

Angel Taylor

"Gangster Ass Anthony"

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[Slug]

You can't fuck with the felt flow
All the shit that you talking, don't help you grow
Mad face can't wait to catch you man made elbow
You see mee say hello, when I leave say helll no
I'm not an asshole, I'm a perfectionist
Travel the globe to have sex with pessemist
My? my doctor and my excorsist
All suggest that we come here to wreck your shit
It's the treacherous, two plus Ant
If we can't do it, who the fuck can
They claim? slave to the ringtone
I smell pussy in the bacon that you bring home
The fistfucking is function in this function
Enough to justify, shutting down you're production
Get off the straight at ya life for
One of these mc's puts it on you're wife

[Murs]

Your girlfriend got her panties off, once again
One naughty nasty shit that I done to her friend
So once again it's on motherfucker
And you won't do shit, you a bitch so fuck you
I didn't like myself this morning when I woke up
So keep talking shit like I won't loc up
I'm from? we don't stop
When the police come, than the heat go poppin'
Now we stopping, we go in the house
You can get you're time for just try to show out
I'm trying to roll out, no doubt
Comming to take ya ho out
Popping that junk, young punk what you know about
Felt 2 me and Slug comming trough
When we serving these suckers like may I help you
Supersize when we ride on these busters
Murs two times with the L motherfucker

[Murs]

Man who the hell are you, trying bark trough
This is my episode and it don't co-star you
So shut you're fucking mouth

If you don't know what you talking about
Get on you're cellphone, call her, tell him
Now you running my name to the mud again
Who I fuck ain't none of you're bussines
What I lick or suck man mind you're bitchness
And that's bitchness, not?
You ain't proffesional punk, you're a pimp's assistant
You ride shotgun, I try to whip fool
Pussy don't drive this car, bitch dick do
And if I hit you it's a knockout
You strowed in but I bet ya won't walkout
0-0-7-3-7-3-5-9-6-3
That's the code if you wanna fuck with me

[Slug]

You want a hit
Give me a dollar plus a beer and some head
Yo Ant turn up the snare till my eardrums turn red
This is for my people waking up and burn in bed
And this is for my people waking up to earn the rent
I didn't come start no message
I paid at the entrance I wasn't on the guestlist
Had a few beverage than left
Because the rappers, hookers and? werent to
impresive
Dirty something getting closer to the turkey stuffing
Thirty husbands victem of a mercy snuffing
Birdy bugging on the botom line
But I'm bussing of the wine so everything is fine
Put you're hands in the air, like you happy to have
Hands
I'm jump up and down like I'm happy to have fans
It's all stay away from the pistols and
On the bigger things, peace to Ricky Jamesa

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