

Demian Lars

"Doin Dirt"

Visit "[Doin Dirt](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(JT)

Foul from the start a young buck be rollin
Badder than the baddest cause the baddest is devoted
Three young G'z growin up on the West side
Down from the start in the dark for the hoo-ride
Mackin on the scene every day of the week for the
moment
Checkin the opponent cause you know we up on it
Never whatever makin a move so clever
Changin the program like the weather so now you know
they clever
Creepin through the scene huntin for the green
Lookin for the man who got what they need
Now it's on so break it off somethin terrible
Viscous as they come you know it's unbearable
G got a Mac-10 D got a Mac-11
Seff got a Glock 17 send em straight to heaven
So now you know the definition when the drama's on
Watchin your back packin your strap stayin out the
danger zone
That's how it is when the niggas up to no good
Creepin through the sucka hood man a nigga sure
would
Catch a bitch by the back of his knapsack
Slippin on the dope track got a fat ass stack
And niggas up on his shit extra clips on hip ready for
the big lick
Like my boy from the V says skee-skert
Bad ass youngstas mane doin dirt

(chorus)

Doin dirt cuz we dirty when the trigger pulls
Doin dirt cuz we dirty when the trigger pulls

(Gigolo G)

Rollin in a G ride plottin a lick
See a out of town nigga squattin on gold kicks
Ridin 6-4 drop he was sittin on Vogues
Bumpin the beat hi-sidin for the hoes
He tried to dip off fast but I was at that ass
Nigga clippin the nine cuz it was time to blast

Popped five times put holes in the 6-4
He gave it up smooth to the gangsta Gigolo
Hopped in the drop rushed him straight to the spot
Left the shit on crates in the parking lot
Lifestyle of a gangsta is the only way to get paid
Fuck a nine-to-five cause a jack is the trade
And blame it on the 8-Ball 211 is in season
I smoke foul joints let that be the reason
Goin nowhere fast always ready to blast
No time to sleep do the shit in my past
I'm just a killa to be killed so it feels no guilt
Tearin up shit when your boy's on tilt
Bitch made niggas gets fucked in the game
It's the nigga Gigolo and ain't a damn thing changed

(chorus)

I remember back in the days when everybody had funk
This side and that side peepin like a mothafucka
But now days you got to watch your own kind
Cuz the one next to you is the one with the Tech-9
He just bought it so he feel like he got stripes
Got a extra clip ready to take a nigga life
And it just might be you
Cuz ya bucked his bitch and ya stepped on his shoe
On accident but that is irrelevant
He wanna start drama just for the hell of it
And to think you used to go to school with this nigga
Now ya'll got bigger and he ready to pull the trigger
You say fuck it let's throw them thangs
He say fuck throwing thangs it's the nineties mane
And uh he wanna pop pop and a tat tat
Put you on your back cuz you ain't got your gat
No good cuz the nigga's a sucka
Wanna be a gangsta but he's a punk mothafucka
Like my boy from the V says skee-skert
Bitch type ass niggas mane doin dirt

(chorus)

Visit [Demian Lars](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.