

Phreshy Duzit "GangSigns"

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[Intro:]

This pain is just too real
There's just too much that time cannot erase

Red flags, blue straps, no white stripes
Just bang-bang, watch for them blue bright lights!
Neighborhood fuck, paper going up
And bitches out here lying, if they think they give a fuck
Daa! Never that, I'm a clever cat!
Cash, I'm ahead of that
Uh, I never chase shit!
I rather get money, than talk money!
Round the clock, drop some hundreds in the sack
money!
Brooklyn boy, getting Brooklyn cheese
For my Brooklyn bitch, on the Brooklyn needs!
Different day, same shit!
If a nigga got a piece, meet the neighborhood cliques,
bang!
Raised in the ghetto, grew up in them buildings
Surviving mother fucker ain't killing at the killing
And we made it out alive, we got to make a killing
Feeling like a million bucks, what a feeling!
Live it up!

Hood:

Yeah! fuck it, I pay!
High off like three blunts, like fuck it, I'm blazed!
Woke up so fucked up, been fucked up my day!
Fuck what you heard, I'm like, "fuck what they say!
", yeah!
Hey, gang signs (gang signs)
Throw 'em up (throw 'em up, throw 'em up)!
Gang signs, West Signs
Throw 'em up, throw 'em up, yeah, yeah!

Fuck ya, I need free time
Fuck me, I need me time!
No time for the bullshit
No time for the feelings!
Maybe to fuck, but that's all!

Only here for assholes
Trying to get this money, bro
Trying to get these packs on!
If I had a bitch named Becka
I ain't really respect her,
So what past to my niggas,
And that's what a fuck I left her!
Good girl in a nice city, nice friend she a bad...
I don't even get mad, hoe
I just try to get mad millies!
Girls in the... wanna fuck with everything!
G, got the flat tummy with the belly ring!
Roll around in that maybe
I'm this, you say maybe
Now, all these hoes on me
Shit changes like crazy!
But I ain't changing! She's good!
See, I move around
I'm still hood!
You still love me, don't that feel good?
Fuck, trade it all, I still would, bitch, yeah!

Hook:

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