

Birdman "We Gangsta"

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(Birdman intro)

This here for the money homeboy
Money money money train nigga
It's like we done balled 'til we fall, and we done fall 'til
we Balled
And then we back and bounce back bitch
YEA
It's real simple nigga
It's just seein' to be what's in you nigga
If you a hustla, you gonna get dough
And that's how it goes.

(Birdman chorus)

Them niggas talking 'bout it but they know we gangstas
Tommy guns, army guns quick to bang ya
Pull up at the club brand new fresh painted
Them hoes wanna ride hood rich n famous
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(All Star verse 1)

I gotta get this money, I gotta I just gotta
Not a little a lotta from rap, a rough rida
(Harlem)
I'm proly out in the East getting it in on the low since I
met Stunna I get 'em for ten
(Yeaaa)
I just bought some new guns and got rid of some
friends (fuck 'em)
I'm about my business I git it from Slim
I grind hard (grind haaard) ya Cashville I'm gon
swagga
Pimpin' in the car I'm gon' mask up or bang up
Hustla, gangsta, old school Chevrolet
Custom painted (skerr) they love me in the hood,
So I'm like fuck bein' famous
You don't wanna live my life,
Trust me I'm dangerous, I must keep a banga
(Yeaaa)What can I say but when it's on, it's on
If we don' call it off until everybody's gone

Allstar homey, keep a hell of a price
Cash Money still a army and I earn my stripes

(Birdman chorus)

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(Yo Gotti verse 2)

I'm a gangsta millionaire since
You could put me on the scale and weigh everythin'
I'm 36 old fishscale still stand
Then eat the nigga
And I'ma ride fo' my people nigga
I'm in the hood where the goons be
Whoever assumed that me a be runnin' around with
CMB
I gotta a army and I'm the general nigga

Money plentiful nigga, then why your old lady into the
nigga

I'ma button down bricks and voices off in my head
Like murder 'bout conspiracy, watchin' out fo' the Feds
Fo' real I got Mexican friends, I ain't gon' lie about it
And I took a few losses I aint gon' cry about it
But I'll front you a brick if you down and tapped out
A nigga shot your homie in the head, you just gettin'
high about it
Yo Gotti straight up I'm a snitch killa
Don't even speak to me Darth, you ain't a real nigga

(Birdman chorus)

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(Birdman verse 3)

Now I'm ridin' through my town got the key to my city
All the tin mo' things brand new in the minute
Every nigga in this mothafucka know me dog
Livin' legend, ridin' fly, nigga ball 'til ya fall

Methomine Project where I started the struggle
Gladys run around sams in the circle we hustle
K.C. gave me the game, I took it n tuck it
Nigga brought it to another level cookin' n cuttin'
From the half 17's, nigga 50s n hundreds,
I done made the Lamborghinis, Rolls Royces on buttons
And I done did my time, I wouldn't git it, wouldn't git it
And got it on my mind 'cuz it's money over bitches
All the time I'm 'bout mine, nigga workin' from digits
Green bag full of cash nigga how we feel it
Stunna Island poppin' bottles nigga fuckin' them
bitches
Got the money and fame and them and them come on
wit' it, mo' hundred

(Birdman chorus)

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