

T-Mo

"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 funkier, 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 papas
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 ooh wops, trying to show out, that's
the hoe route
Talking loud talking bout that's gangsta shit

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