

## Paul Wall "She Gansta"

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(\*humming\*)

[Chamillionaire]

Now she's mo-ving through the club, in her gangsta strut

Her weapon's loaded up, and now she's aiming to bust ow-ow

So gangsta, the way she shoots

You found a thug, I'm down with you

Instead of filling him up with lead, with gun shots to the head

She's at the bar she's getting him drunk, and he taking shots to the head

Now he's laying stiff off in the bed, but no he's not really dead

See that punk drunk and he passed out, while she dash out with his bread

You bum a clot see you done forgot, nigga you dumb you not

Suppose to go buy a mall for a hoe, cause she wanna shop

See ya not suppose to buy a car lot, cause she want a drop

Maybe not go buy a mountain, just cause that hoe wanted a rock

Niggaz better stick to the G-code, speaking to hoes with my teeth froze

I peep hoes like a peephole, cause I'm sneaky I sneak hoes

Like a thief out of the clothes, and they don't even expect it

One minute she's telling her friend I'm cute, until poof she's naked

Yes it's the thick hips and the big tits, and her lipstick and her cleavage

And her weave is weaponry, and security didn't see this

She is dressed to kill, you blind if you think she ain't a Visual Soprano can't handle her, cause she's gangsta

(\*humming\*)

[Chamillionaire]

She cocks it back and pull and shoot, cause she can  
see I'm pulling roofs

Off the top of the new drop, but she forgot I'm  
bulletproof

My chest is a permanent vest, I guess I'm not who you  
thought

No matter how fine or smart, a girl can not damage my  
heart

Think you've guessed it right, she's trying to get you  
for your cream

But it's alright tonight, I've also got a scheme

To hear nice things, like I wan' get between them jeans

And then I'ma send you home, ain't nothing but  
wedding dreams

See every cent is equivalent to a bullet, so it ain't no

Damn hoe, giving me the shooter run out of my ammo

I'm like Rambo in the cruiser, I maneuver with a Ruger

Cause I'm sitting propped up on the non-stoppers, any  
jacker with a prover

Excuse her who you talking to sir, nigga I'm talking to  
you

See that hoe came in the club with me, how could she  
walk in with you

Nigga I don't know I ain't certain, you ain't gotta be no  
brain surgeon

If you got game then it ain't working, nigga getting two  
to the brain curtains

You seen that show t.v. Bachelor, how them ladies react

Well everyday Chamillionaire's life is like, a episode of  
that

Ha-ha her car break down on a hill, I bet she make you  
get out and push

Taking that chick to Foot Locker, she never leave  
without a Swoosh and that's gangsta

(\*talking\*)

[Chamillionaire]

Million tempted by female, them smelling so good

She get in bed he swelling, she tell him he sho' should

Sex and sweat and yelling, them can tell I'm so hood

So I think I'm bout to claim her, I'm bout to tame her

Danger, damage you better believe she ain't ya

Average type of gangsta, excuse me what is your  
name girl

Danger, she's dressed to kill she's gangsta

Looking like a model, while she's kissing trying to bang  
ya

Smoking holes in dead bodies, just pulling hoes with  
their bodies

Full of tattoos matter fact who, running with boo and  
nails prbably  
A drug dealer or a thug nigga, with a couple rocks in  
his left shoe  
Chopping up rocks till he get through, but he trying to  
get a knot to impress you  
Tell me what the hell is his purpose, putting diamonds  
all on her fist  
The reason you doing dirt kiss, money could buy that  
guy he's worthless  
Game tighter than her skirt is, as she leaves him in  
pieces  
Till she eases her cleavage out, and sees it's his  
weakness  
Think, your body's tight the mood is right and if it  
seems  
That you're not in love with my money, more than me  
I'll be the king on the throne, you can be my queen  
Baby let's get it on, come be on my dream team

(\*humming\*)

[Chamillionaire]  
See I'm telling you fellas, she more gangsta than you'll  
ever be  
She get cheddar can get a G, without cocking the  
desert E'  
Never shot been on lock a lot, but it wasn't for felonies  
Man fussing and handcuffing, he doesn't wanna let her  
free  
Hispanic, Asian, Caucasian, even my Black queens  
Not all of them are after do', though  
Eighty percent of them, are only after that green  
She wanna slam candy do's, and ride 4's  
But, no-no-no-no  
Baby I don't think so, I don't think sooo  
She wanna slam, candy do's  
Tell her I don't think so, I don't think sooo

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