

# Gangsta Boo

## "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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