## DJ Kay Slay f/ OJ Da Juiceman, Papoose, Yo Gotti "Gangsta Shit"

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[Intro: O] Da Juiceman] Kay Slay I got you baby Juiceman in this mu'fucker! Pimps roll shortly AYE! DAMN! AYE! OK! DAMN! JUICE! Awww man what it do cuz? We rockin like cut off stockin fronts From the A to the N-Y man that's how we do now, check it out [Verse One: OJ Da Juiceman] See I pull up in that club then my car say AYE! And I pull off from that club, with my car like OK! And I step off in that thang, everybody sayin DAMN!!!!! Young Ju man yes indeed is the man Lookin in my trap, and my cookin right hand And my diamond is recruited with the fate of Uncle Sam WHAM! BAM! There go instant gram I do muscle, break it down and then get to the plan Break so many racks, I can make you a fan Then pull up in my Hummer sittin on them ceilin fans Then get it out the hood then make myself some extra then On a solo mission while I distributin grams We be GPS make your girl brains scram Sign barely finest and I'm on a platinum band Put me in yo' hood and I'll steal all the grams Young Ju man Thirty two yes I am!!!!!! [Chorus: Yo Gotti] (OJ Da Juiceman) (\*Papoose) I'm on that gangsta shit!!!! I'm on that gangsta shit!!!! (AYE! DAMN! AYE! OK!) I'm on that gangsta shit!!!! I'm on that gangsta shit!!!! (AYE! DAMN! AYE! OK!) (\*Papoose, Pa-poose) [Verse Two: Papoose] Man I must floss word to me, young boss courtesy Southern hospitality and Up North courtesy Japanese, chnky eyes, suck dog certainly Fish, rice, soy sauce, duck sauce, servin me Trust your security I'll crush your authority Son call emergency they rushed off nervously Run for affirmery, cut it off surgery Shootin at the top window bust off vertically Clutch more burners bleed it tucks all burgundy Bang like the Russians when they dust off Germany Did it by accident your tough talk irkin me I did it on purpose man I touched yours purposely Walk to the whip with the drunk walk swirvin these Puff, cough, burn the trees, of course burn the cheese Catch you goin in your crib, tough lost turn the key Said they wanna murder me, fuck off murder these!!!! [Chorus: Yo Gotti] (\*OJ Da Juiceman) I'm on that gangsta shit!!!! I'm on that gangsta shit!!!! (Yo!!!! Gotti!!!!) (\*AYE! DAMN! AYE!

OK!) I'm on that gangsta shit!!!! I'm on that gangsta shit!!!! (Yo!!!! Gotti!!!!) (\*AYE! DAMN! AYE! OK!) [Verse Three: Yo Gotti] That A to the K! Will slay one of you bitch niggas How you a D-boy and never seen a brick nigga?! And I'm with Papoose (Poose!) We on that Grey Goose (Goose!) Goons on deck (Deck!) Whenever I say shoot (Shoot!) And I'm a thug nigga (Yeah!) I got love nigga (Yeah!) In the N-Y but I'm from the south you know what I'm talkin 'bout? Where the Kush price at? (Ha!) The white a little cheaper (Cheaper) And I don't want no phone I'm about to cop a beeper (Yeah man!) This here for all my people hustlin out their on the grind (Grind) Hey get your money my nigga, you supposed to shine But my homey just died, I see my people them cryin You hear that pain in my voice? Your life ain't nothin like mine I saw them dyin at the line, I told them time after time I been on grind after grind, it still me clips in my nine You just a industry nigga, that's why your beef ain't all sowed But when it's beef in the hood, nigga our life will be gone I use my pen as my mic, so I can talk through my songs I'm one of the realest niggas out now correct me if I'm wrong If you had done what I done, or you did seen what I seen Then you can understand why I am Yo Gotti the king, Yeah! [Chorus: Yo Gotti] (\*OJ Da Juiceman) I'm on that gangsta shit!!!! I'm on that gangsta shit!!!! (Yo!!!! Gotti!!!!) (\*AYE! DAMN! AYE! OK!) I'm on that gangsta shit!!!! I'm on that gangsta shit!!!! (Yo!!!! Gotti!!!!) (\*AYE! DAMN! AYE! OK!)

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