

French Montana "Gang Life"

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Hook

Tony Yayo:

What that Blood life be like?

What that Crip life be like?

What's that Vice Lord life like?

What's the G.D. life like?

Put in work, this initiation

Put in work, this initiation

Put in work, this initiation

Put in work, this initiation

Verse 1

Tony Yayo:

It's a sunny day in Southside, my man got tossed

Got his brains blew out on the handball court

Word is T said suttin' to Craig's baby-momma

Craig got upset, and shot him with the Llama

Craig in the cut, Blood niggaz put him up

Plane in PA, land casual wit' a slut

And he still walk around with the semi that killed T

He let his big bro push and re-up in Philly

What little do we know 'bout his Philly connect

That nigga T had fear bleed, he'll filll he correct

Craig re'd-up once, Craig re'd-up twice

Sour Diesel, two pounds, everything look nice

But the third time, suttin' fishy, the nigga Izzy

And two goonies, the roof loony

The Mac extended, Craig ran off like the Jamaicans in
the Olympics

Jumped out the window when he got into British

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Verse 2

French Montana:

Blood life, Crip life, G.D, Vice Lord
Rodgers, Tookie, Hoover, Larry yo
Them El Salvador, Ms-13 niggaz bangin'

Only 13

Vice Lords love me like Jeff Gorde, if a nigga ask for it
Hit him from the back, put his brains on the dashboard

They say OG Mack, brung the Bloods to the East
around 9-3

In C-7-3

Crips and G.D rep the 6

Bloods and Vice Lords rep the 5

OG Puddin, Corey bangin' them 46 Clover Boy niggaz
do they thang

Get shot for your flag on the wrong pocket

You wanna know when them Coke Wave niggaz
droppin'

For my nigga Yay, shoot a nigga face off

In broadday, and tell 'em it's Coke Wave

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Verse 3

Max B:

I don't know what it is to be Blood or Crip but I twerk

Nigga it's the Silver Surf

Got my lil' Gain Greene soldiers on deck

They waitin' to take jewels, they waitin' on the plate of
food

Wait to make a move when I say so

Prego fallin' from the sky, laying all the baller guys

All of I, naw nigga, you can't have none of the boss,

Bigga

Leave a nigga corpse to quiver

Frost and shivers, let's get that nigga in the Benzy
gleamin'

The boy P.O. deliver

Pieces all fresh out the factory, courtesy of streets, I'm
blessed

My momma couldn't said it the best

Started 1090's out in Trenton

And I ain't even Blood, I'm a dentist possibly facing a
life sentence
I bet ship set out
Streets is saying I got a so-called hit out
Get out

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