

## **Gangsta Boo**

### **"Kill, Kill, Kill, Murder, Murder, Murder"**

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Chorus x2

Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder  
40-40 cal, watch a nigga hurt a  
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder  
40 fuckin' cal, watch a nigga hurta

(gangsta boo)

On the other side of town  
Blake haven bound  
Where I'm found  
Ain't nobody bloody  
Angels sayin', must be hell bound  
Everybody on that liquor  
Bangsta boo is right up with ya  
Can't you see your picked a picture perfect  
Now it's time to get you  
Come with me  
So you can see the side  
Of the dark niggas  
Claimin' hard  
Be left with body parts in the yard  
Bitch I got you scared  
Unless you prepared to take the test  
Hope you study hard  
When this go fly through your fuckin' vest  
Never be as clever as i  
I'm on the level come high  
High till the day that I die  
Or will you kiss me good bye  
I'm bout it, whatever bitch  
You wanna get some of this  
You be the one that get your ass kicked  
Quick in the dick  
I'll put your ass inn a trunk  
In the city of bump  
I might not lock up the door  
Blaze a crystal blunt  
I'm in the studio loot  
Doin' a race on this track  
Some with me ( ? ? )

I got it locked like that

Chorus x2

I got this shit locked tight  
Ain't no keepin' me out  
You cannot see is  
So when I tell you somethin' bitch  
You best believe it  
I swear you shouldn't battle with me  
I'm like a pimple  
I pop up out of no where  
On your ass so simple  
I'm laid back on this track  
I figure you feelin' nigga  
Throw your setts in the air (throw your setts in the air)  
Scrip your killas and killas  
About your dealas on the block  
Makin' money that's right  
About the ladies on the real lookin' for a late night  
Don't be surprised when you see me  
Cause I ( ? ? ) at the world  
To all you top notch niggas  
Or material girls  
They call me lady maybe baby  
I gets jiggy with mine  
I'm feelin' fine on the rise  
Prophet posse behind  
I'm 18 98 flowin' all of my flows  
So bitch imagine how I sound  
When I'm 20 years old  
We so so def like jermaine  
But bitch we tearin' it up  
The number one hit song  
Of the banned and closed

Chorus

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