

Dirty "Gangsta"

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F/ Lil' Burn One

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Uh

Bitch I been a "G" all my life

A "G" down to ride

"G's" stay getting high

I'm a "G" 'til I die

A nigga known to bust gats

Take half a day to skeet crack

I represent the slum

Gangsta body dipped in all black

Don't act like you ain't know that

My clique is quick to go at

Any of y'all prankstas, y'all ain't gangstas

Y'all just throwbacks

Put slugs to yo brain

Thuggin blood's in my vein

The ghetto version of Norman Bates

Thug in the same

So ask about me

Porno with six stars

So don't doubt me

And niggaz who ain't gangsta

Stay the fuck away from round me

I got dope in every county

Fuckin bitches that's a ?

They call me that boy Nutty

Ain't no nigga finna clown me

Shit, I haul off and kidnap yo whole family

Strap up a bomb and kill every one for testing me

So when I go I'm taking all my folks

So when we hit hell, we still can go to war

That's gangsta!

Now if you catch me with a OZ

Ridin 4 deep in a Caprice

Hollin fuck the police motherfucker

You in the hood er'day

Same clothes tryin ta skeet a pound of dro'

motherfucker

You in the feds gotta do 5 years
Just because you would't squeal motherfucker
You got kids to feed
They gotta live even if you have to kill motherfucker

Now Lil Burn-One's the nigga hoe hoppin, dro' copin,
gun toter
Wool club loader, 4-5 in the holster
And it's the take over
I'm shaking these bitches from off my cock
And these haters up off my shoulder
Claiming gangsta but you so coward
Talking bout trepos
Sissy ass bitch then take yo ass to Chuck Wilder
Women's prison and you still probably won't last for a
hour
You a nigga scared to death you gon' get raped in the
shower
By 6 dikes slapping yo ass with towels
You'll probably move yo bowels
You'll probably piss on yourself and crumble like a ball
of powder
See we fo sho' folk, 9-7 four-door
Black Game claiming throwing signs out the window
We keep it all "G", since elementary
We represented from the block to penitentiary
Make em remember me, Burn one the O.G
I'm going out black clothes out, fro'd out, that's
Gangsta!

CHORUS

He just asked me "Pimp why you ? my trick?"
Hoes tell that nigga my name
Frank Dingaling bitch
I'm that fat daddy hall
Fifth of Hen, hydro, bull dagger and her friend
I'm a fat nasty dog
I make these hoes crawl
Plus I'm gangsta bought
Bust at my enemy
Plus I'm in they main girl draws
You ain't no kin to me
So nigga keep my name out yo mouth
You talkin shit I'll cock this trigga bitch and run in yo
house
And lay you down
Let me come into your house
So piss on the ground
Cock this pistol into your mouth
And don't make a sound

There's no way in and there's no way out
So bring me your ?
I'm bumping New Edition's "Candygirl"
When Ronnie, Bobby, Ricky, and Mike had a curl
That's gangsta
You heard gangstas make the world turn round
Well shit's gon' continue popping while fire burn on the
ground
Now that's gangsta!

CHORUS

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