

Z-Ro

"Gangsta Girl"

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[Feat. Lil Boss, Yung Redd & J-Doe]

[Talking:]

SK, Sha, bout time you let these niggas know

What you really bout, know I'm saying

It's Slow Loud And Bangin', all these mark ass niggas

We bringing the real back, street shit

Gangsta shit, fin to put you hoes in your place

[Lil Boss Hogg;]

A pair of fresh pressed Khakis, and Chucks will do me fine

I provide promethazyne, so please pour out that whine

But don't waste it on my new shoestrings, bitch I bang

My bold laces, match the same color of my flag that

hangs (damn)

I stay G to the T, E to the B

H to the C, the streets raised me properly

Block monopoly, always some shit in the block

Cali building got naughty, knocked off Big Glock

Had to call up Reese's, got guns to dock

He done called his connect, and picked up a new stock

These broke ass niggas, ain't nothing but peasants

Wrap a nigga ass up, like Christmas presents

These niggas ain't G's, these niggas is wussies

Get your lips off my dick, and go eat you some pussy

I ain't worried bout a bitch, she can kiss my ass

The only time I come to fuck, is when I can't get cash

Keep your mind off mines, and build up your stash

All blunts rolled up, endo in hash

Out of a bitch ass nigga, I'll make a believer

Have these niggas catching bullets, like wide receivers

Bitch I hit a lick, bought a Lac hit a switch

You can ask these niggas trick, S.L.A.B. the shit

Just because playas get chose, you wan' grab your

bitch

I bet nine out of ten, we can have the bitch

[Trae:]

I never been a thug, till I graduated to one

And never shot a slug, till I got my hands on a gun

These niggas be fraud and fake, and ain't never been worthy

Got me feeling like Jordan, dumping 23 in they jersey

I'm sick and I'm slick, I run with gang bangers and
jackers
Frame plackers and bad actors, being watched by
them crackers
I'm running through plex with plex, like I'm Randy Moss
You run in my house, your head I'm fin to be knocking it
off
And fucking your spouse, with nuts running all in her
mouth
That bitch'll get tossed, like a drop top slab in the South
God damn cause here I go again, cooking and flipping
dope again
Ten bricks in the do' again, ready to hit the road again
Trae done just wrecked the flow again, lyrically I'm a
ass
I'm sick of these roaching niggas, trying to get inside
of my stash
Bitch it ain't gon happen, fuck rapping cause I'ma get
you
And have your mama in church, word for word reading
scriptures
Don't let me grab the chrome, and break up a happy
home
Long as I'm getting my hustle on, ain't nothing wrong
Now all my music, ain't just good wordplay
Listen real close, niggas feel ery'thing I say
Play it smart, you can get your days dark
Them K's spark and break you apart, nigga so don't
start
You don't wanna end your life, on a bad note
Get lost in gun smoke, niggas better take notes
From neopacknol, you ain't getting nothing back
Plus the new Cadillac, 22's under that
7-1-3, niggas better move out
Walk a straight line, Yung Redd keep his tool out
[Talking:]
Yeah, it's not a game know I'm saying
The world is crooked, my niggas is straight
[J-Doe:]
My nigga, it's time to make this shit known
S Dub, V is finally in the Screw zone
It took a minute, but you know we had to find home
Too many funny niggas, acting like they wasn't wrong
Jump fly with a vulture, get your brains blown
You Donny Brasco, me my nigga I'm Al Kapone
We take private flights, you niggas never leave home
Fifteen hundred, plus I gotta get some thoed dome
I fuck's, with the S.U.Cizzy
Moving these tapes, with the B.U.Dizzy
Vulture piece spin, until I O-Dizzy
A thoed mouthpiece, make pimping so easy

Bat a hoe up, like my nigga named Geezy
Repping the Dub, with S.L.A.Beezie
[Z-Ro:]
Joseph rain, I'm here to put black eyes in the game
Wouldn't give a fuck about rapping, I'm a gangsta you
know my name
Some people call me the crooked, some people call me
the Don
Some people call me heartless, cause if it's beef I'll
smoke your mom's
And your papa and your uncle Eddy, nigga this war for
real
I suggest you go get your people ready, cause I'ma
slide by and fuck a driveby
I'ma throw my shit in park, and straight up hopping out
Sound like applause in the streets, all these Uzi shells
dropping out
Fuck with Mr. McVey, and diiiiie
Repping it like Southsive for live, fo' liiife
I pistol grip, with motherfuckers at all times
Navy blue up in the Regal, leaning to the left side
2-wheeling down South McGregor, bending corners in
the Tre
No license or insurance, but I ain't legal anyway
Gon jump on the bun, cause my warrant got a color
One love to Yukmouth, in uniting the ghettos we all
gutter

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