

# Gangsta Boo, How We Roll

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

If you niggaz good and hi let me see you clap your hands  
If you niggaz good and drunk let me see you clap your hands

(Gangsta Boo)

Bitch you know I'm lookin good, on the block posted up  
Icy white reeboks throwin Triple Six up  
In the air I don't care, you see Billboards playa  
Platinum billboards in the hood of you playa haters  
Try to sneak up in the club low key, f\*\*k an autograph  
Dog I'm tryna chill, you can catch me in the aftermath  
I ain't tryna brag or say I'm all that, when I'm not  
But I'm f\*\*kin bad, I'm knockin plenty bitches out the spot  
I was always told that my pussy be the f\*\*kin best  
If you want to test let me put your nigga on some X  
If you want to f\*\*k let me see who money spend the best  
Eight figure dick be the best nigga nuttin less  
Niggaz round town actin like they f\*\*ked the Gangsta Boo  
Hoes round town sayin did she f\*\*k my man too?  
Yo I'm runnin shit niggaz gave me crown, labeled me the queen  
Gonna do this damn thing bitch, know what I f\*\*kin mean

(Chorus)

(Gangsta Boo)

Now everybody claim the role of a killa killa  
Yean ain't do no ten twenty years in the pen nigga  
Flaugin ass boy wit you mug on like you hard  
Boy you need to stop yean neva had a f\*\*kin charge  
You a momma's boy Gangsta Boo went to school with you  
You the honor roll yean neva had a f\*\*kin crew  
Wit cha girlfriend with her jealous ass on the scene  
Black ass bitch blue long braids bitch please  
It's about time that I told you  
I don't care if you bitches dont speak, i don't love you  
Listen to the rumors called the story crazy lady boo  
Got my nigga rollin blunts and smokin to get f\*\*ked up  
I know you gon hate when you see me comin on them thangs  
Pullin in the gated driveway cause I'm havin thangs  
Still I'll bust a cap if I catch you on surveillance  
Two killaz on the roof  
Bulletproof  
We don't love you

(Chorus)

(Juicy J)

Why I'm devoted to this game  
Where they slang

And they gangbang

North North mayn

Wit them curls and them gold thangs

Lemons wanna step to a playa wit these lame names

Knowin they dont wannat come to our side buckin brains

20 thousand cash to my nigga nigga

Kill this bitch

Heat on them leather seats lets get into some gangsta shit

See the boy walkin down the street

Grab him by his neck

Point him with the tec what's your set

Leave his body wet

We don't play

Wit other folks kids

We rob

We steal

We gaffle

We bid

We pimp  
These bitches  
We put em  
On charge  
We smoke  
That skunk  
We roll  
We mob  
We business  
We Bentley's  
Our cheese  
Stay fat  
The mink  
The coat  
The cow  
Boy hat  
The fangs  
The shades  
We gotta  
Stay paid  
Three 6  
Don't play  
My nigga  
We spray  
(Chorus) - 8X