

Purple City f/ Jim Jones

"Gangsta"

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You wrapped around me, you wrapped around me
Now I done told y'all niggas in two-thou-four we ain't
the niggas to fuck with
And I done told y'all niggas if you fuckin' with the Dips
then you pressin' your luck B
I'm a pop the trunk and then cock the pump and do lots
of jumpin'
We don't ever leave them chromes at home
Y'all niggas better leave them boys alone

[Jim Jones]

There's parts of Uptown that we call Purple City
Holler at Shiest from the circle to the piffy (hey Bub)
Wrist look good, worth about fifty (blingy)
Whip look good, worth a buck-sixty (flossin')
Shit goes fast, about a buck-sixty (speedin')
Life goes fast, if you blink you might miss me (you got
one chance)
And fuck a glass, if I drink it ain't tipsy (nope)
It's more like pissy, standin' on a couch tryin' order
more Crissy
You order more drippy (right)
Hammer bulgin' out hope the Lord don't frisk me
(squalie)
I still get it in, guns on the waist (click-clack)
Blew about ten grand when I come in the place (ballin')
Now it's all in them ones (yup)
All just for fun (flyin')
See the bitches be players so we roar like the Suns
(ballin')
I'm addicted to the lifestyle
Blowin' weed, piffin' G, riding on the night route

[Chorus]

G-A-N-G-S-T-A (gangsta)
The first we spit, the rest we spray (gangsta)
Y'all ain't built for this thing we after (gangsta)
We bang and clap ya, sting ya, whack ya (gangsta)

[Shiest Bub]

Yeah it's Shiest Bub the Emperor

Go uptown to Broadway, tell 'em that I sent ya
Bullet from the 40 will flip ya
Nigga we sporty, look at shorty she'll all the way from
pictures
I showed ya, told ya niggas that I'm a clap ya
I'll fold ya, told ya niggas I'm not a rapper
Heavy on the wrist-wear, I know what ya heard man
Shit on my arm, run ya 'bout thirty grand
It take a lot to get me high
Half a P of 33, a whole P of 65
I put a price tag, eleven on your dome
Move weight like I ain't never goin' home
I'm a Purple City boss n ya dig
Fuckin' with this money I'm a send y'all to Big (Rest In
Peace)
And understand I'm the world of this piffin'
Comin' through the city with the spoilers and the
system

[Chorus]

[Max B]

On One-O-Six and pop up
Hoppin' out the chopper, fresh outta lockup
I'm 'bout to be up
Start handcuffin' your hoes
I'm the type to leave your baby mamma knocked up
I keep the baby lama cocked up
Max'll out ya
Shoot shit up out ya
Young boss, I could either recruit you or scalp ya
Snake me and I'll make a pair of boots up out ya
He what the game need, he so hungry
Got it down packed and he don't even need to be
punchy
He's cozy, he don't need to be comfy
Wrap crow-bars around your heads like scrungies
They got an APB on your boy
And I got the grade D-E in the choy
In the stashbox, low in the holster
Hit the switch, gonna hop out like Brenda n the toaster,
you's a snitch

[Chorus]

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