

# Birdman

## "We Gansta"

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### "We Gansta"

(feat. All Star Cashville Prince & Yo Gotti)

This here for the money homeboy  
Money money money train nigga  
It's like we evolve till we fall, and we done fall till we  
evolve  
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.

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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I gotta get this money, I gotta I just gotta  
Not a little a lotta from rap, a rough rida  
(Harlem)  
I'm prolly out in the east getting it in on the loc since I'm  
a stunna I get em from ten  
(yeaaa)  
I just bought some new guns and got rid of some  
friends (f\*\*k em)  
I'm about my business I git it from Slim  
I grind hard (grind haaard) ya cashville I'm gon  
swagga  
Pimpin on 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 f\*\*k bein famous  
You don't wana live my life,  
Trust me I'm dangerous, I must keep a banga  
(Yeeaaa)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

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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'm gonna ride fo my people nigga  
I'm in the hood where the dudes be  
Whoever assumed that me a b runnin around with c  
and b  
I gotta a army and I'm the general nigga  
Money plentiful nigga, then why your old lady into the  
nigga  
I'm a button down bricks and voices off in my head  
Like murder bout the spirits and 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 ain't 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 getting  
high about it  
Yo gotti straight up I'm a snitch killa  
Don't even speak to me Garth, you ain't a real nigga

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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 mothaf\*\*ka no me dog  
Livin legend, ridin fly, nigga ball n fall  
Methomine project where I started the struggle  
Gladis 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 cutting

From the half 17's, nigga 50 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 cause 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 f\*\*kin them bitches  
Got the money and fame and them and them come on  
with it, mo hundred

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