

## Hot Boys "Gangsta N\*\*\*a"

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[Lil Wayne]

Holla at me nigga you know it be Weezy "The Don"  
I murder easy but hard to kill like Steven Segal  
Its paper, pussy, and pistols ãfÂçâ,¬" pass love to the  
pimp  
I'm clutching a M busting that tip for fucking with him  
I'm stuck with the hustle, smuggling whatever for the  
cheddar  
Tucking the metal don't play and I'll get fucked if I let  
em  
I gotta ride til I resign its Squad or die  
And any coward try its homicide  
We got glocks and stuff, got federal agents watching  
us  
Got niggaz hitting glocks see us I love (?)  
See I'm above any nigga that you name  
Hop up out the blue thang  
With two flames like "What you saying?"  
I do's my thug thang daily  
380 tucked under the seat of the S-Class  
Shots rip your chest fast  
I'm a mother fucking mess man  
Street niggaz fo sho  
A fire Hot Boy ãfÂçâ,¬" ok? Ya know

[Chorus: TQ]

We only like gangsta shit  
Cause I drive a gangsta car  
And street niggaz run this shit  
We only like gangsta broads  
If you wanna see gangsta shit  
Then push me a lil too far  
Cause street niggaz might not quite  
You gone have to call the law

[Turk]

Niggaz keep they stash in they ash  
Round where I'm from  
Uptown and that Nolia we sold smoked chumps  
Quick to steal a nigga any time of the day  
If his ass outta line we ain't standing all day  
Pimp, play off top better believe that dog

And plus we stay strapped ducking short of the law  
I run with solid niggaz that'll ride for me  
Shit head Craig, Running Red and my nigga Big Ki  
Shit I rap about "f---" I'm one nigga that live it  
Coke, dope, guns, nigga I live it  
I'm only 19 and I'm down for killing  
Just because a nigga rap dog don't get it twisted  
I send shots quick through your Jerseys and Filas  
My finger get to flicking please believe I ain't missing  
Lil Turk + Young & Thuggin' + know you niggaz know  
about me  
Cash Money Hot Boy play dog and watch me cock it  
I'm a street nigga

[Chorus]

[B.G.]

If I rap about it nigga I done lived it out  
It ain't shit I'm fantasizing this shit I been 'bout  
I'm a ghetto mother fucker, keep a K with a drum  
Quick to do a nigga something, I don't give a fuck  
I run the streets, all 12 months of the year  
And where I'm from you can't come  
If you ain't from round here  
I'm thugged out to the fullest - call me B.G.  
Someone you don't want to play with cause I'm H-O-T  
Fire, burning, scorching, flaming  
You gone melt nigga wishing that it was raining  
Play the game as you want "f---" winned up in a  
trunk  
You better think before you do because you don't  
I be bustin' heads, running from feds, duckin' laws  
Ride all day don't rest til I kill 'em all  
I be thuggin' hard and you know that I play it raw  
Send ya to the morgue  
Cause I'm a mother fucking street nigga

[Chorus]

[Juvenile]

I had a little profit out the other hood  
I used to go by her house in the wee-wee hours  
Creeping, laying the wood  
They had niggaz on the block but they knew I was cool  
But still on G.P. I used to keep me a two  
Cause she know not what a nigga think  
Plus you know now that if a nigga tryin' pull gank  
That's life though  
Whodie just like I thought "f---" bitch was straight  
hatin' dog  
Me I was 'bout having war, I was impatient ya'll

I stopped going by my peeps house chillin'  
I stayed in my hood plotting how I'm gone kill him  
Now my girl say the nigga been watching the house  
So I'ma go and show the whodie what this drama about  
What I'ma do to him its gonna make his momma freak  
out  
I'ma either get him in or outside of his house  
People gone say "Lord, lil one died hard  
Took it to the head five times in the backyard"

[Chorus]

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