Gangsta Boo, Oh No

(Fatal)

1 - (Oh no) When at the club, when at the club When at the club, we get so bumped We try to tear up some shit

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(Gangsta Boo) Oh no, you can't Misses Gangsta Boo comin' atcha Wit niggas guaranteed to wet your fuckin coochies, watered up We be the roughest, my team be the buckest, my team be the quickest Makin' you say " What the fuck was it?! Who that be? Where she at? We besta get her, yo!" Triple 6, Gangsta Boo, why don't you come & amp; get me ho?! Bet y'all niggas on the payroll, ready to swat you baby Slice & amp; dice your ass like some fruit wit a chrome machetti I hope you ready to see Freddy in your fuckin' dreams Make believe shit come true, know what I mean nigga? I'm outta control like a fucked up roller coaster ride Let me get high, thought you mothafuckas died (nigga) I be the mindless, shoot bitches, when I flow I don't give a fuck 'cause ya hatin' What the fuck for? You do not pay me Neither do you break me Hypnotize comin' for real We paper chasin'

Repeat 1

(Fatal)

(Oh no) I'm sick & tired of playin' wit these fuckin' hoes All my life I seen friends turned another fuckin' foes If a nigga out to sea, what the fuck you get back? A group of niggas sellin' ?dolo? 'caine Talkin' 'bout how you back I make the bullets that ? like... Don't believe me? Test me Jack *brrap, brrrrap brrap brap* You better be nimble, you better be quick When this fuckin' forty click It's gonna be cold in your partna's house Wit hoes in your doors bitch

Ain't a killa, ain't a nigga, by the scrilla
But a hustla, I'm by the struggle
Keepin' the trouble, kickin' doors
Guns to brang
Slangin' 'caine
In the snow, or in the rain
I'm gon' maintain
In the street, or on the strip
I'm makin' grips

Shakin' dice
The cheese, I flip
I pimp a bitch
Runnin' combs, on cellular phones
I'm in your home
Put them toes, up in your face
So now it's on

Repeat 1

Ha, I got ?? flicks Yes, on the C-B set cassette Make you deaf, ? ha, if you bitches wanna flex Catch a neck? bent Like some missed up out your chest >From the? chest Many bitches I been sexed By the Lord & amp; this? Rock a mic up off stage, if it's cordless Yes, love the gangsta way I test Take three thousand X I smoke the dope up in my Chevy Hit the head rest Kill 'em all, by the Three 6 multiplicity, no sympathy Namin' startin' from the C-B-Q Be from this infa-mee I rip it? ?Ya pretty styles & pretty sty Make a believer ??, put it on the show, they called it rippley So picture the Sucka who chuckles wit buckles will really catch the knuckles Cuz hoes will duct tape you with? you ain't got the muscle I leave you stiffened on the curb, make ya head like ?? You don't want no posse ???

They don't want it Fatal put the pump to your stomach Hittin' you up wit shots Give you reasons to run with The dumbest, ain't nothin' these cats get game from It's the verbal verdict It's venom, I'm dissin' 'em by the hundreds Train gas, tryin' to seal you in the rep-tain gap Hussein foul Put it in that apple Shit, you playin' now? >From Memphis to your city My fo-fo pretty Lil' Gold from sheezy Put the ? to your kitty Fuck wit Hussein & Damp; thugs That's your brain on drugs I bring the pain wit slugs Don't get slain then plug You'll get popped off Block wit hot shots, and dropped off I spot y'all, when I popped mines off It's them outlaws in Three 6, y'all can't do shit with That slick shit, sheisty, nasty, new brick, mix shit I'm tellin' you, you my man, I'm holdin' back from shellin' you Screw my plans And I'mma be pourin' out liquor, smokin' an L for you

" Shuttle control, shuttle control... "