

Hot Boy\$ "Gangsta Nigga (Feat. Tq)"

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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 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 it's Squad or die
And any coward try it's 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 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 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 wine 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 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 it's 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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