

## Young Jeezy "Gangsta Music"

Visit "[Gangsta Music](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Yeah, hey, motherfuckin' business here, nigga  
Yeah, all you hatin' ass niggaz  
What you sneak this in, niggaz?  
I see that you don't get your own  
It's gon' get you hurt, nigga

If you a hater an' you know it, fuck you  
[Incomprehensible] rappin' ass bitches  
I rather listen to your instrumentals, nigga  
Bitch ass, nigga, do somethin', nigga, see

I'm here now, you old news  
Gotta couple Porches, trucks, couple old schools  
I'll line ya ass up, push ya tape backwards  
'Coz I'ma real nigga an' I don't like rappers

An' that ain't this an' this ain't that  
An' bitch, I'm strapped  
Fuck wit real niggaz that'll cut ya throat  
An' they don't drink Pepsi, they just sell Coke

All I do is talk 'dro, it's like my brain on drugs  
See me out, nigga, I do my thang in clubs  
Listen up, Jeezy got a little riddle  
Stack of 20 dollar bills, two bands in the middle

All the gangstas, they gon' ride to this  
They gon' grind to this, they gon' shine to this  
This is gangsta music, this is gangsta music  
This is gangsta music, this is gangsta music

All the hustlers, they gon' ride to this  
They gon' grind to this, they gon' shine to this  
This is hustler music, this is hustler music  
This is hustler music, this is hustler music

We don't talk on the phones 'coz it might stick  
Gotta play for the 7, call it Mike Vick  
Dirty birds, nigga, we play wit dem falcons  
Know some niggaz in the Decatur that pay for dem  
falcons

Talkin' young hungry niggaz, eat ya whole plate  
Jeezy, place the order, niggaz eat ya whole face  
You got me misconstrued all fucked up  
Jump out, hit the switch, light ya ass up  
Carbon 15 wit the hundred round drum  
Got plenty for any nigga, think he wants some  
We don't leave 'em at the house, we bring 'em out  
My chain for yo' life, we can swap it out

All the gangstas, they gon' ride to this  
They gon' grind to this, they gon' shine to this  
This is gangsta music, this is gangsta music  
This is gangsta music, this is gangsta music

All the hustlers, they gon' ride to this  
They gon' grind to this, they gon' shine to this  
This is hustler music, this is hustler music  
This is hustler music, this is hustler music

The hoes love my voice, make they pussy moist  
Certified G shit an' I'm the gangsta's choice  
Niggaz poppin' off, I hope they bullet proof  
Leave holes in ya, the size of a sunroof

Mack 11 in the club an' a snub nose  
Swear to God, knock you niggaz out ya fuckin' clothes  
Lay ya ass flat like a doormat  
Niggaz askin' for it but they ain't want that

In the rap game, takin' niggaz client's  
White ones like the powder that I used to sell  
Give a fuck about a playa hater  
Hit 'em wit the tool, flush his whole radiator

All the gangstas, they gon' ride to this  
They gon' grind to this, they gon' shine to this  
This is gangsta music, this is gangsta music  
This is gangsta music, this is gangsta music

All the hustlers, they gon' ride to this  
They gon' grind to this, they gon' shine to this  
This is hustler music, this is hustler music  
This is hustler music, this is hustler music

© EMI APRIL MUSIC INC.; EMI BLACKWOOD MUSIC INC.;  
SHAWTY REDD SONGS; YOUNG JEEZY MUSIC INC;

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