

## Class Of '99

### "V-Dog and Da Gangsta"

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[Verse 1: Gangsta Blac]

Stressed in the party back and now I'm the one that  
took to long  
Can it be I'm crunk and or is it that Big Chug is passin'  
on  
Family, friends, hoes, all ah my niggas ridin' rollie  
vogues  
Ridin' pass me hollerin' at me bury me a snizote hoe,  
Hard headed nigga bitch, die by the trigger trick  
Chillin' wid my nigga Slick, kickin' pimpin' on a brick  
Every fuckin' day, Parkway chiefin' plenty hay  
What ya gotta say, Gabay where a nigga stay  
V-Dog's comin' at ya wid the mind of lunatic  
Bitch you cannot fuck with this, standin' with the pistol  
grip  
Loadin' up my shells, I smells me an enemy  
Damn if a nigga don't die 'fore he get to me  
Ride with the Luger let it go, let it fuckin' go  
Man if for bricks, aww shit, we be in this hoe  
Down 'til we die, stay high never fuckin' play  
Killers on the realer motherfucka South Parkway

Hook:

V-Dog plus the gangsta done kick that bitch in  
Damn man, them fuckin' niggas done struck again  
(Call the police and tell them watch your back)

[Verse 2: V-Dog]

We from the South part ah town where the police we  
hate  
Ah lotta niggas die young ah lotta bitches get raped  
So if you violate fool, your ass we gon' chase  
Nail ya coffin' up, blow, shoot bricks in ya face  
This shit is serious motherfucka, so bitch listen up  
South Memphis in this bitch fool and we clickin' up,  
Real niggas out the midnight roamin' the streets  
It's nuthin' but real around  
None ah you hoes won't get chance to sleep  
So close them curtains, and make sure all them doors  
locked  
Cause when we rush up in that bitch fool somebody

gon' drop  
Call the police motherfucka, we don't give a fuck  
You betta have a cellular phone cause all them phone  
lines is cut  
Lock your door, a note left on the dresser  
Face down on the floor, is where I left her  
Changed clothes in the alley, my body was numb  
Call the Gangsta, yeah fool the job is done

Hook

[Verse 3: Gangsta Blac]

People all up in my head, put my cousin down to sleep  
Vietnam, here I come, see if you can deal with me  
Anna's in the air, all you smell is the scent of shit  
\*Gunshots\*, Kill you just for the fuck of it  
Pop I blow I smoke, I blow I smoke 'em out there just like  
grass  
S-P-V, R-I-C, creped up on your monkey ass  
Mitchell Heights, B-V-D, L-M-G, and many more  
S-P-L might as well get it cause you know the score  
Buck fuck stuck wid a duck, I don't need this  
Big business motherfucka be a witness  
I was a fool cause back in school didn't learn shit  
Totin' a jewel it was a rule in the South shit  
B is for Blac, but I be back, wid some real shit  
V is my dog, and he be strapped, wid a full clip  
G-A-N-G-S-T-A comin' from South Parkway  
Smokin' on a blunt ah hay,  
Damn what another say, BITCH!

Hook (2x)

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