Wu-Tang Clan F/ Junior Reid "Gangsta Shit"

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[Big Boi]

Some of that uh, LTD Lincoln Town Car Some of that El Dorado funk, know what I'm talking about

Gangsta Shit, you know, lay back, cool out, yeah You know we keep it crunk around here, A-town style Getting head on the highways yeah, but this what I wanna know

[Hook]

Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit Outkast, Goodie Mob and the Dungeon click Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit Do you really wanna know about some gangsta shit Dirty South nigga we straight gangsta pimps

[Big Boi]

O-U-T-K-A-S-T,O-N-P,G-O-O-D-I-E, so fresh so clean Back with Stankona, Dungeon Family Pearl Cadillac on dics adn vogues, flip flops, t-shirts and Dickies

It's the return of Billy Ocean, Cuervo is my drink Stank, stank means you got the funkiest, dopest heat on the street

Three G ski, Slimm, Big Boi and ths is C B-O-N-E
If you need some back-up find Jerome,
ya girl gonna give you grief at home
Just tell these hoez wanna be on the same team that
she's layin on

[Hook]

[C-Bone]

Dope boys in the trap like to stack the dough When beef come areound can't let it go When my funds turn legit i'm gonna let you know Ridin rims real good down Old National It's trappable, two bed, Jacuzzi bath, it's natural Puttin cheese in ya stash, un-taxable futhermuckers get mad

Steady watching myself, got eyes in my back Don't take no slack, when you managing the trap If you work out, gotta get it right back I trap by day boy, rap by night, C-Bone in this Bitch College Park trump tight

[Hook]

[T-Mo Goodie]

I'm pimp tight, give a fuck, niggaz know what's up
It's T-Mo and Outkast in the back of my truck
We gotta simple little problem that we got to solve
It like it ain't about the money, we got to handle the job
No colors or rags, just guns and masks
We not scared to blast and dip off fast
With the Dungeon click, just pulled a lick
Now what you really wanna know about the gangsta
shit

[Slimm Calhoun]

Back on the scence, a sack of green sitting on crome and rubber bands

Paint looking like Candyland, it's Sllimm the South Paw triggerman

Flippin work and whippin weight, rock up, roll and get the papes

Chop them hoez and then you skate, ack to the block wit the deflate

Grams the O's, slabes to whole one's da flake
A young nigga holdin big face foldin
Pimps are known for catching runaways
A good hustler's known to keep his gun away
First nigga run up and try to jack mine,
first nigga fuck up to get flat lined
Pack still stainless Coupe and Verts brainless
Y'all don't wanna fuck wit me, the trunk be at bangin
Of the chain danling, y'all know that i'm form C.P

[Hook]

[Andre 3000]

Outkas wit a K, yeah them niggaz are hard Harder than a nigga trying to impress God We'll pull your're whole deck, fuck pulling your card And still take my guitar and take a walk in the park Any play the sweetest melody the street ever heard Now bitches sucking on my nouns and I'm eating their verbs

Get full, and niggaz, niggaz,

pop, pop, lock, lock to the, to the beat, beat
As if pitbulls went out of style, made a vow to myself
If it's for the wealth i'll stop, well put i like this
It's like me selling some dope because my girlfriend
wants to shop

Wrong reason, whatever the season, hey winter, spring, summer or fall

I dont stall, slow drag wit your brain against the wall Yeah, nigga naw, we learn to the side don't fall All y'all fuck boys, tuck toys inside your pants Just to pull it out, point it at the ground and make a nigga wanna dance

Now what that be for, you're on that reefer and on that Tupac

In front of them oooh wops, trying to show out, that's the hoe route

Talking loud talking bout that's gangsta shit

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