

B.G. "Gangsta Sh*t!!"

Visit "[Gangsta Sh*t!!](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Lil Wayne talking]

Uh-oh, uh-oh

You know how we do it

Weezy and Petey, baby

Ya'know

This here is 500 Degreez

Holla at 'em dogg

[Petey Pablo]

'cause I know I ain't dreaming

I swear to God it sound like Petey Pablo on that track
with Lil Weezy

Switching it up

Fuck it put them things on the truck

What's the name of y'all jeweler tell 'em freeze me up

Hating me kinky licks talking so much

Lemme give these sons of bitches a reason to keep it
talking

You want to

You ain't built to squabble with us

I come to your show with heat homes and run on your
bus

I drink your water up

Cool off I'm leaving with something

They leaving you something crop stolen

An asshole heard it

Hip on purpose

Dre I did what you told me

I been acting like I don't hear ya but that shit been working

Keep me a burner

Poison that I grab in the morning

'cause I know that that's what's gon hold me down on this earth

A real nigga trill nigga pull out and get debated

I keep waiting

I hear your name in the papers
[Hook][Lil Wayne & Petey Pablo]

They call me young as Weezy

I'm gon round up the whole uptown

We gon burn this bitch down to the ground

People understand that you're fucking with some motherfucking soldiers

Crazy-ass Petey

I'ma tell a nigga just like this

If you want it boy you sure can get it

You ain't heard

It's Cash Money and that Carolina nigga
[Lil Wayne]

They call me gangsta gangsta

Weezy, Weezy

Lil Birdman junior

Holla at ya nigga

I fuck around and throw a bottle at you nigga

I'ma big pimp I throw a model at you nigga

Squad-ad squad up throw up the motto at you niggaz

You can mind up I throw a hollow at you nigga

And I'm so high

No I'm too high

But a little work on a few blocks

And I put a few skirts on a few blocks
If you dirt you feel the burst from my fuse box

Oh lordy there nobody like me shortie

I hold Cash Money myself it's me money

Old cats wants to test come see shortie

I got it all hot it in the pocket I'll pop it

I riding in a 'Rarri where the top is in my pocket

That's young Weezy baby

[Hook]

[Lil Wayne]

You see it's young Wayne

Game is ashamed and they say he's a pain

He is crazy deranged

Put them blades on his thing

Just like 80 to summer

So, when the sun hit it look like Baby or something

So, when I come through the ladies praise me or
something

Like, Weezy's the man

If you be's where he be's then you leaves with a tan

'cause he's 500 Degreez

I need a fan, whew

Cool me off wipe me down

Daddy is back in town

With the back of my Caddy slanted down

And the mack goes +black+ if you ask around

Put some hash in that grass that you pass around

Then I stash a pound by my ave with rounds

I'm a gangsta until they put my casket down

You can ask around

And they tell you like me

There ain't nobody like me

It's Weezy baby

[Hook]

[Lil Wayne talking]

Aiiyo see this is right here is Young Weezy nigga

Don't get it tangled and twisted

I'm in the studio right now nigga

With my boy

My nigga Boo in this bitch

My nigga hot boy album ya'know what I mean

500 Degreez

They all riding with ya boy

Fi-Fi

They gotta feel me

Birdman junior, number one stunna my partner

You know the name, bitch

Visit [B.G.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.