

Groove Theory

"Gangsta"

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[Fredro Starr]

You my wife with no papers, my gangsta bitch
First time I got caught you tried to shank a bitch
You scared to get down, she a bust all rounds
Smoke a Newport, cut me half, bust me down
Catch me lookin at another chick she curse me out
Dead serious, but at times she act silly
Jump out the truck at the light to get the Philly
Rolling it up, chasing down the ice cream truck
I waited half-an-hour for your hair to get braided
She leaving dirty messages on 3-way pagers
Told her how to roll, she low and spit razors
She hit triple six first time out in Vegas
Never got shook, when feds knocked down the door
She hid the coke, a scared chick would've flushed it all
And we can live it up, eat lots of shrimp
Or get grimey with a quarter bag of potato chips

[Chorus: Platinum Plus]

Cause she's straight gangstaaaaa-aaaaa-aaaaa-aaaaa
Gangstaaaaa
Cause she's straight gangstaaaaa-aaaaa-aaaaa-aaaaa
Gangstaaaaa

[Sonsee]

I need a down chick that wouldn't mind loading my
clips
And wouldn't blow her mind if I showed her a brick
In and out of the grind with the focus of chips
Blowing one time with her controlling the whip
Wait up for me and make sure she doubled the flip
She a sophisticated thug bitch that move her hips
She catch you for her set up you when you move your
shit
Or most of the time, she throw the cold shoulder to
guys
Smoke in the ride, hoodie low over her eyes
She know she a dime, baby nine shot to her thighs
Gotta be live, help me count doe in the five
And when I'm gone for weeks, turn them OT moves
She don't trip, she's the gangsta she knows the rules

Giving me hell is not hard, it's something to lose
God for bid I slip up and land in jail
My murder mami put the house up to make the bail

[Chorus]

[Sticky Fingaz]

Behind a real nigga there's a real bitch, she lied to me
See, my bitch walked right beside of me
I've been in situations and seen her ride for me
She licked my gun wounds, even did my time with me
Ain't nothing she can't have, I gave that girl ery'thing
Tatoood her name on fingers for wedding rings
Are you that chick, do you rep Sticky?
We split it down the middle, everything 40-60
Are you that chick for rich or poor?
The only one I eat out the only one I hit raw
Keep you, covered in ice til you start shivering
The Baby Phat Gucched up out with pink Timbalands
Me and her, we like Bonnie and Clyde
I hold the heat and the money, she drive the ride
She make other bitch's mad cause she more bitch than
they ever been
It's beautiful and intelligent, talented, droppin heroin

[Chorus]

[Outro: Platinum Plus]

She build with me, she kill for me
With blood, shed tears, you still with me
She real with me, smoke fry with me
Look the judge in the eye, straight lie for me
Count bills with me, you'll kill for me
With the blood, shed tears, she still with me
Cause she build with me, she kill for me
Look the judge in the eye, straight lie for me

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