

Gambino Family

"Desperados"

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Chorus: My desperados we call 'em gambinos!

niggas like Melchior Reginelli and Pheno! (x2)

Pheno

This life I lead homicides in the street

so much a misery labeled a breeder

so I'm a threat to society

real with killing worldwide mafia figures

thug niggas who keep there fucking fingers on triggers

to the day that I'm leaving till they stop me from
breeding

I bet all this motherfucker did was make up the reason

for caskets, till i (???)

find him dead up then blasted

the get away call, we left him stinking up in traffic

it might be drastic, fucking with these desperados

niggas like melachior, reggenilli, and pheno!

Chorus (x2)

Reginelli

17 shots, coming straight to your soul

Reginelli, i'm down to ride with my desperados

me and my gambinos, we strap tight and all black

bout to hit the fucking streets, bring the bullet combat

you know the gambinos, we call them desperados

we train to kill, and fill a bitch nigga body with holes

my tricks slanging and burning, silver bullets you
earning

you cockroaches wanna fuck with me, lets go on a
journey

gambino family, my click, label me a thug breeder

if I die, bury me with my heater

they wanna kill me and make me number one eighty
seven

any nigga run up wrong, nigga I bust em dome

cause i refuse to let a bitch nigga bury me

I stay strapped and I take this war shit deep

I swore to die for my motherfucking gambinos

and not to worry, I'm down to ride with my desperados

Chorus (x1)

Melchoir

Me and my desperados, busting at you bitches through
stormy weather

nine mili berrettas leave you haters with bloody
sweaters

popping these bitches thats coming for our failing
riches and snitches

going to pay the cost, trying to fuck over these mob
figures

my art of war is unknown, busting you bitches dome

pistol packing that chrome, look at them niggas
running home

I make moves with Reginelli, Pheno, and Gotti

you getting rowdy, feel the blast from my twelve gauge
shotty

you punk bitches gonna respect this nigga

I'm the craziest motherfucker, always taken a trick

got my hands on four fives, nigga feel my fury

I'm busting slugs until I'm buried nigga

behind my desperados

Gotti

I take these motherfuckers across my ties

and I swear on my life, these motherfuckers gonna die

give me the four fives and a vest, and they marked for
death

picture me and my desperados snatching your breath

its time they call the don, representing on track

where my family in this bitch? nigga, how you love
that?

see the money in my eyes, so i'm chasing for stacks

fuck around if you wanna get your bitch ass wacked

the many macs with this rapping and jacking i'm
staying strapped

for these bitch made niggas who wanna leave me back

but fuck that, i'd rather grant an SKS

and put these coward ass, bitch ass niggas to rest

and you can put that on my motherfucking tatted arm

a hundred strong desperados busting your dome

and its on, gambinos burn the spot like saddam

and i tell a motherfucker, dont cross me wrong

Chorus (x4)

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