

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]