

S.L.A.B. f/ Rick D

"Damn You So Gangsta"

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[Trae]

Bitch nigga, you need to stick to what's happening
Cause you be wolfing on the daily, plus you ride when
you capping

I think you entertain yourself, with all your bullshit lies
And I ain't seen a piece of chrome, on all your bullshit
rides

But still your bullshit flies, I know these people can
smell it

How the fuck you gon blow a pound, and don't know
how to inhale it

And I ain't seen you slam a motherfucking thang, on
my block

Except a throw with a '57 Nova, when that broke bitch
stop

How the fuck you gon slide a nigga, without your
boxing game

Plus you got a few beams, aiming dead at your frame

What fo', cause your ass wanna get a bigger name

Shut the fuck up, cause now your ass stuck in the game

[Hook]

Damn you so gangsta, now you with a click so you hard

When you one deep, niggaz pull your card

Dog you so gangsta, if this would of been you then this
would of happened

You killing everybody, when you rapping

Man you so gangsta, everybody scared of you dog

Do you believe, what I'm telling you dog

Cause dog you so gangsta, they don't want no
problems with you

They prolly know, you finna send the laws through

[Jay'Ton]

Damn you so gangsta, you got your Khaki suit with your
open toes

Rhinestones in bandanas, like some of these hoes

You never catch him at the swap meet, you shop at
Mervyn's

Everytime we see the nigga, we gon serve him

Sit back and observe him, nervous when you come

around real G's
Lying about the connects, and all of the big ki's
This last week, he told some niggaz he was with the
mob
Riding a nigga dick, must be your big job
I woulda did this I woulda did that, but you ain't did shit
Lying about the squab, at the club but you ain't slid shit
The Lord better be with ya, if you fuck with me
I'ma let off nine shots, doing a buck fifty

[Hook]

[Boss]

I ain't tripping, I'm on your ass like a papsmere
You got them same old small ass, bullets from last
year
What them fat laces mean, better come up off em
Niggaz get they bandanas, snatched off em
Inches from a coffin, rest in rust to all of my enemies
Pulling up on these fake niggaz, to make em remember
me
Snatching a nigga rag off, cause they ain't no friend to
me
Cause these niggaz out here, got these whole bitch ass
tendencies

[Trae]

Back at it for round two, why you steady lying
Thinking we don't know, nothing but the real is what we
gonna find
See you the kind of nigga, that'll follow the pack
And for any piece of attention, just don't know how to
act
And that's why you get smacked up, teeth kinda
cracked up
Every other week, the same two eyes blacked up
You could try to sell a ticket, but my nigga I ain't buying
it
Get clocked upside the head, just for thinking of trying
it

[Rick D]

Damn you so gangsta, last week was drop on 3's
Now you short of your rent, and you begging for
cheese
Wearing your partna chain, say your neck on freeze
Y'all niggaz pussy, y'all niggaz ain't O.G.'s
We on a mission lil' daddy, trying to get this feddy
I got a brick you can buy, holla back when you ready
Got a swang in the air, trying to hold the wheel steady
See we ball on the Dub, but your balling is petty

[Hook]

(*talking*)

Now-a-day's, everybody wanna be gangsta
Be for real nigga, run around here lying to everybody
Selling these ol' wolf ass tickets, you slapped this
nigga
You shot this nigga, last week you had a Lexus
This week a Benz, you thinking about buying a Maybach
But we let you tell it, know I'm saying
Get your mind right mayn, stop all that lying dog
That fraud ass shit, move around with that shit mayn
Go on step your game up, for real
We just expose the real, that's what it is for this 2K4-
2K5
Niggaz better tell the truth, if not we gon expose it

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