JACKBOYS, GANG GANG (feat. Sheck Wes, Do

What the fuck is we doin'? Yeah Yeah Yeah, yeah, yeah

Gang back in the stu' (Gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang)
Uh, yeah, gang back in the stu' (Gang)
Young nigga win, win, win, win (Bitch), how can I lose? (How, bitch?)
Uh, how can I lose? (How, bitch?), uh, how can I lose? (Yeah)
I ain't with the gang, gang, gang, gang (Bitch), fifty gon' shoot, uh (Squad)
Me and Trav' in a coupe (Scoop), paparazzi, we switch the route {Yeah}
Yeah, see your bitch gettin' loose, huh
I'm in LA with the views, huh (Yeah), I'm in LA with your boo (Yeah) {it's lit}

We on the quest with the tribe (I bought it)
It's way too late, pick a side (Feng shui)
Jack make them boys come alive (They what?)
Better not fuck up the vibe (It's Travis)
Runnin' this shit with a stride
You know my gang the flyest

I'm with the gang, gang, gang, gang, BOYS hoppin' out of coupes (Gang) I'm switching' lanes tryna maintain, duckin' boys in the blue *Zoo* I see you holdin' out on my change, I'm needin' all of the loot {Ching-ching} When I'm ridin' off on my side, best believe I got the scoop (Scoop) I could make a hundred right now, give it all to the troops (Troops) Whole squad got the juice (Yeah), send a stain like a flute {Yeah} Whole squad goin' up, JACKBOYS on the loose *Yeah, yeah* {bitch}

In the H, reppin' Screw (Screw) Flamin' Harlem with the goons {It's lit}, yeah We was wildin', skippin' school (Wildin') Now we can go make the (Ching ching) Now we can go make the millions, Trinidad my crew Cactus Jack on my shoe And this shit I came from the mud, straight to the top {Yeah} Shooters outside double parked I'm from New York, she like how I talk She need an ass, it's bought Came to my chambers, we went wild Drove the bitch crazy, gave 'em all miles I'm with young Jacques, know it's goin' down Smokin' that Jack, get it by the pound {Straight up} Don't need the pussy, I'm in and I'm out (I'm out) But I'm still smokin' that loud Hit my hoes when I'm in town (Yeah) They know who got the Scouts (Bitch)

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Yeah, I'm from the North where they robbin' and killin' {Woo, woo} Young nigga rich, but I'm still from the trenches {Woo} Luxury Tax, my water by G P-I-R-U, bitch, I bang what I bleed I'm passin' out pills, I'ma geek up the VIP {Yeah} One shot to the head and make sure he don't miss I fuck on the bitch, have her stalkin' on Fifth

Still pourin' up Act', they say it don't exist (At all) Fifth got some vibes at the crib Like, "I wanna fuck right now" Keep hundred on hundreds for real Bitch, I'm goin' up right now Bitch rollin' some weed, you know gang in the stu' Bottles on bottles, 1942 Models on models, this shit nothin' new You might catch some shots takin' shots at the crew I like my hoes by the two Blew 800K on a coupe {Uh-huh} racks We fucked, it wasn't nothin' else to do (Ooh) You play with La Flame, I'ma shoot (Racks) This a hundred round drum, I got mob ties This a double M truck, ain't no broke vibes Now we only take jets for the hard times Know I call up them killers, they gon' slide Bitch, I'm with the gang

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