

Gangsta Blac

"Don't Stand So Close '2001' F/ Three 6 Mafia"

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[Chorus 8X]

Don't stand, don't stand so close to me

[Verse 1: Gangsta Boo]

Rip you bitches mugs off

Lookin at me fire hot

Rollin wit my brother E

Take me to your stash spot

Queen of Memphis reppin

Crazy lady steppin

Comin wit tha automatic chrome tone weapon

Nigga yah you know the biz

What you in my face for

Add teeth gold bracelet wit tha fuckin bezzle

Cruisin wit tha limo

Tint on my window

Pop a half X

Now I'm ready to get felt on

On my way to New York

Get the latest fashion

Head on back to Memphis

Hit the Pure Passion

Shake it shake your ass bitch

Sexy fine thang you

Mad hoes always got something about the Gangsta

Boo

Catch me at the Grammy's

Wit a blunt, runnin shit

Fuck you sissy bitches

Ya'll can't fuck wit me, I'm runnin shit

Everybody know

All my niggaz do just what I say

Nowhere close to me

Check the fuckin resume

[Repeat Chorus 8X]

[Verse 2: Lord Infamous]

Don't stand much closer

I can't focus

On the snow ????????????????

This automatic
Start to splattin
Cappin, fuck the police
My millimeter
Like my peter
Keep em rippin apart
Evaporate em
On this caper
Sissy boy wit no heart
A lot of punks
They talk that junk
Up on that fuck the Scarecrow
I'm super cool
You act a fool
You coward you gotta go
I'm mega ?????? super pimp
????????? to the grave
But if I'm trippin off that hay
That be the end of the day

[Verse 3: Crunchy Blac]

Don't stand so motha fuckin close to me
If you stand too close you get the elbow G
Go on young nigga
Tryna start some shit
If you start some shit
Nigga this what you get
I'm a rock and roll
I'm a lock and unload
I'm a lay your weak ass down on the floor
In this gotdamn club
Cause i told you bro
Don't stand so motha fuckin close to me

[Repeat Chorus]

[Verse 4: Juicy]]

Let me be me
Let you be you
Let me smoke my weed
You can do what you do
If I'm ridin in the Bentley
Don't be mad at me
Your baby momma
Wanna holla
Know she glad to see
A classy playa from the North
Wit a bag of good
Fifth of hen
Pint of gin
Rollin through the hood

If i seem a little hot
I can't help myself
You betta catch up witcho kind
And fuck wit somebody else

[Verse 5: DJ Paul]

Now I'm a lock you in the fuckin trunk
While i hit the fuckin funk
Now I'm goin crazy boy
All i see is blood boy
Shoot you in the fuckin arm
Pop you in the fuckin leg
Sit back
Sip syrup
And watch your snitchin ass beg, bitch
Stay away from Lil Craig
Claimin you his friend hoe
All up in my brother's face
Knowin you wanna be him hoe
Niggaz don't fuck wit you
Niggaz tryna kill you
Everybody know you the police
So we gon peel you
The real don't feel you

(Scratching till end)

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