

# Gangsta Boo

## "Fuck You"

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[intro - gangsta boo]

Yeah, y'all know what time it is nigga  
I'm bringin' a lot of shit today  
I'm bringin m-child  
I'm bringin' two for ya  
I'm also bringin' the pain nigga  
'cause when I come, I'm comin' for you  
So you better ask some-mothafuckin-body  
For the 9-8, until 2 g's nigga  
I'm takin' over  
You understand this type of shit  
Three 6 mafia, hypnotize, prophet posse  
Fuck you bitch!

(m-child)

1 - when we high off that green and gin  
Ain't no tellin what we'll do  
You got some ani' with the crew?  
(fuck you! fuck you!)  
With that heat we be bussin  
Conversation no discussion  
Hollow points they comin straight at you!  
(fuck you! fuck you!)

Repeat 1

[gangsta boo]

Bustin' bitches daily, maybe it's the herb in me  
I wanna see what you hidden for, shake 'em and see  
Time to steal, time to kill, time to get real, and wassup  
I'm just a beefin' in the club, tear that fuckin' bitch up  
I'm in the corner 'round some smoke, smokin' fine ass  
weed  
Freakin' like vanessa del rio, won't you take you a peak  
Mob, it was me, bringin' shit to the door  
I be the lady unabomber, bombin' bitches and mo'  
So time to go toe to toe, with a bitch that be rockin'  
Ain't nothin' stoppin' prophet posse 'til your body be  
droppin'  
You fuckin' bitch, spittin' rhythms in your rhyme like a  
joke  
I'm gonna tote you like a 90 when I'm pullin' that dope

I know you're hopin' that I'll fall to my face, but I ain't  
My shoes are stuck to the ground when I walk out on  
bank  
Another fuckin' lp dropped like it's some rice  
We be straight like 9:15, bitch, fuck your spot  
Nigga!

Repeat 1  
Repeat 1

(m-child)  
Let cha let cha mind explode  
With these lyrics I control  
Just a peak to let you see  
How m-child do it in flip mode  
Now I'm baddest on a level  
Find a new way to be paid  
Ain't gon' burn or slice or beat 'em down  
With bats and prophet dank  
Yellin' thangs, I'm comin' up  
And niggas want your life to live  
Pack that steel if you real  
But you better shoot to kill  
All that flossin' ain't gon' do  
Bring a gun without the clip  
And for the rest of your life

You'll be walkin' around with a half-ass limp  
Read my lips, don't fuck with us  
Because we dangerous  
And when we on that good stuff  
Like a junkie, we be anxious  
To get up in yo shit  
And take your life with all quickness  
A orange mound playa that be strictly bout his business  
Watch out, nigga  
Don't give a fuck, nigga  
Walk on top of water  
We some mean ass niggas  
Prophet 'til I fry  
So fuck with me, you can't avoid  
Plus the first time you slip  
You goin bungee jumpin without the cord, bitch!!!

Repeat 1  
Repeat 1

(koopsta knicca)  
Coulda been a friend, seemed to busy pimpin'  
Gettin' upon the skin  
I had no team, 34 hancock

Puttin' them cuts upon these men  
Again it's on, don't be phony  
Tellin' these hoes that I love 'em  
You think you're tough fool  
Look at your ? , hey, they groupies  
Nigga, don't give a fuck  
Wanna know 'bout better things  
That fool is gonna be ?  
Raisin' doja, what I saw is me  
I best get the motha-fucka off  
B-b-ba-da-boom, pa-ta-pa-ta-pow  
Loadin' got me goin' down  
Swear I'm trippin'  
'fore I come up, just-a left a fuckin' cal  
On the ground with the 40  
Hell, and me criticizing', no  
Ho, I never sold no dope  
Oh shit, then shoot me 'cause I'm ?  
Some of them charges, said the sergeant  
"you been wanted for the longest, on the street, they  
call you creep"  
Nah, nigga, my name is ? ?  
Well, if you're wanted  
Then I'm gonna give you something to collect  
Man, you can take that mothafuckin' gat  
And stick that heat up your ass  
Nine in my ? , got the 5 ? ? ?  
3 with the tag around my throat, gotta let me go

Repeat 1

Repeat 1

[prophet posse]

2 - hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey...

Fuck you, fuck you

Repeat 2 to fade

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