

# Onward

## "Gangsta"

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Intro

Verse 1:

You my wife with no papers  
My gangsta bitch  
The first time i got caught  
You to shank the bitch  
Ain't scared to get down  
She'll bust off rounds  
Smoke a Newport  
Cut me half, bust me down  
Catch me looking at anotha chick  
She cuse me out  
Dead serious  
But at times she act silly  
Jump out the truck at the light  
To get the dutch  
Rolling it up  
Chasing down ice cream trucks  
I waited half an hour for your hair to get braided  
She leaving dirty messages on three way pagers  
Thought her how to roll cello and spit razors  
She hit triple six first time out in vegas  
She neva got shook when the feds  
Knocked down the door  
She hid the coke  
A scared chic would of flushed it raw  
And we could live it up  
Eat lobster and shrimp  
Or get grimy with a quarter bag of potatoe chips

Chours:

'cause it's straight gangsta  
Staight gangsta (straight gangsta)  
Gangsta

Verse 2:

I need a down chic

That wouldn't mind loading the clip  
And that wouldn't blow her mind  
If i showed her a brick  
In and outta the grind  
With a focus for chips  
Blowing for one time  
With her controlling the wip  
Re-up for me  
And make sure she double the flip  
She a sophisticated thug bitch  
That move her hips  
She catch you for your setup  
When you move ya shit  
But most of the time she throw  
The cold shoulders to guys  
Smoke in the ride  
Hooded low  
Over her eyes  
She know she a dime  
Baby nine strapped to her thighs  
Gotta be live  
Help me count doe in a five  
And when i'm gone for weeks on them O.T. moves  
She don't trip  
She's a gangsta  
She knows the rules  
Giving me hell  
That's not sumthing i am hoping to loose  
And GOD forbid  
I slip up and land in jail  
My murda mommy put the house up  
To make the bail  
(come on)

Chorus

Verse 3:

Behind a real nigga  
Is a real bitch  
They lied to me  
See my bitch  
She walk right beside of me  
I been in situations  
Seen her ride for me  
She lick my gun wounds  
Even did my time with me  
Ain't nothing she can't have  
I get that girl everything  
Tatoo our names on our fingers for wedding rings  
Are you that chic

Do you rep Sticky?  
We split it down the middle everything  
Fourty  
Sixty  
Are you that chic for rich  
Or poor  
The only one i eat out  
The only one i hit raw  
Keep you covered in ice  
Til you start shiverin  
Baby phat gucci  
Thugged out  
In pink timberlands  
Me and her we like bonnie and clyde  
I hold the heat and the money and  
She drive the ride  
She make other bitches mad  
'cause she more bitch than they ever been  
It's the beautiful, intellegent, talented, trama, heroin

Chorus

Count bills with me  
You'll kill for me  
When the blood she'd tears  
You still with me  
'cause you real with me  
Smoke five with me  
Look the judge in the eye  
Straight lie for me

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