

Fitzgerald Ella

"Living N' Tha Streets"

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Gyeah Gyeah Gyeah
Its goin out to all them G's
To all them thug niggas still in the pen
All my homiez in YA and shit
Still in the struggle
For all them thug niggas out there representin hoo
bangin to the fullest
What all you motherfuckers gon do
Check me out

[VERSE 1]

What you motherfuckers gon throw up
What you motherfuckers gon do
Get your ass sow up
When I blast the 22
Player times is ill
Half of you niggas be wishin rhymes can kill
Hoo bangin who claimin the same hood as me
I guarantee them motherfucker ain't as good as me
I'm takin chances when givin circumstancers the deal
with
Got a brand new Gat from my homiez so I can kill with
17 shots makin 17 niggas drop
Now its 13 ammalances headin to the circle spot
To some of them niggas sleepin like toxic ways
It will be a closed casket cause I blast to the face
They got a taste of my heater
Hoppin cisalin like cup of heater
The only way that a nigga coulde be tha
Its the be fastest a fuckin sheeter

[CHORUS]

I said what you motherfuckers gon throw up
Gyeah
I said bangin in the CPT

[VERSE 2]

I sit back and reminisce about the days of old
As I crack the OGO watchin my platinum vote
First rule I always had to roll with heat
Cause its a cold cruel world with some stonecold

streets
Which block you set trippin happy
Wrong shit out of their teeth catch the reef
No sorrow cause it might be me dead tomorrow
So ya'll see the hollow its the cold I follow
I really miss my G that got shot last year
So I shed a tear and pour out a little beer
Now look at how the enemies made me I'm crazy
Disguise is hazy from your shoulders you can't face me
I blaze up the blunt start to talk up Gyeah
All the points for the hood I don't chalked a Gyeah
Cause I ain't got nothin to loose
I'm yellin WEST you bitch as I serve you fools
Come on

[CHORUS]

I said what you motherfuckers gon throw up
Uhh
I said bangin in the CPT
Gyeah
Uhh
I said what you motherfuckers gon throw up
Uhh
I said bangin in the CPT
Come on check me out

[VERSE 3]

I said life ain't nuttin but bitches and money
Blast get the cash live my life like yummy
Time to flies when I ride it seems funny
Make shure I spit the shells deep up in your tummy
Who got shot on your block the spots hot
Caps get peeled on your block like tic tac
No happy days just criminal ways
And the criminal mind make shure the crime pays
Who lays deep in the cut I'm givin a fuck
Cause sometimes I just feel like a nut
Drove off in the alley so I can hit they gates
And release the wooden handle 38 with dub take
They cock the half of my nigga L from Gray
Chronic got me beepin my chest like them AGE
Brave ain't the case they gave me was 187
For sendin niggas to hell and heaven

[CHORUS]

I said what you motherfuckers gon throw up
I said bangin in the CPT
Gyeah
Come on
I said what you motherfuckers gon throw up
Bangin in the I-N-G

Gyeah
Come on
I said what you motherfuckers gon throw up
Bangin in the S.C.
Gyeah
I said what you motherfuckers gon throw up
Bangin in the LBC
Gyeah
Come on
Ohhh
Hoo bangin in the house
Come on Gyeah
Hoo bangin in the house
Come on Gyeah
Its goin out to all my G's
Its goin out to all my G's locked down in the pen
Still on the struggle
Now the fuck we do it
Gyeah
WESTSIDE fo life
CPT till I die
Hoo bangin to the fullest
Gyeah

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