

Gangsta Blac "Tire Shop"

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[Hook]

Just another day up in the tire shop
Chiefin' hay, fucked up, chiefin' hay,
Chiefin', chiefin', chiefin' hay, fucked up
(4x)

[Verse 1: Gangsta Blac]

Just another day awaken shakin' off that marijuana
Chokin' in the cut wid smoke in my gut I'm feelin' high I
wanna buy,
Want a bag I know Lil Nam he got his beeper G
Meetin' up wid them damn fools on Orleans we smoke
it easily
Fab went to the store and get some papers nah a
Swisher Sweet
Sweetly stretch the dope up on the blunts and pass the
shit to me
Lick it break it twist it hit it light it that's that bombin'
hay
Inhale exhale Draky, Nardo, Sed and Dale is on the way
Checkin' on my traps because you bustas gots ta check
it in
Scrap, wid the scar, it's my nigga Mr.I-B-N
Yes, it's a must, that we let you know we sell, rocks
Fuckin' wid these killaz from South Parkway we the
Hypnotize
Claimin' motherfuckaz plenty bustas I know wish they
could,
Lick me down, throw the sign, see it and it's all good
Test my nuts, do me wrong, that's one slug in your gut
Just another day up at the tire shop chiefin' hay, fucked
up

Hook (4x)

[Verse 2: DJ Paul]

Just another afternoon and me I'm chiefin' hay
talk shit and you might be another victim of the hit,
Made by the fools in SPV, forty-five glock unloads,
From ya head to ya toe, then come lil man
I'm loadin' that ni-zine from the darkness of the flo',
Son, never tryna but gangsta B, rhymin' over these

beats I make
Triple 6, Mafia niggas rollin' gotta shake and break
The motherfuckin' laws take care of our business
and pick up some freaks, get 'em high and get out dick
suck,
down on Victor Street, turn the other cheek,
Break neat, down the fuckin' street
I gotta get the fuck outta Dodge before they beat me
for my meat
Hooks a left on Parkway fire up a bli-zine that farness
Some bitches beeped me three or four I left 'em wid
they pussies wet
Had some pistols and that dope across the street, in
the grass
The five-Os ridin' deep because ah some shit that
happens in the past,
Cruisin' in my cut dog for my Chevy niggas wid anna in
my trunk
I'm smokin' skunk my niggas boomin' cause that Tire
Shop track thumps

[DJ Paul talkin']

Yeah this DJ Paul in this motherfucka
wid my nigga Gangsta B and the Three 6 Mafia
muhfucka

Hook(2x)

[Verse 3: Gangsta Blac]

Just awaken shaken off that hangover from night
before
Me and Little Man tried to kill ourself wid tony and in-do
Up all night we strictly swangin' hummers on the fuckin'
track
Tricks you got it lonely if it ain't Man and fuckin'
Gangsta Blac
All for one, one for all, hoe you shoulda fuckin' knew it
Just them same old hustlas to the game cause we grew
up to it
Countin' up our dividends, time to get out chiefin' in
Time to holla at them twins, time to go get I-B-N
Rollin' up the papers catch the vapors when I see a
blunt
High as hell, can't you tell, now it's tony that I want
Beepin' up my nigga Flick and Cheese bring them bi
 pornos
Me and Lil Man got them cheese scopin' out the dirty
 hoes
Drop top to the fuckin' bone, when we go and get a
 bitch
Eyes red as motherfuckin' fire from that hay and shit

Test my nuts, do me wrong, that's two slugs in your
guts
Just another day up at the tire shop and I'm chiefin'
hay,
So damn FUCKED UP!!

Hook

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