Hell Rell, Wouldn't You Like To Be Gansta Too?

"Wouldn't You Like To Be A Gangsta Too?"

Okay
I'm sure you heard

He's back in the building
It's official ticial
Hell Rell DipSet all day nigga let's do it
Talk to me I talk back
Yea
Yea

Now I'm a hustla he's a hustla we some motherf**kin
hustlaz wouldn't you love you be a hustla too? Talk to me
I'm a gangsta he's a gangsta we some motherf**kin
gangstaz wouldn't you love to be a gansgsta too?

(Hell Rell)
Yo, from a lonely jail cell back to the bricks
Its Hell Rell motherf**ker from the the the Dips!
See I got to put work back on the street again
Bounce back on my feet again
Gators back on my feet again
Bought some guns these haters back with the beef again
Red-dot them infared lasers back on the heat again
And they wanna lock me up throw away the key
'cause I'm sitting on enough coke to throw away a key
F**k em you wanna kill me come and do it I don't give a f**k
The Diplomats live it up
Clack Clack give it up
Hard dick have money what I give a slut
Chocolate Escalade call that Snickers truck
My gun bust need I say more
Now I've got my moms telling me I should pray more
Mami please I don't get on my knees that shit ain't for G's
I'm bout to take my ass to hell for all the triggers I squeeze (Let's go)

(Chorus)
Now I'm a hustla he's a hustla we some motherf**kin
hustlaz wouldn't you love you be a hustla too? Now talk to me
I'm a gangsta he's a gangsta we some motherf**kin
gangstaz wouldn't you love to be a gansgsta too? Holla at me
I'm a ridah he's a rider we some motherf**kin ridaz
wouldn't you love to be a rider too? Holla at me

Hell Rell, Dipset, Bird gang, what's good
Wouldn't you like to be a gangsta too? Talk to me!

(Hell Rell)
Yea I'm still gettin out
So what the judge boost the bail
Niggaz run around saying what they gonna do to Rell (Nothin)
Two P-89's on me call me Ruger Rell
Y'all niggaz talk about your bodies I don't shoot and tell
And you still playing you ain't even close to culture
First you up then you down what you rollercoaster?
Tre pound rubber grip what my holster holding
And there's a baby being born a fiend overdoser
Must have been my dope that did em man
I party on the yacht with some hoes or her pigeon friends
You tell a slut you love her and miss her hug her and kiss her
I f**k her and diss her probably was your cousin or sister
I got mami sucking dick, put product on the strip

Spray a nigga pay a nigga just to bottle up a brick
But I'm trying to make sure that my dust move
A young nigga what I was laid I hamma dosage

(Chorus)

(Hell Rell)
For that paper snatch you daughter up
Cruise pulling Porches up
Cam I'm hungry now go head and kick your Air Jordans up
Put your hand on me your moms'll get it in the mail
I was buzzing more than you when I was sitting in a cell
All the streets wanted to know was where's Hell Rell
There go Jimmy there go Killa but where's Hell Rell
There go Freaky, Santana but where's Hell Rell
I'm here now everybody thanks for all the fan mail
But f**k a bitch I don't love them either (Naw)
The pot black the coke is white so when I cook it's like jungle fever
A couple niggaz going to be shot in their face
Robbed for every dollar that they got in their safe
See I'm something like a phe-no-me-non (Yea)
I kidnap your kids with their pajamas on (Yea)
And I still slap a nigga just for stepping on my white on whites
I'm in the hood like peeling cheese and Mike and Ikes

(Chorus)