

The Game

"Gangsta Shit"

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Vida:

Vida, the multi-million dollar diva
The Game's changed, The Game's done caught that
amnesia
How your fingers gonna get next to this?
You damn near? sending me all your text messages
Monday you're blowing me up, Tuesday's the same
Wednesday's smell strip night so I don't hear from
Game
He outplayed I done saved a couple of your messages
Don't know why you texting me cos women ain't your
preference
But anyway, any rate, Vida's never on your team
You need to go back to Kanye and find another
"Dream"
Find another video hoe, another fiend
Cos the only way you'll find me is if you find another...

Bitch shut the fuck up!
Get the fuck outta here!

Verse 1 (Game):

Quick for death though
Get pussy like a lesbo
Ben Frank the king get green like the gecko
Four-finger ring, '87 gold chain
All black Air Ones, tape em like Daddy Kane
Smooth criminal bitches love the way I flow
The way I puff Cuban cigars and sip Don slow
V.I.P. lick it up, it's real go get a cup
Champagne like cum in her mouth, the way she spit it
out
The black Hugh Hef sold crack, blast a few TECs
Fuck em all doggy style now who's next?
Reign terror pull they pony tail fuck em in the mirror
Piss in they mouth like Vida Guerra
Reign terror pull they pony tail fuck em in the mirror
Piss in they mouth like Vida Guerra
Used to fuck nasty bitches
Moved up to classy bitches
Peep the way I went from rags to riches

Chorus:

It's that gangsta, gangsta, gangsta shit they love it
Gangsta, gangsta, gangsta shit they love it (7x)

Verse 2:

I never once dreamed about a hood rat
Only dream about bitches with good cap
Beyoncé, Ashanti!
Get money like Andre
Which one? Pick one
3, 000 or the sick drum, slick tongue
For these foul niggas outta bounds with they lyrics
Put em to death with mine I murk em by the minute
This beef shit I seize quick
My clip crowded like the Freaknik
Bout Dat, Bout Dat, that Master P shit
Tell em haters to eat dick and die slow
While we live it up, ride low and bust with the 5-0
Pop Cristal with foreign bitches
Pussy official
Me and head game got more to dish out
Told B.I.G. piss they ass, they do too
They know we fuck all night like we say we do
I used to fuck ashy bitches
Moved up to classy bitches
Peep how I went from rags to riches

Chorus:

It's that gangsta, gangsta, gangsta shit they love it
Gangsta, gangsta, gangsta shit they love it (7x)

Verse 3:

I been around the world and nya-ya-ya
I can't find a bitch that pop shit and don't ride dicks like
Heather Hunter
I'm talking whoever wanna
Get they brains fucked out by Mrs. seven summers
Never hand chump sex
But I know bitches that write pussy off like bump checks
And model Funk Flex
Bitch cheated, I wouldn't give her what she needed
Wouldn't eat it or beat it
Two-fingered the bitch Vida like a virgin
Two finger split had her swerving
Like me in the Rolls Royce, lick it up behind curtains
I keep bitches screaming and squirting
Never heard em but the pussy get murder
Feel like they been bit by a serpent
I never fucked a bitch that would turn me down
Just like never fucked a bitch that would burn me, wow

I used to fuck nasty bitches
Now I fuck classy bitches
Peep how I went from rags to riches

Chorus:

It's that gangsta, gangsta, gangsta shit they love it
Gangsta, gangsta, gangsta shit they love it (7x)

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