

Sparkle

"She's a Gangsta"

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[ad-libs: Timbaland]

Yo, what I need right here..
Is my ladies on one side..
And my fellas on one side..
This goes out to all the ghetto clubs..
And this how we gone put it down..
BEEEAATTT CLUUUBBB!! OHH!

[Verse One]

Who the hell wanna test me? Big guns and things
See me in the SOURCE book, big frozen rings
Never been a follower, always been a leader
Y'all to meet us, get down on ya knees when you greet
her
I'm a gangsta, see me in the ball wit my niggas
Rowdy lil' dudes ain't afraid to pull triggas
Get shit crunk, I'm a fuckin' icon
Niggas in the street whisperin' about mine, why?
Cause I'm.. the broad from the East
Smellin' like Gucci, Fendi linen pants wit the crease,
huh
You want a piece? I don't think ya half-ready
See fifty-five, but I used to push the Chevy
Fuck up tracks, but y'all just rap
Never touch pape, most of y'all just act
Heidi-flights, pimp rap, must tell y'all the truth
I get it in, but y'all mess around in the booth
What the fuck, y'all suck, come at all y'all smuts
Poppin' up worldwide, everywhere like Starbucks
What the fuck, y'all suck come at all y'all smuts
Poppin' up worldwide, everywhere like Starbucks

[Chorus]

She's a gangsta
Not a pranksta, y'all
Not a follower
But a leader, y'all, feel that
She's a gangsta girl
She's a gangsta girl
Now can ya feel that?
She's a gangsta girl

She's a gangsta girl

[Verse Two]

I got the sickest, rolled me a big spliff
Crazy when the mic palmed in my black fist
You do it like you, I do it like this
Ms. Jade, power food and project piss
Now, how y'all wanna play? Spit it for the big pay
I leave that ass Up In Smoke like Eminem and Dre
Semi or the AK, do this shit the Philly way
We ball out to Hamptons just to get away
Best 'bout time we settle this
Up in the club, throwin' bows, actin' ghetto-ish
And if I stop, I'm a still be a rebel chick
Have you fuckas duckin' quick, puffin' in a tinted whip
Beat the case like Puffy did, legend-style like 'Pac and Big
When I'm gone, trust me, I'm a still live
Take, but I'd rather get you fuckin' wit the bigger kids
Bigger ones, bigger funds
Bigger fleece, Timbaland, bigger beats..

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Cruisin' down 95 wit a cup in my hand
Hot throws, large bills tucked up in a rubberband
Got the aimed amount, won't let 'em burn me out
Cause I'm a strong black woman, yup, grown black woman
Gangs, do I really play? Nine-to-five barely pay
Pounds of the green shit, never fuck wit the trays
I don't care if it bothers you, I'm still gone blaze
So sick like a virus that never goes away, hey
Hold ya breathe, you can smell the success
Spit sixteen off the pit pattin' ya chest
Yes, I'm so blessed, y'all cats is so stressed
Yeah, the streets been talkin' but my pen'll do the rest
Future mapped out, money linked all in
I'm a saturate the game, then sink y'all in
Snakes, fakes, and dick riders, what I dispise
Out to take it all over and will not compromise

[chorus: (2X)]

[fades out]

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