

## **Trick Daddy "Gangsta Livin'"**

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I know 'pac woulda loved this one here

This gangsta livin', weavin' dope dealin', oh how it's  
changed  
It's gettin' strange and dangerous, but that's the way  
shit goes

This nigga needs no introductions  
I'm on this book, and I'm stuck, I'm really the wrong one  
to fuck wit  
See t-double known for startin' problems but  
K-cutter be the problem solver, if I  
Sell you a book nigga stick it  
'Cause for every you check you slippin' they can call me  
flipper  
I only I missed a few niggaz  
But he lost a couple more visa kidney and his liver  
Had to tell him mind me a nigga  
I was like uh-huh, click click, c'mere, don't run nigga

All I wanna know is  
Where yo' connect, where the sack, where the money  
where the blow is  
I heard Papi got them freighters  
Now either he gon', give 'em to me, or a nigga gon'  
take 'em  
The dope game's just too overrated  
And to tell y'all the truth a lot of y'all ain't gon' make it  
Done went from crack slingers to R and B singers  
Before the mic's on, you was already singin'  
It's just a song was a big hit  
He named me and his bitch on the remix, sing

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And to hell with bein' a man about it  
Shit they got fo' niggaz and one gun, fuck bein' twenty-  
one  
Somebody better tell 'em  
And put him up on his cell for somebody fuck around  
and kill him  
You see 'cause snitches get stitches  
And there ain't that much of a difference between  
tellin' and snitchin'  
And I ain't gon' keep on talkin' to you niggaz  
I'm gon' walk right up to you niggaz and go off on you  
niggaz

And I ain't leavin' no witnesses  
And don't get drunk and confess to none of y'all  
misses  
See I know how to control my hennessy  
I speak no Ingles, play crazy like them Dominicans  
See 'cause poppa was a rolling stone  
He said, "Son get your gun, it's a war and it's on"  
So y'all go on and Bob your head to the song  
Throw up the four's for the niggaz, that's dead and  
gone

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I'm tired of smokin' 'bama-ass weed  
Niggaz out there sellin' backyard boogies full o' stems  
and seeds  
They whoopin' the rocks and we compressin' the coke  
They makin' it hard for them niggaz to smoke  
I went to jail tryin' to get high, nigga told me  
To go to hell went and called him, told him come get  
me out  
So our Father, who art in Heaven  
It must be the devil 'cause somethin' wrong with these  
niggaz

Nope and crazy ain't the word  
They say the stupid shit like trick, why don't you front a  
nigga a bird  
Fo' what, so you can smoke it up?

Impress hoes, buy clothes, and make a nigga come  
fuck you up  
The game hard on a player  
You coulda started with a block and now workin' just for  
quarter fare  
With all the cards I sold the hoes left me all by myself  
And the game don't even care

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