

Lil' O, If I Could Then I Would

(*talking*)

Yeah, nigga gangsta shit
See what a nigga gotta realize is
That a nigga, really don't like doing what he do
But fast cash, is more addictive than crack itself, you feel me

(Hook)

If I could then I would, stop slanging caine
Cause I know, that I should
But everytime I try, it's like I'm back in the hood
And everytime I sleep, I dream my Lac's fill with wood
I can't help it, nigga I'm a gangsta

(Lil' O)

All I do is gangsta shit
Go to work grab the four, spank the brick
All I do is hit stangs and licks, push cocaine and whip
I'm off the chain, like a dangerous pit
So you know the Fat Rat, gon stuff his face
Bleed the block nonstop, till I bust my safe
All these rappers telling lies mayn, fuck these fakes
You can tell by my style, I done touched some weight
Ask these boys from the Brae', I made my bread from butter
And I'm married to the streets, like I wed the gutter
Hit I-10, with a hem and a muffler
Make a nigga drop dead, if he ever say that I ain't no hustler
Dear Lord, have mercy
I'm a greedy motherfucker, and I'm thirsty
I got the devil on my back, and he done cursed me
I'm addicted to this cash and it hurts me, somebody help me

(Hook: Lil' O)

(Hook: Mack Biggers)

(Mack Biggers)

Even can't slipping on my hoochie, sleeping at fo' in the morn'
Cause my dog, need four of them zones
Hit the stash, lock the door and I'm gone
Make way, cause Mack Biggers bout to go in the zone
Knowing his own my competition, see they puzzled and lost
I paid the cost baby, now I just be juggling salt
Talk down you better muzzle your mouth, 'fore I run in your house
And fuck around, and put a gun in your mouth
What are stones about, ki's and waters who can run a quick route
And feed em the rock, and let em know what money's about
Cause all I know is getting cash, and then flash
Piss me off, I get a Mack and a mask
Knock a nigga do' down, and tell that nigga put his stacks in the bag
And don't flinch, my reactions are bad
I'm attracted to cash, but if I could then I would throw my crack in the bag
My Mack in the trash, but everytime I try it's like I couldn't have

(Hook)

(Hook: Scrilla)

(Scrilla)

It's the gangsta shooter out the gutter, way ahead of my time
With the heart of a hustler, and I predator mine
I spit that shit that leaves blood in my mouth, I'm the vill' of the South
Stepping on work, like a rug in your house
My fans scream as I dream, of having sold out shows
But I way cook paying bills, out my po' out bowl

Where I'm from the dust ain't dirty, determine niggaz fluff they turkey's
And if you burn, nigga your trust ain't worthy
What you know bout getting your mail, with a digital scale
And dropping one and drowning one, or you shitting in jail
I'm just to satisfy mo' cabbage, puffing pounds of lettuce
Cause our life, is rough around the edges
That's why I peep game, through the frames on the bridge of my nose
I'm whipping up quick on my stove, in my slippers and robe
And my last zone's gone, before I slip on my clothes
If I could then I would stick my dick in a globe, fuck the world

(Hook: Scrilla)

(Hook: Lil' O)

(*talking*)

I can't help it, I'm a Brae' block motherfucking gangsta
I can't help it, I'm a Southwest motherfucking gangsta
I can't help it, I'm a H-Town motherfucking gangsta
We can't help it, we some bar none motherfucking gangstas