
They talk that junk
Up on that f**k the Scarecrow
I'm super cool
You act a fool
You coward you gotta go
I'm mega ?????? super pimp
???????????? to the grave
But if I'm trippin off that hay
That be the end of the day

(Verse 3: Crunchy Blac)

Don't stand so motha f**kin close to me
If you stand too close you get the elbow G
Go on young nigga

Tryna start some shit
If you start some shit
Nigga this what you get
I'm a rock and roll
I'm a lock and unload
I'm a lay your weak ass down on the floor
In this goddamn club
Cause i told you bro
Don't stand so motha f**kin close to me

(Repeat Chorus)

(Verse 4: Juicy J)

Let me be me
Let you be you
Let me smoke my weed
You can do what you do
If I'm ridin in the Bentley
Don't be mad at me
Your baby momma
Wanna holla
Know she glad to see
A classy playa from the North
Wit a bag of good
Fifth of hen
Pint of gin
Rollin through the hood
If i seem a little hot
I can't help myself
You betta catch up witcho kind
And f**k wit somebody else

(Verse 5: DJ Paul)

Now I'm a lock you in the f**kin trunk
While i hit the f**kin funk
Now I'm goin crazy boy
All i see is blood boy
Shoot you in the f**kin arm
Pop you in the f**kin leg
Sit back
Sip syrup
And watch your snitchin ass beg, bitch
Stay away from Lil Craig
Claimin you his friend hoe
All up in my brother's face
Knowin you wanna be him hoe
Niggaz don't f**k wit you
Niggaz tryna kill you
Everybody know you the police
So we gon peel you
The real don't feel you

(Scratching till end)

Don't stand, don't stand so close to me