

# Silkk The Shocker "What Gangsta's Do"

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**(feat. Kane & Abel, Mo B. Dick)**

*[Silkk the Shocker]*

Hustler, baller, gangsta, cap peeler  
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Hustler, baller, gangsta, cap peeler  
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Hustler, baller, gangsta, cap peeler

*[Chorus]*

What gangstas do for money  
187, 211 I'm bout it bout it see yo I'm down to do  
whatever

*[Silkk the Shocker]*

I wants money the powers the shit nigga  
I need dollar shit  
Til I win the lotto bitch  
My motto is to get rich  
Hustler make things all right  
Connected on our flight  
You need da Gs and keys over in the car  
Drove back all night  
Won't do nuttin for some ass  
While I will do anything for some cash  
Fuck the police  
now I from city fresh off a copper's ass  
What you gon do when the bills don't come  
And what you gon do when it's time ta lay it down  
Dis nigga don't give a fuck bout nuttin but  
Dollar dollar bills y'all  
Da real y'all  
I'm tryin ta get a mil y'all  
I cost dese things dat I can afford dat I want  
You calls for da Cadillac wit da 5th wheel  
And, I'm up in the trunk  
So don't get mad when you see me with a ski mask  
I be blastin'  
I'm gonna get the cash by any means  
The stash  
Plus a nigga gotta survive and a nigga gotta eat

You're gon be surprised when I'm over your eyes  
when you see me on the creep

*[Chorus]*

*[Abel]*

Dem niggaz dat feel us  
Be de killas and dealers  
Witness my shit nigga  
Strong arm for skrilla  
Top yo mama for a dollar  
Gangstas do what we gotta  
Back da coke sell the powder

For the money and power  
No Limit rider  
Bitch don't make me sayin no lotta  
If it's over my loot  
I shoot and never miss  
But's it's burned from my clip like a pot of hot grits  
Down for gangsta shit for the chips and grip

*[Kane]*

Nigga down to do some work  
Put in work make it hurt  
Take my hollow chips  
Wipe em wit my T-Shirt  
Charge It 2 Da Game  
Chasin fortune and fame  
Never snitchin, ears itchin  
Feds mention my name  
Mr. Abel Mr. Kane stay tru to da game  
If it ain't about the paper we jus can't understand

*[Abel]*

If you ain't scared  
Better get somewhere when I pull dis trigger  
We some seven figure military minded niggaz

*[Chorus]*

*[Silkk the Shocker]*

Show me money  
I'm smooth I'm street smart  
But I don't play by da rules, nigga move til we get  
caught  
You know I'm bout my mail nigga can't you tell  
P gon get me out of jail nigga he goin for da bail  
But I'm a sleep in my cell til they call my name  
And niggaz rappin to me all night cuz of all this fame  
Now I ain't gonna let anyone get near me

He was hella tight  
I'm told em someone get out they came for a light  
They suggested I wanted to be rich and I was like mad  
as fuck  
But I'm bout ta bail ya out so y'all niggaz stay up  
escape  
Bos, Big V, Pokey, Mann, Mama cuz we freakin man  
Nigga just waitin for the champagne  
And cuz dat's me  
(What ya gonna do when ya get outta jail)  
I rather be sayin dumb shit den sit here  
(What do you consider that)  
Smokin green wit my niggaz and cleanin my strap

*[Chorus till fade]*

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