

Dolly Parton F/ Emmylou Harris, Linda Ronstadt

"If You So Gangsta"

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[Lloyd Banks]

Around here them boys, them don't play
You can hear the sound of gunspray e'ryday
I give two fucks bout what a bird say
Playboy Don do t'ings er' way
I'm rap's LeBron, Teflon Don
Baguettes on arm, the next Sean, John
By any means I protect my charm
Blade'll bubble you up, like Moet, Chandon
I'm only calm, when I'm blowin that chron'
Gettin them flashbacks like baby hold onnnnn
I never thought I'd sweat so long
And re-enact the scene of my ghetto song
Eyes wanderin off, breath all gone
Stomach all swoll up, neck all warm
Head still spinnin off that Seagram and vodka
And you know who shot ya, bitch get the doctor!

[Chorus: Lloyd Banks]

(If you so gangsta)
Then why you tuck your chain in when you walk in the club
(And if you so gangsta)
Why you a grown man, still gettin your pockets dug
(If you so gangsta)
Then how come everytime you get into beef you tell
(And if you so gangsta)
Why niggaz know you for that in the street so well

[Lloyd Banks]

Now every now and then, a new kid gotta win
Yeah - but unfortunately for you, I'm him (I'm sorry!)
In my new tan trucks with the blue dot end
Hoppin out that big truck with the new wide rim
While you cramped up, on your Jet Blue ride in
We air the G-4, let the crew dive in
Before Lloyd Banks tail pop on sale
I feed a nigga a shell like Taco Bell
I'm flyin out to Japan to attract new fans
Let 'em get to know the man with the tattooed hands
Them gem stars'll leave your face all fat

So learn to stash yours in your baseball cap
I'm either gettin money out of state or off rap
So I'm tryin to figure out what made Ma\$e fall back
And them niggaz in New York know the man is a
monster
And I ain't from Atlanta but I A-Town stomp ya
muh'fucker

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

It's like everywhere I look and, everywhere I go
It's a bitch sayin somethin slick, but you can suck my
dick
I'm grade A nigga, you don't know who you fuckin with
They run up on your ass, you'll think you drunk your lip
Now I got money bags as big as a pumpkin get
And pistol as long as the hand Shaq dunkin with
I ain't the type that's desperate
I'm modelin diamonds now, you can call me +Icin+
Beckford (ow!)
My down bitch holds the metal, she got a Coke bottle
figure
And a ass that's shaped like a bowl of Jell-o
You ain't even almost rich
They fuckin yo' ass, like the models in my porno flicks
Therefore you can't afford no 6
So before you hop your ass on camera get your
wardrobe fixed
Banks don't house, want no bitch, so if there's five of
her
Then she probably gon' suck 4 more dicks

[Chorus]

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