

## Kane & Abel

### "What Gangsta's Do"

Visit "[What Gangsta's Do](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Hustler, baller, gangsta, cap peeler  
Hustler, baller, gangsta, cap peeler  
Hustler, baller, gangsta, cap peeler

Hustler, baller, gangsta, cap peeler  
Hustler, baller, gangsta, cap peeler  
Hustler, baller, gangsta, cap peeler

What gangstas do for money  
187, 211, I'm 'bout it, 'bout it see  
Yo, I'm down to do whatever

I wants money, the powers, the shit, nigga  
I need dollar shit 'til I win the lotto, bitch  
My motto is to get rich

Hustler make things all right connected on our flight  
You need the Gs and keys over in the car  
Drove back all night, won't do nuttin' for some ass  
While I will do anything for some cash

Fuck the police, now I from city fresh off a copper's ass  
What you gon do when the bills don't come  
And what you gon' do when it's time to lay it down

This nigga don't give a fuck 'bout nuttin'  
But dollar dollar bills y'all, the real y'all  
I'm tryin' to get a mil y'all

I cost these things that I can afford that I want  
You calls for the Cadillac with the 5th wheel  
And I'm up in the trunk  
So don't get mad when you see me with a ski mask

I be blastin', I'm gonna get the cash by any means  
The stash plus a nigga gotta survive and a nigga gotta  
eat  
You're gon' be surprised when I'm over your eyes  
When you see me on the creep

What gangstas do for money

187, 211, I'm 'bout it, 'bout it see  
Yo, I'm down to do whatever

Them niggaz that feel us, be the killas and dealers  
Witness my shit, nigga, strong arm for skrilla  
Top yo mama for a dollar, gangstas do what we gotta  
Back the coke sell the powder for the money and power

No Limit rider, bitch don't make me sayin' no lotta  
If it's over my loot, I shoot and never miss  
But's it's burned from my clip like a pot of hot grits  
Down for gangsta shit for the chips and grip

Nigga down to do some work, put in work, make it hurt  
Take my hollow chips, wipe 'em with my T-Shirt  
Charge It 2 The Game, chasin' fortune and fame  
Never snitchin', ears itchin', Feds mention my name  
Mr. Abel, Mr. Kane stay true to the game  
If it ain't about the paper, we just can't understand

If you ain't scared  
Better get somewhere when I pull this trigger  
We some seven figure military minded niggaz

What gangstas do for money  
187, 211, I'm 'bout it, 'bout it see  
Yo, I'm down to do whatever

Show me money, I'm smooth, I'm street smart  
But I don't play by the rules, nigga move 'til we get  
caught  
You know I'm 'bout my mail, nigga can't you tell  
P gon' get me out of jail, nigga, he goin' for the bail

But I'm a sleep in my cell 'til they call my name  
And niggaz rappin' to me all night 'cause of all this  
fame  
Now I ain't gonna let anyone get near me, he was hella  
tight  
I'm told 'em someone get out, they came for a light

They suggested I wanted to be rich and I was like mad  
as fuck  
But I'm 'bout to bail you out, so y'all niggaz stay up  
escape  
Bos, Big V, Pokey, Mann, Mama 'cause we freakin' man  
Nigga just waitin' for the champagne and 'cause that's  
me

What you gonna do when you get outta jail  
I rather be sayin' dumb shit, than sit here

What do you consider that  
Smokin' green with my niggaz and cleanin' my strap

What gangstas do for money  
187, 211, I'm 'bout it, 'bout it see  
Yo, I'm down to do whatever

What gangstas do for money  
187, 211, I'm 'bout it, 'bout it see  
Yo, I'm down to do whatever

Visit [Kane & Abel](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.