

Swishahouse

"Gangsta"

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[Hook:]

I started small time, choke game cocaine
Pushing rocks on the block, I'm never broke mayn [x3]
I started small time, choke game cocaine
Damn it feels good, to be a gangsta

[Lil' Keke:]

Purple drank wet paint, fired up let it stank
65 in the tank, half a mill in the bank
Drop dog butter guts, scratching on them 84's
Cadillac ass down, I'ma slam it on the note
All star heavy buck, I'ma cop twenty trucks
Call twenty homies, tell em go to lot and pick em up
I'ma slide in the ride, do's popped suicide
Chop cut fresh buck, trunk popped real wide
Representing Southside, swanging and banging
84's twisting, TV's raining
I'ma let em see the hood, floating by holding wood
Haters on the sideline, know a playa looking good
Ever since I came out, two heaters in the spot
Cheaters know they bet not, try to set a road block
Gotta stay true, in the street
I hustle real hard, the whole team gotta eat (that's gangsta)

[Hook]

[Scarface:]

I got a bag in my pocket, weighing least a grand
Eight balls quarter ounces, half-a-ki's and slabs
Want a cook I can cook for ya, soft come with it
4-50 on a ounce, if you want it come get it
You a smoker by flip it, you can smoke for free
Let the whole hood know, that they can sco' it from me
I'm the dope man dope man, blue jeans sagging
T-shirt Chuck's on, blue rag wearing
I don't give a fuck homes, laws keep staring
But they can get the fuck on, cause I'm not sharing
Block bleeding till my heart stop, mama at home
She ain't working, so my neighborhood keeping me on
I'm a young nigga old one, I worship the grind

And if I ever got jammed, fuck it give me my time
Cause I'ma be a big time, cocaine slanger
(Damn it feels good, to be a gangsta)

[Hook]

[Coota Bang:]

Yes indeed, I confess I'm blessed with G's
Bloodline from my grandpa, Jerney Lee
On D-block, with Eye G see Bulldog
Not just the rapper, dude really hood dog
Compact nine millimeter, in my pocket
So watch it if you talking, sideways are watching
Or an object, go upside your noggin
17-0-3, military clocking
I'm out that Manner, we mobbing
My relatives sleep, we robbing
I'm low key, kitchen in the process
If you's a hustler, you picked up and caught that
Swishahouse down South, where the Nawf at
What's really hood homeboy, where you mouth at
Held down, like a ankle on my ankle
(Damn it feels good to be a gangsta), gangsta

[Hook x2]

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