

Trae f/ Boss, Tae, Tri

"Gangsta Shit"

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(*talking*)

Huh, they gotta feel us on this one right here mayn
H-Town to D-Town, bout to mash on these mark ass
niggaz
Feel what I'm saying, gotta respect what's given to you
right now
Ain't no games getting played, you know who this be
nigga
Asshole By Nature, Slow Loud And Bangin
Better yet relax, I got this

[Trae]

It's time to bring it to they face, bitch I been a asshole
for life
Motherfuckers hollin' out plex, but they don't lace the
Nike's
Attitude never mistaken, so these bitches can get it
Forty rounds in a clip is like church, I bet you get lifted
If you heard about A.B.N., you know these hands is sick
I got a bob and a weave game, to leave em stiff as a
brick
Shepo, Jay'Ton, Dub, Boss and Rick
Plus the other hundred and twenty, who stay ready to
click
Shot what these niggaz talking, like they ready for
drama
I shut em up and have they folk signing, bout old as
they mama
I got my homies Tri and Tae, packing K's for Trae
Unless I tell em pop the trunk, so I can get it and spray
I represent it for the hood, but anybody can get it
And if they heard about the Maab, I bet they don't
wanna get with it
Slow Loud when I bang, so I rep for Screw
For all my dogs and the Bloods, and my cousin Blue

[Hook: Tae]

This to all my hustlers ballers, all the shot callers
Range up, and open place
And if you see a bitch nigga, thinking that he's slick
Never hesitate, to put him in his place

See this is some gangsta shit
Trae and Tae hitting, with a gangsta click
S.L.A.B. what it do, y'all respect this shit
Making moves on 45, get it how we live it it's our time
to shine hey

[Boss]

All bitch niggaz, better shake the spot
So many C's in my handshaking, look like a zip-lock
I put a H in front of the C, call it Hoover Crip hopping
0-5, all the lil' homies call ruger grip glocks
I know it sounds crazy, when niggaz use to killing cops
They been harassing our homies, and they thrashing
the block
But I got love for the homies, so I'm passing a chop
Pass the corner and double back, then I blast at the
flock
Do em more dug than a shovel, filling bags up with
cops
I'm in a six tre rag, and bitch it drag when it drop
13's and I drive em, soak up my rag it ain't sock
I keep a 4-4 mag, and when I'm mad bitch it pop
I mean it crack, I keep a new flag in the Lac
Eight placks to the back, fresh set of them cats
Hat to the left back, big Crip in the pack
See me throwing up my set, steady Crippling the mat
cuz

[Hook]

[Tri]

Been real off top, cause 200 Clan be the god damn
block
Real what I am, and the shit won't stop
Haters they plot, want it with me not
Make your body drop, one blow one shot
Tri in this bitch, and the clip's what I claim
A.K.A. Yellow Dame, hot as fire spitting flame
Recognize 'fore I came, no lie untamed
What these niggaz trying to bring, ain't nothing ain't a
thang
Got killers in the clip, got killers in the grove
Got killers in the North, and the South slow your roll
'Fore you end up knocked off, wanna play me for soft
Bitch ass gon get lost, in a river pay the cost
What you wanna do Blood, chill out or get drug
Peel out or get plugged, pussy nigga what the fuck
Yeah I might be small, but I got a lot of clout
Representing out the South, hold your tongue watch
your mouth

[Hook]

(*talking*)

If that ain't, self explanatory right there

These marks gotta understand, it's real in the field

Can't put another fo' motherfuckers together, that's
gon shut shit down like this

Bitch ass nigga need to go back to they pen and pad,
and rewrite they shit

We do shit like this, everyday all day mayn

Asshole By Nature, G-Maab Entertainment

You know I'm saying it go down, Southside's finest

Ay you know I respect that D-Town, I gotta shout out
Oak Cliff

All the rest of the hood, you know it's Southwest over
here homie for real

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