

**Claudia Jung****"Good & Hi"**

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[Chorus: repeat 2X]

If you niggaz good and hi let me see you clap your hands

If you niggaz good and drunk let me see you clap your hands

[Gangsta Boo]

Bitch you know I'm lookin good, on the block posted up  
Icy white reeboks throwin Triple Six up

In the air I don't care, you see Billboards playa  
Platinum billboards in the hood of you playa haters  
Try to sneak up in the club low key, fuck an autograph  
Dog I'm tryna chill, you can catch me in the aftermath  
I ain't tryna brag or say I'm all that, when I'm not  
But I'm fuckin bad, I'm knockin plenty bitches out the spot

I was always told that my pussy be the fuckin best  
If you want to test let me put your nigga on some X  
If you want to fuck let me see who money spend the best

Eight figure dick be the best nigga nuttin less  
Niggaz round town actin like they fucked the Gangsta Boo

Hoes round town sayin did she fuck my man too?

Yo I'm runnin shit niggaz gave me crown, labeled me the queen

Gonna do this damn thing bitch, know what I fuckin mean

[Chorus]

[Gangsta Boo]

Now everybody claim the role of a killa killa  
Yean ain't do no ten twenty years in the pen nigga  
Flaugin ass boy wit you mug on like you hard  
Boy you need to stop yean neva had a fuckin charge  
You a momma's boy Gangsta Boo went to school with you

You the honor roll yean neva had a fuckin crew  
Wit cha girlfriend with her jealous ass on the scene  
Black ass bitch blue long braids bitch please

It's about time that I told you  
I don't care if you bitches dont speak, i don't love you  
Listen to the rumors called the story crazy lady boo  
Got my nigga rollin blunts and smokin to get fucked up  
I know you gon hate when you see me comin on them  
thangs  
Pullin in the gated driveway cause I'm havin thangs  
Still I'll bust a cap if I catch you on surveillance  
Two killaz on the roof  
Bulletproof  
We don't love you

[Chorus]

[Juicy J]  
Why I'm devoted to this game  
Where they slang  
And they gangbang  
North North mayn  
Wit them curls and them gold thangs  
Lemons wanna step to a playa wit these lame names  
Knowin they dont wannat come to our side buckin  
brains  
20 thousand cash to my nigga nigga  
Kill this bitch  
Heat on them leather seats lets get into some gangsta  
shit  
See the boy walkin down the street  
Grab him by his neck  
Point him with the tec what's your set  
Leave his body wet  
We don't play  
Wit other folks kids  
We rob  
We steal  
We gaffle  
We bid  
We pimp  
These bitches  
We put em  
On charge  
We smoke  
That skunk  
We roll  
We mob  
We business  
We Bentley's  
Our cheese  
Stay fat  
The mink  
The coat

The cow  
Boy hat  
The fangs  
The shades  
We gotta  
Stay paid  
Three 6  
Don't play  
My nigga  
We spray

[Chorus] - 8X

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