

Brincando De Deus

"Gangsta"

Visit "[Gangsta](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Uh
Bitch I been a "G" all my life
A "G" down to ride
"G's" stay getting high
I'm a "G" 'til I die
A nigga known to bust gats
Take half a day to skeet crack
I represent the slum
Gangsta body dipped in all black
Don't act like you ain't know that
My clique is quick to go at
Any of y'all prankstas, y'all ain't gangstas
Y'all just throwbacks
Put slugs to yo brain
Thuggin blood's in my vein
The ghetto version of Norman Bates
Thug in the same
So ask about me
Porno with six stars
So don't doubt me
And niggaz who ain't gangsta
Stay the fuck away from round me
I got dope in every county
Fuckin bitches that's a ?
They call me that boy Nutty
Ain't no nigga finna clown me
Shit, I haul off and kidnap yo whole family
Strap up a bomb and kill every one for testing me
So when I go I'm taking all my folks
So when we hit hell, we still can go to war
That's gangsta!

Now if you catch me with a OZ
Ridin 4 deep in a Caprice
Hollin fuck the police motherfucker
You in the hood er'day
Same clothes tryin ta skeet a pound of dro'
motherfucker
You in the feds gotta do 5 years
Just because you would't squeal motherfucker
You got kids to feed

They gotta live even if you have to kill motherfucker

Now Lil Burn-One's the nigga hoe hoppin, dro' copin,
gun toter

Wool club loader, 4-5 in the holster

And its the take over

I'm shaking these bitches from off my cock

And these haters up off my shoulder

Claiming gangsta but you so coward

Talking bout trepos

Sissy ass bitch then take yo ass to Chuck Wilder

Women's prison and you still probably won't last for a
hour

You a nigga scared to death you gon' get raped in the
shower

By 6 dikes slapping yo ass with towels

You'll probably move yo bowels

You'll probably piss on yourself and crumble like a ball
of powder

See we fo sho' folk, 9-7 four-door

Black Game claiming throwing signs out the window

We keep it all "G", since elementary

We represented from the block to penitentiary

Make em remember me, Burn one the O.G

I'm going out black clothes out, fro'd out, thats

Gangsta!

CHORUS

He just asked me "Pimp why you ? my trick?"

Hoes tell that nigga my name

Frank Dingaling bitch

I'm that fat daddy hall

Fifth of Hen, hydro, bull dagger and her friend

I'm a fat nasty dog

I make these hoes crawl

Plus I'm gangsta bought

Bust at my enemy

Plus I'm in they main girl draws

You ain't no kin to me

So nigga keep my name out yo mouth

You talkin shit I'll cock this trigga bitch and run in yo
house

And lay you down

Let me come into your house

So piss on the ground

Cock this pistol into your mouth

And don't make a sound

There's no way in and there's no way out

So bring me your ?

I'm bumping New Edition's "Candygirl"

When Ronnie, Bobby, Ricky, and Mike had a curl
That's gangsta
You heard gangstas make the world turn round
Well shit's gon' continue popping while fire burn on the
ground
Now that's gangsta!

CHORUS

Visit [Brincando De Deus](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.