

Eightball & Mjg "Gangsta"

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We represent it to the fullest
Keep it gangsta mang
You know them niggas from the dirty
Do them gangsta thangs
Hoes love it when I pull up in my big ol' truck
They smokin good
With that crocodile touchin they butt
Call it what'chu want
I do it with the best
Spit it how I live it
Fat Boy, he dange-ress
Watch what'cha say
My squad don't play
My hood like Viagra
Make you hard all day
Don't talk about it, be
About it like a G
I pop it like a Ruger
Semi-automatically
Ya girlfriend love it
She tell me when I see her
She hate'chu like you hate me
I rock it like Aaliyah
Back and forth, up and down
Harder, and deeper
She hit me on my cell-phone, e-mail and beeper
A regular nigga with makin money on my mind
A young street hustla
Always on the grind
See me when ya see me
Never know when I be pullin up
Four-door, foreign, or big rims on American truck
That's me with the clouds comin out the roof
On the street or in the booth, yo
Grand Hustle!
T.I.P!
Let's go!
Ohhh!
Aye nigga
Call it what'chu want
I give it to ya real
Spit it how I live it pimp

It is what it is
They can't kick it where I kick it
They ain't live how I live
Ain't just another run of the mill rapper with a deal
Wanna push my buttons?
Tryin'a test my limits?
Been in shoot-outs
But thanks to my vest, I'm livin
All these so called villains
Who act like women
Really make me sick
Don't make me stick this
Fourty-fo' desert and elope yo slip
Un-load this clip
Til' the gun go "click! "
Niggas wanna try Tip
I'm a do him like this
Paint a picture, draw a Chopper

And erase his clique
Send some niggas to ya house
That'cha didn't invite
Do some thangs to ya wife
That'll damage ya life
I don't think you can imagine
What that's bout to be like
Instead of bitchin all the time
Ya should be tryin to do right
Put a slug in ya mug
Make ya piss in ya shorts
Have ya mama at the wake
Cryin, kissin ya corpse
Yeah, I know the ice is shining
I'm a glisten, of course
And y'all niggas still whining
Like some bitches and whores
I ain't gon' stop grindin
Until I see my pitch and fork
No, I'm a be richer than you
My pops was richer than yours
It's extradition
I know y'all niggas wishin me dead
But I keep it pimpin instead
Get this shit in ya head
Call it what'chu want
Well, I'm pullin up in a big ol' truck
I looked in my rear-view, I saw a big ol' butt (Daaamn!)
I'm like "Hey Ms. Parker, when you gon' let me fuck!?"
She said "When you put some 23's on ya truck"
So I flipped me a brick in a couple of days
I hit the mall for throw-backs and couple of Jay's

And don't jack!
Cause you will catch a couple of strays
Cause me, Ball, and T.I.
Pack a couple of K's
Cause we some gangstas
And you a motherfuckin wanksta
Get out-of-line and I'm a have to come shank ya
Cause I'm "Trill" with' a "Pocket Full of Stones"
You know I'm ridin dirty
Talkin' on my Sprint phone
My paint dubbed two-tone
I'm sittin on Lorenz'
Cause down in Texas
We roll twenty-twen' twens
And we, bang Screw (Bang Screw)
And sip that purple
Nigga, we straight from the streets
You too commercial, nigga
Call it what'chu want

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