

Tom Petty

"Gangstas & Players"

Visit "[Gangstas & Players](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Too \$hort]

\$hort Dog's in the house...

Hey, Seag, what you mean when you talk about gangstas?

[Seagram]

When I'm talking about gangstas

I ain't talking about gang bangers

Small time corner hangers, I'm talking about bird slangers

Not them fake ass shoot em up type

But the type that shoot you ass when the time's right

So would you tell me what's your mack like

what's your stack like

Slanging crack on a track making stacks to the day light

Niggas keep it ceased, my pockets increases

I can't be faded, not even with some bleach

Most of you niggas ain't gangstas, you kicking drama

But that drama will cause your ass drama

In my H-O-O-D, that big S to the N to the V

On the late night ride, straight on the mission

On highway 5 with a trunk full of chickens

Gangsta living is a sport

But playing these hoes is for the pros

like my boy Too \$hort

[Too \$hort]

Big Baby pass the mic so I can dog these freaks

Two rapping mothafuckas from East Oakland streets...

On that ass, so what you gonna do with that?

Some bitch lost a nigga when they peeled his cap

When they was getting at his ass, hollered 'Let that go!'

But Oakland, California don't protect no hoe

Cause they'll write you off like taxes

Everywhere you go you get your ass kicked

Niggas don't appreciate you coming with a phony

Kinda like The Mack when he smoked Pretty Tony

And that's straight pimp game from the O

My name is \$hort Dog, you wanna know...

Some? Nothing but gangstas and playas out here

Can't be a fake nigga staying out here

Bitches learn early to respect this game

So they never talk down on a player's name

Bitch...Bitch...Bitch...

Gangstas...Gangstas...Gangstas...Players...Players...Players

Gangstas...Gangstas...Gangstas...Players...Players...Players

Gangstas...Gangstas...Gangstas...Players...Players...Players

Gangstas...Gangstas...Gangstas...Players...Players...Players

[Seagram]

It's the big bad ass nigga named Seag
Back in your ass with a trick up my sleeve
Snitches acting like a bitches in a way
Gonna be find with the vicious, sewing stiches, when I
spray
You fucking with a nigga that's hard to the bone
Giving mothafuckas close-ups of my barrel
So peek out game from the East Side vet
From the 69 set, it's as real as it gets
Still blending up hop in a blender
Wore my beanie at the Winter, a full time offender
With them terrorized, hellafied, gangstarized lyrics
Creeping to you speaker like an Alcapone spirit
Crawling and balling to the East Side jungle
Niggas steady calling, I'm holling off bundless
I'm the judge and jury of this court
But I'ma kick back and hit this 'Port
and pass the mic to \$hort
[Too \$hort]
I'm zipping Hennessey straight, smoking my dank
My bitch is outta pocket, can't have no bank
Should I kick her mothafucking ass?
Cause punk niggas out here don't last
Maybe I should fire my bitch and get a new hoe
Have her sprung on old school Too \$ho
Let her fine ass ride in my Lexus

Take her to my house and start talking about sex, bitch
Anyway you want it, it be something tight
Roll with \$hort Dog, bitch, you fucking tonight
Straight player from the O, hoe, yes, it's me
Got love for the gangstas from S.N.V.
If it weren't for the pimp and a mack in me
I wouldn't holler at my homeboys, black indeed
What's up? Seag got me at the studio
Called me up so I can take it to these hoes
And that's just what we gonna do...
Take it to these hoe ass niggas and you bitches...
Straight from the Oaktown...
East Side, bitch...
[Seagram]
Macking and stacking...
Slapping bitches, you know what I mean?
Just a gangsta thang, you know what I'm saying?
East Side, bitch, in the house...

Visit [Tom Petty](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.