

# Trick Daddy, Gangsta Livin'

I know 'Pac woulda loved this one here

[Chorus: Trick Daddy]

This gangsta livin, weavin dope dealin, oh how it's changed  
It's gettin strange, and dangerous, but that's the way shit goes

[Trick Daddy]

This nigga needs no introductions  
I'm on this book, and I'm stuck, I'm really the wrong one to fuck wit  
See T-Double known for startin problems but  
K-cutter be the problem solver, if I  
sell you a book nigga stick it  
Cause for every you check you slippin they can call me Flipper  
I only I missed a few niggaz (uh-huh)  
But he lost a couple more vis-a kidney and his liver  
Had to tell him mind me a nigga  
I was like uh-huh, click click, c'mere, don't run nigga  
All I wanna know is  
Where yo' connect, where the sack, where the money where the blow is  
I heard papi got them freighters  
Now either he gon', give 'em to me, or a nigga gon' take 'em  
The dope game's just too overrated  
And to tell y'all the truth a lot of y'all ain't gon' make it  
Done went from crack slingers to R&B singers  
Before the mic's on, you was already singin  
It's just a song was a big hit  
He named me and his bitch on the remix [sing]

[Chorus - 2X]

[Trick Daddy]

And to hell with bein a man about it  
Shit they got fo' niggaz and one gun, fuck bein 21  
Somebody better tell 'em  
And put him up on {?} somebody fuck around and kill him  
You see cause snitches get stitches  
And there ain't that much of a difference between tellin and snitchin  
And I ain't gon' keep on talkin to you niggaz  
I'm gon' walk right up to you niggaz and go off on you niggaz  
And I ain't leavin no witnesses  
And don't get drunk and confess to none of y'all misses  
See I know how to control my Hennessy  
I speak no ingles, play crazy like them Dominicans  
See cause poppa was a rolling stone  
He said, son get your gun, it's a war and it's on  
So y'all go on and bob your head to the song  
Throw up the 4's for the niggaz, that's dead and gone

[Chorus - 2X]

[Trick Daddy]

I'm tired of smokin 'bama-ass weed  
Niggaz out there sellin backyard boogies full o' stems and seeds  
They whoopin the rocks and we compressin the coke  
They makin it hard for them {?} to smoke  
I went to jail tryin to get high; nigga told me  
to go to hell went and called him, told him come get me out  
So our father, who art in heaven  
It must be the devil cause somethin wrong with these niggaz  
Nope - and crazy ain't the word  
They say the stupid shit like Trick why don't you front a nigga a bird  
Fo' what, so you can smoke it up?  
Impress hoes, buy clothes, and make a nigga come fuck you up?  
The game hard on a player

You coulda started with a block and now workin just for quarter fare  
With all the cards I sold the hoes left me all by myself  
And the game don't even care!

[Chorus - 2X]