

# Trick Daddy, Gangsta

(feat. Baby, Scarface)

[Trick Daddy]

And the winner is, Trick Diesel  
Facemob  
My nigga Baby, ha ha  
Gangsta, gangsta, gangsta

[Chorus]

You know me, 'T' double, you know I'm a G  
Cuz I keeps it gangsta, gangsta, gangsta  
gangsta, gangsta than a motherfucker  
But it was like you, you a pussy nigga  
But I keeps it gangsta, gangsta, gangsta  
gangsta, gangsta than a motherfucker

[Trick Daddy]

Went to a eight ball from a dime piece  
Ship dat, flip dat, bought a nine piece in five weeks  
Shit lookin' good but I think slammin'  
Me and my dawg passed up bought a block and a half  
Sellin' O's or betta clockin a fag  
Bout four, five slugs and we was bustin' they ass  
Gotta keep my bread in a safe place  
We up with my hitchens in undisclosed locations  
Hey yo I got the llello, you got the money  
Try nothin' funny and I don't buy dummies  
Every ounce betta bounce back  
And every brick that I break up  
It all betta flake up  
And when that shit hit the waters  
Shit go to ballin'  
That dope all betta fall in  
I bought coke back on 84  
Back when wood used to get them bricks from the Birdo  
And when I hit him I want to hurt him  
And on cutlass I wanna hit it  
They ass gon' feel it

[Chorus]

[Baby]

Ay, ay, ay, ay  
It's the kid wit the bricks taped up in the grill  
Mmmm Hmmm Cadillac that is  
Wit that rag top bubbly E class burnin' rubber  
You the number 1 stunna ma show a lil somthin'  
Ay, ay roll a lil somethin'  
Mmmm Hmmm blow a lil somethin'  
I got them thangs for a lil nothin'  
If you got a lil money I'ma throw a lil somethin'  
Bump this nigga  
Mmmm Hmmm fuck you nigga  
We aint from 'round here dumpin' on niggas  
But ay Trick Daddy battle up for this nigga  
Well let me get to my hustle (hustle)  
I got bricks, grams, and bundles (bundles)  
I got ki's in the muffler  
Birdman daddy CMB motherfucker

[Chorus]

[Scarface]

Face mob, right back at ya

With O's like cookies I flip like spatulas  
99.9 of the time I'm on the grind  
Bricked up and breakin' em down  
I got to admit the dope game gravy  
3 zippers balled up you bring back 80  
You learn to swell you might see double  
Remember you can't sell bubble  
So here it is fool  
I play the game where its no rules  
Givin' you lessons from the old school  
You don't get high off your own supply  
And when a motherfucker cross you make sure he die  
Make the next man know he got to think about the payback  
This shit go deeper than me rapping or me say that  
Ask my nigga Trick Daddy, ask my nigga Baby  
Been like that since the early 80's

[Chorus]