

Young Sicc

"Hittem Wit Some Gangsta"

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feat. SAD

[SAD]

Execution style bitch, SAD's in this bitch
With Beyond E-N-T and we love to load clips
It's that Southside rider, baller, gangster, player, mack
Fuck it, pass me the strap
So what's real, we do this strictly for the skill
Eyes on dollar bills and we all flash for deals
Ain't no pity, Nitty, Young Sicc and S-A-D
Sureno all day, you can't fuck with a G
Ain't no big mystery, motherfucker enemies
Break you down to your knees, when I dump feel the
breeze
So please, nobody move I'm on a come up
Speaking up hoes when these putos get done up
So run up or shut up, if not twist the bud up
And smoke up them lungs till you feel like you rung
bitch
I ain't the one bitch, I ain't the one trick
I'll slap a bitch and do a hoe just for fun trick

[Chorus x2: Young Sicc]

Front, back, side to side
Hit em with some gangsta
South to East to Westside
Hit em with some gangsta
Knowing that we're the best right
Hit em with some gangsta
Hit em with some what what
Hit em with some gangsta

[Young Sicc]

Ah damn, who could it be
The S-I-double C with the jersey reading SD
Bumping them JL Patios
Four deep hitting switches in your patios
Hitting corners on Daytonas, I'm three wheeling
Ain't too many wanna bang with these villans
Don't fight the feeling cuz the feeling is real

Riders in the Coupe Deville dog and looking to kill
Little homies hitting fools up, getting bruised up
You get used up and abused up
Your crews up, hit em with some gangsta
Your crews up, spitting at my gangstas
From shoes up is you a gangsta gangsta or a pranksta
pranksta
Nickname Nitty, Franksta
Cuz I'm that one Mexican known to be hated
But still can't be faded

[Chorus x2]

[SAD]

So let us ball through the halls, bitches all pause
Back to back flows and I still bring it raw
I need my ferria, ain't no alarming me
Bitches screaming out my name but they ain't
charming me
From state to state, Killer Kali my state
Holding down like the pound till I'm straight, ain't no
wait
Ain't no stop, make that low hop, smoke that doja
I keep it gangsta, so you'll never see me rolled up

[Young Sicc]

See, this is for my hoes, this is for my hoes
Fingers in the air screaming "fuck the po-po's"
You know, ain't no mistaking we're the best on the list
Competition deleted, nobody's getting with this
Dismiss them like class after I'm whooping that ass
Nobody's getting a pass without their head getting
bashed, fool
G's up hoes down when we step in your town
Get ready for the showdown

[Chorus x2]

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