

## **Gangsta Boo "Same Block"**

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[Verse 1]

If you buck then say so, push a nigga off  
With the quickness of my glock fo sheezy, blast a  
nigga off!  
Smoke you like you dro', fuck a sissy hoe, since you  
wanted to know  
Gangsta Boo ain't scared of you, I'll walk up to yo'  
fucking do'  
Na- Na- Na- Na- Na, you can't touch me silly trick  
What's the business bitch? I'm the lady of this Memphis  
shit  
Yes I got the hollow words, secret follow words, where  
the dollar words  
Crazy lady yeah, millionaires, sporting Cartiers  
Why don't you come around here, let me put you on  
some fuckin game  
You bitches be lame, dope game, my game hoe!  
Yes you, yes you bought, fuck what you haters be  
thinking or saying  
Yes you, yes you bought my CD anyway  
I'm a come on out, gold and diamonds in my fucking  
mouth  
What you talking 'bout? So so scandalous stay  
representin the South  
Riding on them thangs, tryna dodge you player haters  
man  
I'm a stay the same, fuck whoever talking 'bout I done  
changed

[Chorus: 4X]

I be at the same block, same hood  
Same house, same sto', same folks  
Looking good bitch, I ain't changed hoe!

[Verse 2]

Can I ask you something, what you bitches tryna prove?  
Acting like you buck, when really you look like a damn  
fool  
See me in the streets, you try to chief, and smoke all  
your weed  
I don't want that babby-jazzy shit, I don't speak seeds  
Nigga, nigga please I'm Miss Pimpin-Villain Gangsta

Boo

Fuckin with my niggas, paper chasing tryna get this  
loot

I ain't tryna take no shit, or be labled as a duck  
Never will I go out like that, you got me fucked up!  
You bitches be talking that shit, do you think that you  
can handle me?

Raised in B.H.Z., slash North Memphis Tennessee

I don't think so, go and call yo' mother fucking crew  
I know where yo' mama stay, I'll send a bullet straight  
through

Staying high, oh so, oh so high, I'm quick to lose my  
temper

Bitch, smack you, stomp you down bitch, it be that  
simple

You know that I be riding in fast cars, quick to hit the  
strip bar

Sippin on some syrup (sippin on some si-zzurp)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Nigga come and take a ride, what you bitches know  
about?

Fuck you bitches, stick a mother fucking gun in yo'  
mouth

Hoes be hating 'cause I made it rich, "oohhh...lucky  
bitch!"

Been down and for years, I still remain untouchable  
bitch!

Always be the one mean-mugging me, you groupie hoe  
Then after the show, you be the one on the flo'

Why you mad at me 'cause i chose to, chose to keep it  
real?

Bitch get bout yo' cheese, stay about yo' hustle only for  
real

Niggas wanna fuck when they see me on the B.E.T.

Riding in my truck, I pop a flick up in the DVD

Balling through Black Haven, deep as hell in that  
Suburban man

You silly ass bitches, you wish you could see the shit  
that I be seeing man

Still I stay the same, ghetto diva known as Gangsta Boo

Undergroundin' clownin', upside downin', bitch I  
thought you knew

Catch me on my corner burner undershirt, some heat

If you got some questions, catch me in the mother-  
fucking streets (Bee-yotch!)

[Repeat Chorus to end]

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